ACTION SPORTS

Inside Wrestling

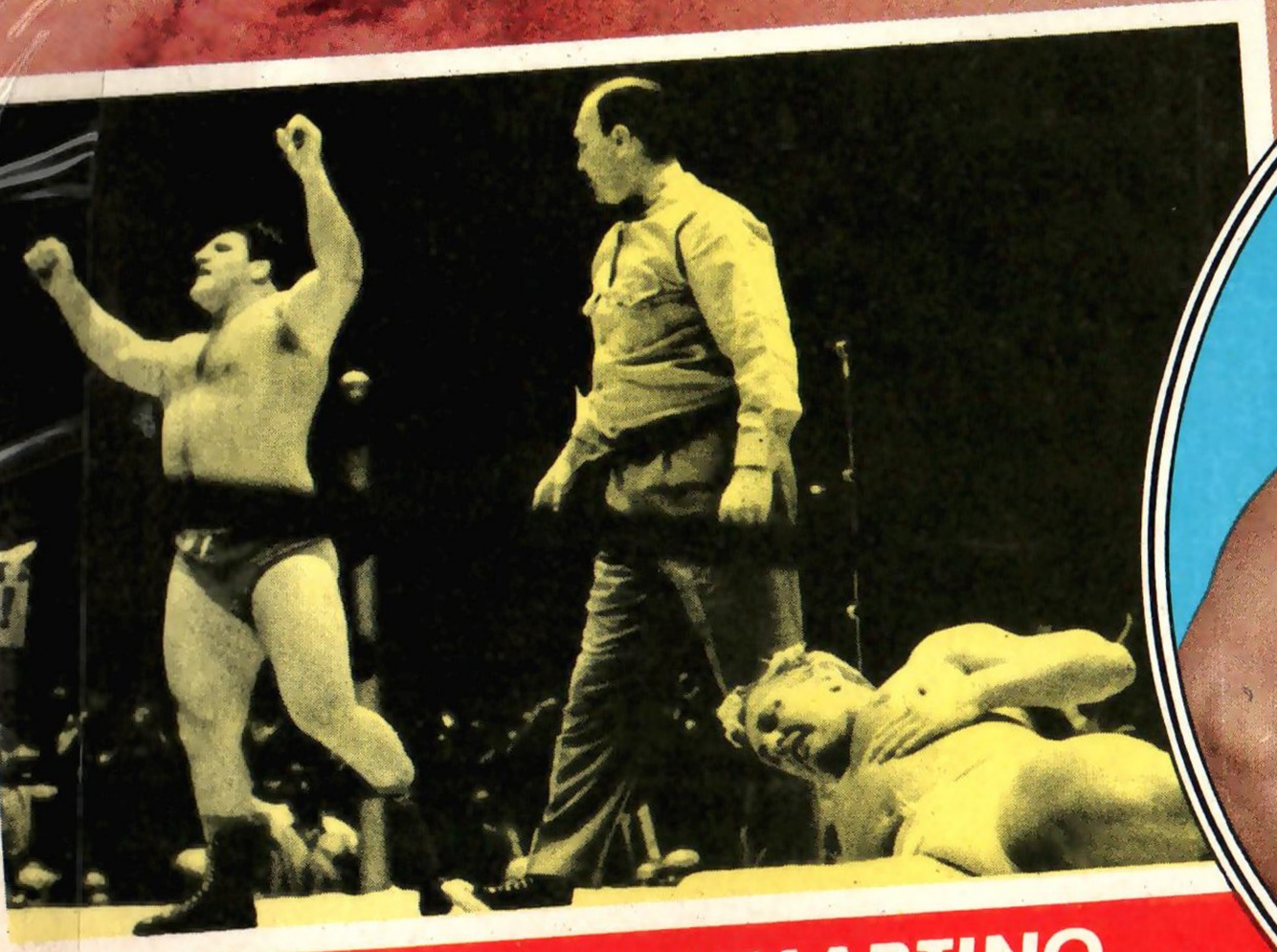
DECEMBER 1970 60¢ K

EXCLUSIVE

A LOYAL FAN DEFENDS THE MURDEROUS CHAIN GANG

BONUS FEATURE

THESE GIRLS WRESTLE FOR FUN—
AND THEY NEVER WRESTLE NAKED!



HOW BRUNO SAMMARTINO WON THE CHAMPIONSHIP IN LESS THAN ONE MINUTE!

"WHAT I LOOK FOR IN A WOMAN"

By Mil Mascaras

I'll Make You a Master of CHINESE KUNG-FU

. . . the Oriental ART of INSTANTANEOUS DEATH that is applied with NO Bodily Contact

道常

WHO *IS* THIS MAN?

Behind the blindfold is the Hon. Master "Kung-Fu." That's not his real name, of course. If you were a Kung-Fu expert, you'd recognize his real name at once, if we were to reveal it. But we cannot, for his Chinese fellow Kung-Fu Masters would punish him severely for revealing the deadly maneuvers he has sworn to keep secret.

the Chinese method of Attack and Self-Defense kept so secret that it has been handed down in China only from father to son because of its DEADLY power to disable or kill! Now these devastatingly brilliant secrets that require NO PHYSICAL STRENGTH OR EXERTION are revealed to you in the English language by a KUNG-FU Master who dares to teach you AT HIS RISK!

What IS Kung-FU?

KUNG-FU is the most DEADLY form of defense and attack ever devised! Even a Karate, Savate or Judo expert shudders at the thought of meeting a KUNG-FU master because he knows who the winner will be! With just a basic knowledge of KUNG-FU learned easily in the privacy of your home, this FAST, EASY, PICTURE WAY, you can beat hoodlums, OUTFIGHT TWO, THREE and even FOUR Karate or Judo experts, Professional Wrestlers or Boxers!

When CHINESE KUNG-FU arrives in your mail, you turn to page 87 and look at the easy-to-understand photo illustrations. INSTANTLY you see how easily you can turn your opponents attack into a CRIPPLING blow to his chest—a maneuver you can perform in just a few minutes of practice! A few pages later I show you how to escape a deadly strangle-hold quickly and easily by slamming your attacker into the ground!

Protect Yourself and Your Loved Ones!

Containing more than 150 step-by-step LIVE-ACTION and SLOW MOTION PHOTOS your personal KUNG-FU Master Instructor takes you by your hand and shows you in plain, clear and simple, easy to understand language how to use highly secret KUNG-FU to multiply your power a THOUSANDFOLD. You learn how to handle a small mob of attackers who are fully armed and even pinning you to the ground so you can't move. You pay nothing if you can't disarm one hoodlum . . . send another flying through the air and slam a third into the ground—all in a split second of KUNG FU maneuver that will take your attackers by surprise!

Never Be Afraid Again!

Secretly written in the Orient the contents of this amazing "how-to" picture book was shipped to Hawaii, where it was printed under cover away from prying eyes, then sent to the U. S. for limited distribution to those who agree to apply KUNG-FU ONLY FOR SELF-DEFENSE! If you were fortunate enough to be able to go to China, Hong Kong or Hawaii to take this amazing course—and were willing to pay $500 or even $1,000 to your KUNG-FU Master—you would be refused, because KUNG-FU secrets are NEVER taught to strangers or outsiders! Because KUNG-FU is deadly beyond imagination (and since *attack* as well as *defense* is taught) only a small limited edition has been printed. Frankly we don't want just everybody to learn these secret maneuvers.

KUNG-FU will NOT be sold in any store, and is available ONLY by mail to serious students who must vow NEVER to use it as an aggresor—but only as self-defense to protect himself, his friends and family. We don't ever want a criminal or hoodlum to be able to buy it because of its deadly power.

Law Enforcement Agencies: Write for quantity discounts on official letterhead.

Become a NEW MAN!

Our streets aren't safe today. Crime increases daily. You no longer have to be helpless, ashamed or humiliated—and look pitiful in the eyes of your friends. Protect yourself, your family, your girl friend from hoodlums and wisecracking bullies. With KUNG-FU you can use the hidden power that lies within you to master every situation! You'll laugh as you send bullies and criminals flying in terror, and you'll walk the streets happy, calm and confident in your new power! And you'll do all this without working up a sweat or even spoiling the crease in your trousers. That's because brilliantly executed KUNG-FU requires NO bodily contact . . . virtually NO physical exertion . . . and almost NO application of your body or hands! And yet KUNG-FU can be *deadly, crippling* and *disastrous* to any unfortunate opponent who is foolish enough to threaten you with ANY other technique, such as punching, Savate, Judo, Wrestling, etc! Yes, with the confidence that KUNG-FU can give you, you can walk the streets with the knowledge that NOTHING can frighten you . . . that you can deal with ANY man, ANY weapon, ANY situation! Your friends and loved ones will be proud of you with your new power.

Nothing Else To Buy!

KUNG-FU is complete—there is NOTHING else to buy—ever! You don't have to practice on dummies and you need no apparatus. Once you receive CHINESE KUNG-FU you can throw away all the other courses on Self-Defense you have ever bought—because NONE compares with KUNG-FU! KUNG-FU is effective whether you're standing, sitting or even LYING DOWN ASLEEP and OFF GUARD!

It was originally decided to offer the complete KUNG-FU instruction at $10.00—a TREMENDOUS bargain at that price. However, to make it available to good citizens who want to use these secret maneuvers for self-defense and to help combat the ever-increasing crime rate, we are making KUNG-FU available now at *the amazingly low price of just* $3.98. If you and your friends don't say that KUNG-FU has made a NEW MAN out of you, every cent you have paid will be refunded without question! Don't even bother returning the KUNG-FU book. Just tear off the front cover and mail back to us for a full, no questions asked refund. We'll take your word for it. MAIL COUPON NOW! AIR MAIL reaches us overnight.

MAIL DARING MONEY-SAVING NO-RISK FREE-TRIAL COUPON NOW

RESERVATION CERTIFICATE NUMBER **7063**

You are guaranteed to have one of these limited edition books reserved for you for 30 days. Because of the highly volatile nature of KUNG-FU, it may never be printed again. Avoid disappointment and mail your order in now to assure receipt. Be sure to enclose this RESERVATION CERTIFICATE.

☐ Check here if you also wish included a copy of "Forbidden Oriental Fighting Arts - Deadly Attack and Defense" - for Commandos, Jungle Fighters, etc. Not sold separately. Both only $9.98 HUNDREDS OF PHOTOGRAPHS

FIGHTING ARTS RESEARCH, Inc. Dept. A-1
1199 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001

☐ OK, Honorable Master Kung-Fu! I accept your daring No-Risk free-trial offer to reveal the secrets of KUNG-FU! Ship in plain wrapper at once. I enclose $3.98 as payment in full. I understand that there is nothing else to buy ever again. My friends and I must be delighted with my new KUNG-FU power and self-confidence—or my money will be refunded promptly in full—I just return the front cover of the book.

☐ I agree never to use KUNG-FU as an aggressor—only to defend myself, and that I will never abuse the principles of KUNG-FU, nor will I ever reveal the secrets of KUNG-FU to anyone else._____
(My Signature)

NAME_____ Age ____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

I'll guide you **step by step** into your own thriving business

● While keeping your present job, would you like to gross $12 or $18 profit per hour?

a true story by Bob Ferrel

SOME YEARS AGO I was a printer in a small Michigan town.

I drew a pretty fair pay check but it wouldn't stretch far enough to provide the kind of living I wanted for my wife and five children.

Then one day I was reading a magazine just as you now are and I saw an ad. It intrigued me. It offered me the steadily growing income I had always hoped for. It said I would have greater security and personal independence... and that's what I had been wanting.

I was a little skeptical, but I said to myself, "for a postage stamp I can find out." So I mailed the coupon. In a few days, I got a letter with a booklet that gave the whole story. It opened my eyes. I could see why owning my own business was so much easier than I had always thought . . . why the day to day guidance of a successful worldwide organization could assure my own success.

I read the booklet several times. It just seemed too good to be true. I talked it over with my wife. We decided that **now** was the time to make the forward step . . . there was no reason to keep postponing an income increase.

So, I applied for a Duraclean dealership and I was accepted. I stayed with my job . . . ran a few ads . . . sent some mailings . . . contacted a few stores and told my friends about the superior services I was now equipped to give them. Evenings and Saturdays, I rendered the service. As the business grew, I added servicemen.

I found that I didn't have to develop a single idea myself. Every step had been prepared for me and pre-tested. Hundreds of other men had already proven my methods successful.

It didn't take long to see that I was making three to four times (yes, 3 to 4 times) as much per hour in my own business as in my printing job. So, after only seven months with a good following of customers, I quit my job to go full time on my own. In the meantime, I had enjoyed all this extra income on top of my salary.

Each day, we realized what a **serious** mistake not mailing that coupon would have been . . . and how that little act that seemed so trivial at the time actually changed our lives.

The steadily growing income brought us many things we could not afford before. My efforts were so much more productive. I scheduled my time to my own liking. When we wanted a day or two off, we took it. I worked hard but, if I wanted to be home early or quit at noon, I did.

This is not a business for a lazy man. But if a man is ambitious and will work to deserve those nice things in life we all want, this business is made to order for such a man.

I became so enthusiastic about this business and so appreciative of what it had brought my family that, whenever a man opened a dealership near me, I helped him get a quick start.

The company learned about this and had each new dealer in my section of Michigan spend a day with me. One day the president of Duraclean Company asked me how I would like to move to Headquarters and spend my entire time helping dealers to increase their sales and profits.

That was good news to my ears. Since then I have worked with hundreds of our dealers in their own towns and at regional meetings, conventions and dealer group meetings. But much of the time I am right here at my desk in touch with our dealers by letter and telephone.

Incidentally I sold my dealership at a good profit. Dealers sell their Duraclean businesses for up to ten times their cost. After 30 months, Leo Lubel sold for $7,116 above his cost. If for any reason a dealer wants to sell, we maintain a service to locate buyers and help him sell.

Our job here at headquarters is to show each individual Duraclean dealer how to use his own abilities to bring him greatest success. I know hundreds of our dealers on a first name basis. We work together as one happy family. If you become a Duraclean dealer, I'll be as close to you as your telephone or mail box.

It's Easier than You Think To Build Your Own Business

If you've wanted to BE YOUR OWN BOSS... to become financially independent and have a fast growing income, now YOU CAN. And you own a Nationally Advertised business.

You can stay at your present job while your customer list grows . . . then switch to full time, lining up jobs for your servicemen to do. One job a day brings a good starting income.

If you hire two servicemen (full or part time) while you keep your job, the national price guide provides you a gross profit of $12 an hour on their work and this is much easier to do than you think. **We show you how . . .** step by step. That's $420 for a 35 hour week.

Your gross profit on three servicemen is $18 per hour. Duraclean dealers find it easy tc gross $6 per hour on EACH serviceman plus $9 an hour on any service they themselves render. The 24 page illustrated booklet we'll mail you (with no obligation) explains how most of your gross profit becomes **clear net profit.** Your income is limited only by the number of servicemen you employ.

You can operate from a shop, office, or your home. Equipment is light and portable.

At the start, you may want to render service yourself . . . or you can start with full or part time servicemen. This business is easy to learn . . . easy to start . . . so easy to service that women dealers do it. We prefer you have no experience . . . not have to "unlearn" old ways.

We are NOW enlarging this worldwide system of individually-owned service businesses. If you are reliable, honest and willing to work to become financially independent, we invite you to mail the coupon.

When you receive our illustrated booklet, you will see the way we show you **step by step** how to quickly get customers . . . and still more customers from their recommendations.

You have 6 superior services that are rendered "on location" in homes, offices, hotels, theaters, clubs, motels and institutions.

These are not ordinary services. You have the prestige and endorsement of leading furniture makers and carpet mills, of Parents' Magazine and McCall's, of Research and Testing Laboratories.

National magazine advertising explains superior merits of **your** services, builds **your** customer confidence and brings job leads to **you.**

We and a Duraclean dealer will train you and assist you. He'll reveal his successful, proven methods. You have pre-tested newspaper and yellow-page ads, commercials, and a full mailing program.

Stores, upholsterers, insurance adjustors, and decorators refer jobs to our dealers. These year 'round services are in constant demand.

Start Small, Grow Big in this Booming Business

Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to give up my job till I know I have a sure thing . . . a sound business that will provide both security and a better living for my family."

That made sense to us so we worked out such a plan . . . and those same men are now enjoying a Duraclean dealership in many communities. You don't experiment. You use **tested, proven** methods. You have **our backing and "know how."**

Does this appeal to you? Don't decide now. Mail the coupon so you'll have the facts to decide wisely. There is no obligation. You'll then know whether this is what you want.

You can start small and grow big. A third century ago Duraclean was an idea . . . but it caught fire and spread to a world wide service. Why did it spread? (1) **superior processes.** (2) **proven customer-getting methods** (3) **Day to day guidance from Headquarters.**

Our first service, the care of upholstery and carpets not only cleans, it enlivens the fibers . . . revives dull colors. Pile rises with **new life.** There's no harsh machine scrubbing. No soaking. Mild aerated foam lightly applied lifts out dirt, grease, many unsightly spots like magic. Furnishings are used again in a few hours.

Government figures show service businesses are **growing faster** than industries and stores . . . $750 million yearly potential just in rug and furniture cleaning. Your **5 other services** are explained in the free booklet we'll mail you.

Less than $1000 establishes YOUR OWN business. A day's profit more than pays the monthly payments we finance for you.

Men frequently take in partners.

We furnish electric equipment and, with first shipment, enough materials to **return your TOTAL investment.** If you have good habits and know the importance of customer satisfaction, you can likely qualify for a Duraclean dealership.

TODAY is the time to reserve a Duraclean dealership, **before** someone takes your location.

It's been said, "Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door." This could be that one rare opportunity in **your life.**

It is surprisingly easy to learn this business. You can decide from the information we will send you whether to apply for a dealership. So, with **no obligation whatever,** mail the coupon TODAY. Cut it out NOW so you won't forget to mail it.

Mail this coupon TODAY
It may put you in business

Duraclean International
0-7PD Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015

With no obligation, mail 24 page illustrated booklet telling how and why I can quickly increase my income and family security **while still employed,** how you'll help finance me. No salesman will call.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State & Zip_____

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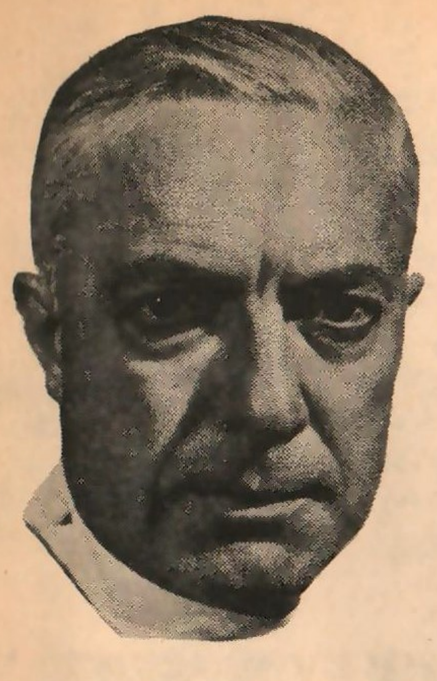

An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are Nature's Red Flags warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

©1969 Comate Corporation
21 WEST 44 ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L.H.M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out." —D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D. W. G., c/o FPO., N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. Leß, Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C.E.H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C.T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R. H., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
—Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

COMATE CORPORATION Dept. 712A
21 West 44th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

Please send at once the complete COMATE hair and scalp treatment (60 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund on return of unused portion.

☐ Enclosed find $10 (check, cash, money order). Send postpaid.

☐ Send C.O.D: **Enclosed is $1 deposit.** I will pay postman $9 plus about $1.50 in postal charges on delivery. Save the $1.50 by enclosing $10.
Canada, Foreign, APO, FPO, add $1 -- No C.O.D.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

Frank (left) and Jack Dillinger, the original Chain Gang, in 1969 photo taken at Indianapolis, Indiana.

IN DEFENSE OF THE CHAIN GANG

How can anybody have any liking or respect for the Chain Gang? That's the question you're probably asking yourself as you read this headline. Well, here's a fan who thinks the Gang is just marvelous, and he explains why . . .

SURE, THEY WERE wild! And they smelled like pigs and they belonged to tough motorcycle gangs that roared through respectable neighborhoods raising all kinds of hell. But Jack and Frank Dillinger, who called themselves "The Chain Gang," were also professional wrestlers—professional wrestlers who weren't afraid of anybody or anything, which is a lot more than you can say for 75-percent of the other stiffs who call themselves "Pros."

They had guts, Jack and Frank did, and there is nothing more fans like myself respect than guts! They lived in the filth of back alleys. Their beds were mattresses of empty beer cans, and when they ate meat, it was raw! Cavemen? Maybe. But they were also wrestlers; great wrestlers!

The Chain Gang—the *Original* Chain Gang, that is—first broke into wrestling as a team back in 1968. By the spring of 1969, they had earned a shot at the W.W.A. tag team champions, Bruiser and Crusher. The big title bout was held at Fort Wayne, Indiana, and it turned into a blood bath! But at the dramatic finish, it was the mighty right arms of Jack and Frank Dillinger that were raised in victory.

Through the long, hot summer of 1969, they took on every legitimate team of contenders, never losing. It appeared they were unbeatable. Then it happened. Disaster struck! And it wasn't inside a ring . . .

One night, after they had successfully defended their title, Jack and Frank stopped into a bar to

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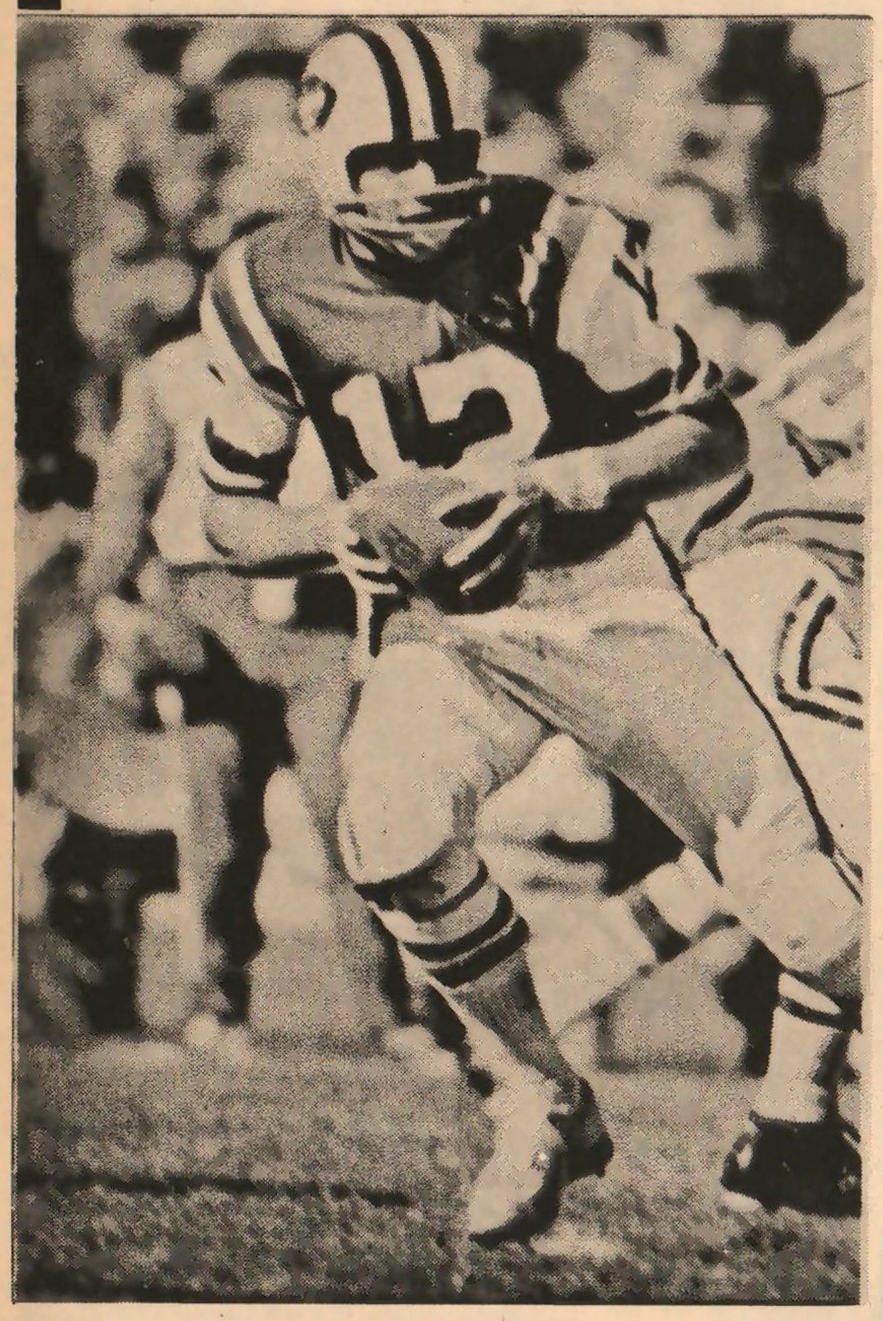
PRO-FOOTBALL POSTERS



Giant Size 24"x36"

all 26 Teams and 30 Stars available

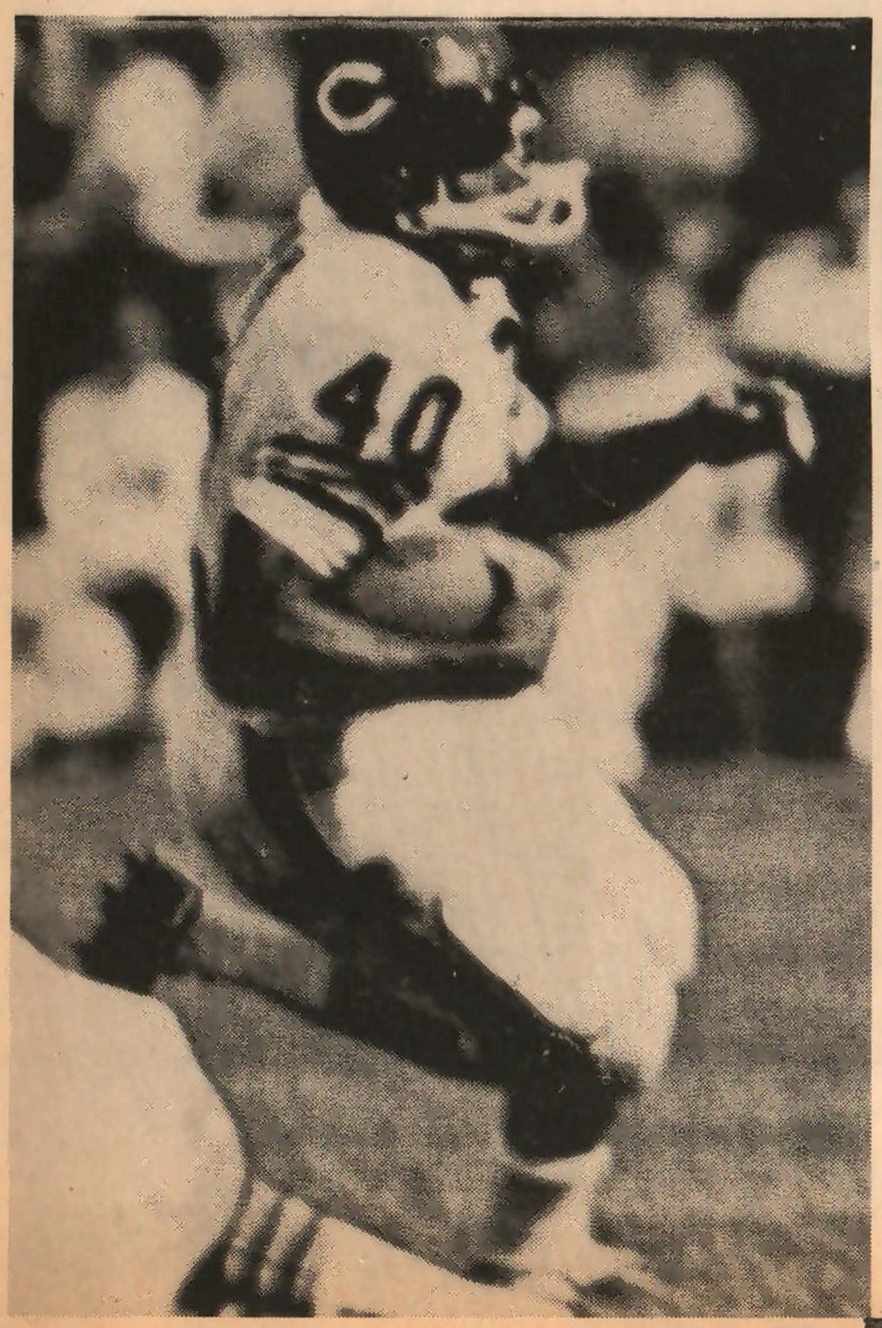
only **$1.25** per Team

only **$1.75** per Star

A Decoration and Conversation Piece

Here is a handsome, full color painting of all 26 Pro-Football Teams and 30 of your favorite stars, excitingly reproduced in a large 24" x 36" size, suitable for hanging on any wall. These exciting souvenirs are done in official team colors, and are reproductions of action paintings showing your favorite team or star in real life action poses. A popular gift and collectors item for the den, family room, bedroom or TV room. There's no question that any pro-football fan will be delighted with these exciting posters. All 26 Teams are available and the following 30 Stars:

- ☐ TOMMY NOBIS
- ☐ DICK BUTKUS
- ☐ BOB LILLY
- ☐ BART STARR
- ☐ HOMER JONES
- ☐ JOE NAMATH
- ☐ DARYLE LAMONICA
- ☐ MEL FARR
- ☐ JIM TAYLOR
- ☐ BOB GRIESE
- ☐ JOHN MACKEY
- ☐ GALE SAYERS
- ☐ O.J. Simpson
- ☐ ROMAN GABRIEL
- ☐ SONNY JURGENSEN
- ☐ GEORGE SAUER
- ☐ LANCE ALWORTH
- ☐ RAY NITSCHKE
- ☐ JOHN BRODIE
- ☐ DAN REEVES
- ☐ TOM MATTE
- ☐ LEROY KELLY
- ☐ LEM BARNEY
- ☐ DEACON JONES
- ☐ LEN DAWSON
- ☐ DON MAYNARD
- ☐ JOHN HADL
- ☐ GENE WASHINGTON
- ☐ MIKE GARRET
- ☐ FLOYD LITTLE



Here's How to Order

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IN DEFENSE OF THE CHAIN GANG

(Continued from Page 6)

wash down the rosin dust which had stuck in their throats. They got a lot more than beer suds!

As they were drinking in the bar, minding their own business, a group of thugs strutted up to their table, tossed a few verbal insults at them, then attacked the wrestlers. One of the thugs pulled out a pistol, took half aim, and fired!

The slug caught Frank Dillinger in the leg. The slug also ended the career of a great wrestler. Frank would probably lose his leg. Drop the curtain on the Chain Gang!

But Jack Dillinger still had the use of both his legs, and he wasn't about to give up wrestling, despite the tragedy. But he needed a partner to replace Frank.

Jack looked and looked, but he couldn't find any candidate he believed could fill Frank's shoes. Not until he came upon a young powerhouse of a man named Paul Dupree.

Paul had had some professional experience, but he still had a lot to learn. "I'll work with you," Jack told the youngster. "I'll teach you and then we'll win the title. We'll win it back for my brother, Frank."

Paul Dupree was all for it. He considered himself fortunate to have the opportunity. "I'll do my very best," he promised Jack.

Paul kept his word. He sweated bullets in the gymnasium as Jack Dillinger poured out his vast knowledge of wrestling, hoping—praying—that his young discovery could absorb all the intricate details which spell the difference between a *real* star and a guy who will never break out of preliminary bouts.

Paul learned, and fast! "There's nothing more I want than to take Frank's place," he told Jack after a particularly hectic workout one afternoon.

"I think you're going to make it," Jack answered. "Yeah, kid, I *really* think you're gonna make it."

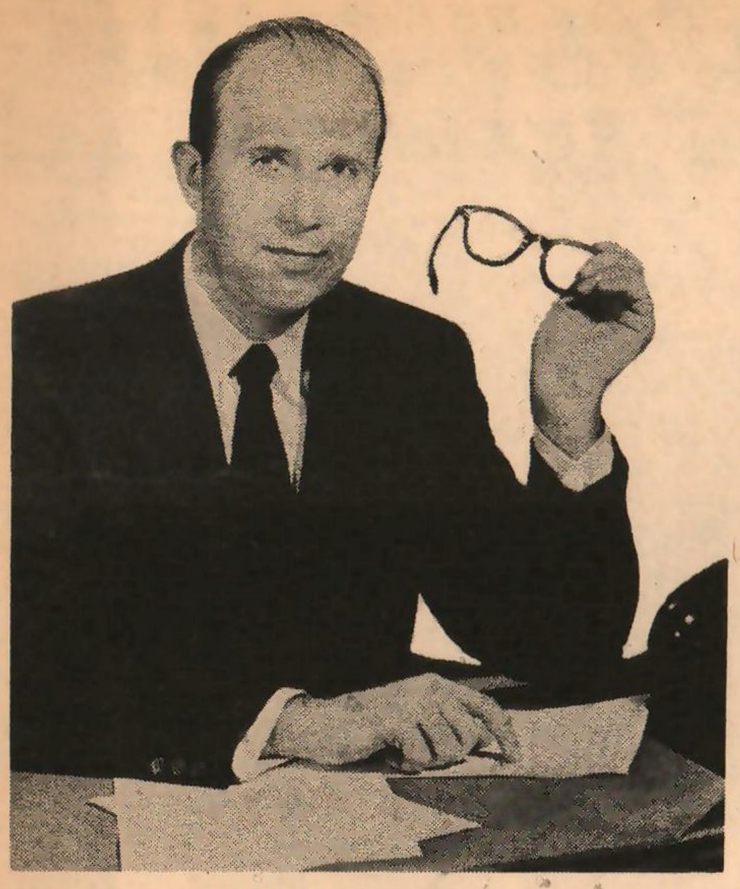
And Paul made it. He made it big. Today, the *new* Chain Gang is the hottest thing in the Southwest as they cut down opponents as if they were blades of grass.

But there is one thing Jack insisted on before he cemented the deal with Paul Dupree. Jack tells the story this way: "I told the kid I knew I was asking for a lot, but I wanted him to change his name, legally, from Paul Dupree to James Dillinger. I thought it was only proper to keep the name Dillinger with the team, out of respect for Frank, you understand. Paul told me he understood perfectly. 'It will be my honor,' He told me. And I want everybody to know I appreciate his understanding."

Everybody will, Jack. Every true lover of wrestling will understand. I promise you that. □

Jack Dillinger proudly flexes his muscles as he poses with his new teammate, Paul Dupree. They agreed that Paul would change his name to James Dillinger in tribute to the disabled Frank Dillinger. Said Paul, "I considered it an honor for Jack to ask me to change my name to Dillinger."

The old Chain Gang is brutalized by police after they were suspected of inciting a riot. That's Jack nearest camera and Frank in the background.



Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

Is Your English Holding You Back?

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English,*" says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. For almost twenty years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes.*

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question: **What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?**

Answer: People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence—handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question: **What do you mean by a "command of good English"?**

Answer: A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question: **Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?**

Answer: Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question: **Wouldn't I have to go back to school to gain a command of good English?**

Answer: No, not anymore. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question: **Is this something new?**

Answer: Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question: **How do I know it works?**

Answer: There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question: **Who are some of these people?**

Answer: The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method has helped business men and women, homemakers, industrial workers, clerks, secretaries . . . almost anyone you can think of.

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TEXAS RASSLIN' ROUND-UP

By Dick Egner

WAHOO McDANIEL, IN his quest for the championship, is being given the runaround by Dory Funk, Jr. In fact, Dory seems to be giving most of his leading challengers the brush off these days. But in Wahoo, Funk has a tormentor who just won't quit. What's more, McDaniel has the whole state of Texas solidly behind him. As a matter of fact, not long ago a group of fans got over 2,000 people to sign a petition proclaiming Wahoo the "Uncrowned Heavyweight Wrestling Champion of the World."

When the champion's father, Dory Funk, Sr., heard about that petition he exploded with rage. First, Funk, Sr. issued a blistering statement in which he denounced the whole thing as a fraud, then he sent his youngest son, Terry, to slap Wahoo back in his place.

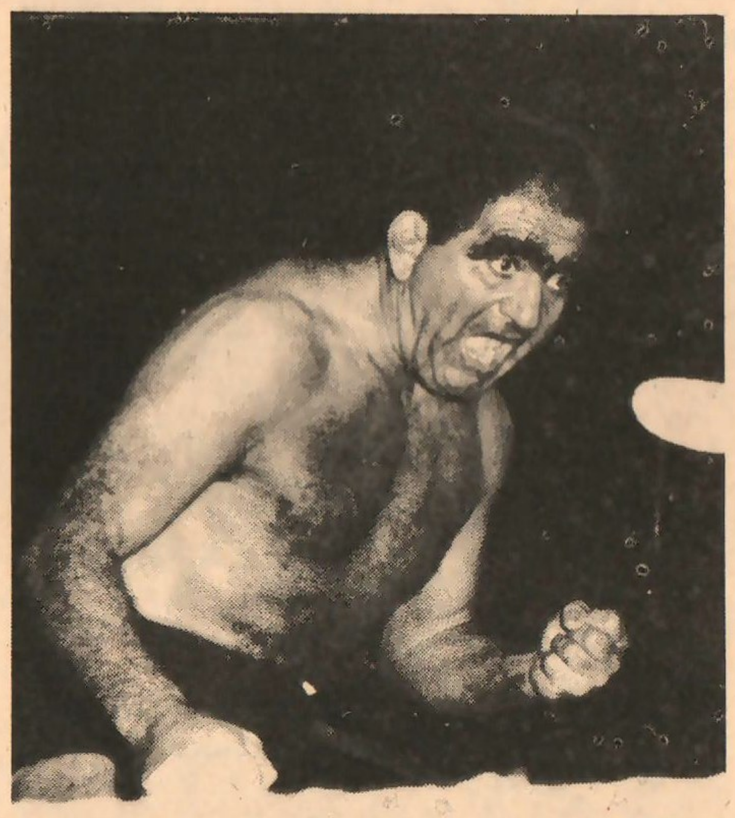
It didn't work! After using every rough-house trick in the book on McDaniel, Terry was flattened by the great Indian in the blistering battle.

You can imagine the effect that had on Dory, Sr. He didn't take the time to issue any new statements. Instead *he* demanded a crack at Wahoo. He got it, at Houston. He also got the same dose of bitter medicine McDaniel had rammed down Terry's throat.

Now it was up to the champion, Dory, Jr., to save the honor of the family name. At least it seemed that way. But once again, Junior pulled a switch. Instead of accepting Wahoo's challenge, Dory issued a statement in which he said: "My brother came to Houston and was robbed with a hometown decision. Then my father became the victim of that same kind of robbery. Why should I honor the challenge of a man who does the things Wahoo McDaniel does? I'll have nothing to do with him until he proves he can win his matches using fair tactics . . ."

McDaniel has another feud raging besides his war with the Funks. Boris (The Great) Malenko is after Wahoo's hide. And, perhaps, for good reason. After losing to Wahoo in what was billed as a "Hair Match," Malenko's head is as smooth (but not as round) as the head of actor, Yul Brynner. "I'll murder that Indian for doing this to me!" raged Boris. "I want to get him in a chain death match. That Indian has broken my teeth and robbed me of my beautiful hair. I promise to finish him once and for all! End his career, that's what! Revenge! I've got to have revenge!"

Texas wrestling seems to be filled with guys looking for revenge. Killer Kowalski is after Johnny Valentine, but for a different reason than you might expect. Not long ago, Kowalski, Valentine and Boris Malenko were scheduled to face Wahoo McDaniel, Mil Mascaras and Ernie Ladd in a six-man tag match. But at the last minute, and without a word of warning to his teammates, Valentine withdrew from the match, leaving Kowalski and Malenko to battle it out against three opponents. It's not difficult to understand why Kowalski is so enraged at Valentine.



The sizzling feud between Bull Curry (left) and Johnny Valentine (right) exploded after Bull got his finger caught in the cage in Houston battle.

Valentine couldn't care less about what Kowalski—or anybody else, for that matter—thinks. Johnny's career is steaming along better than ever and he has more offers for matches than he can possibly fill. Big John recently did a real job on Bull Curry, beating Bull at his own game. During a match in which the ring was caged in, Curry caught his finger in a rung of the cage and as he stood there helpless, Valentine darned near killed him. But after Curry's wounds healed, he got a return bout with Big John—this time the rules permitted Bull to have his hands taped, and there's nothing Bull Curry likes better than having his fists encased in adhesive tape. Because he can throw a punch better than any wrestler in the world, it gives him a decided advantage over opponents. Actually, this return meeting was more of a boxing match than a wrestling bout, with ten rounds scheduled to last three-minutes each. No disqualifications would be allowed, and three falls (if you could call them falls) would decide the winner.

Most people thought Curry would win, and they were surprised when Valentine took the first fall with his famed elbow

(Continued on page 64)

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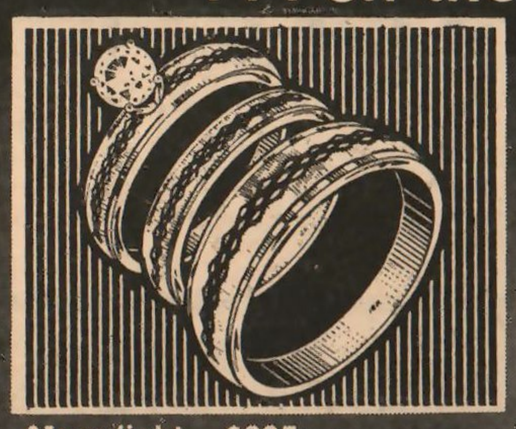

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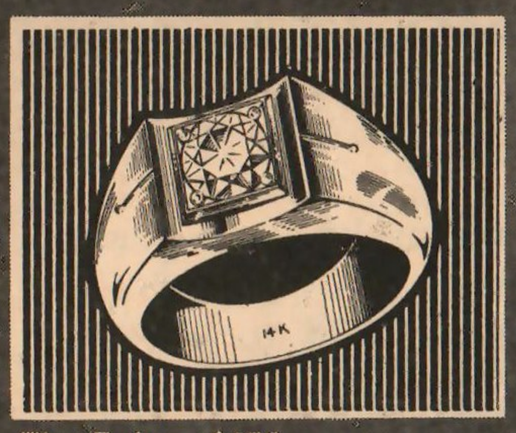

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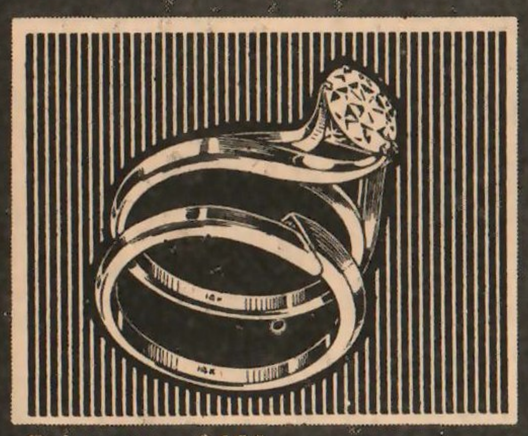

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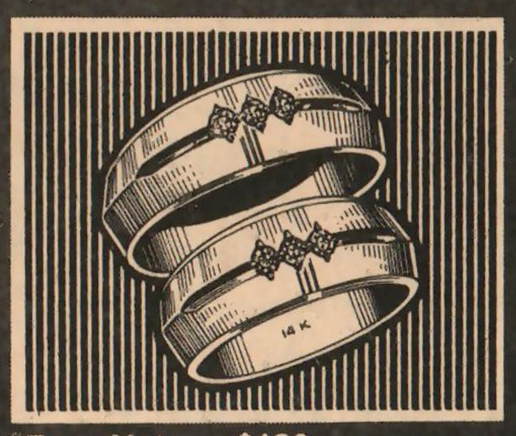

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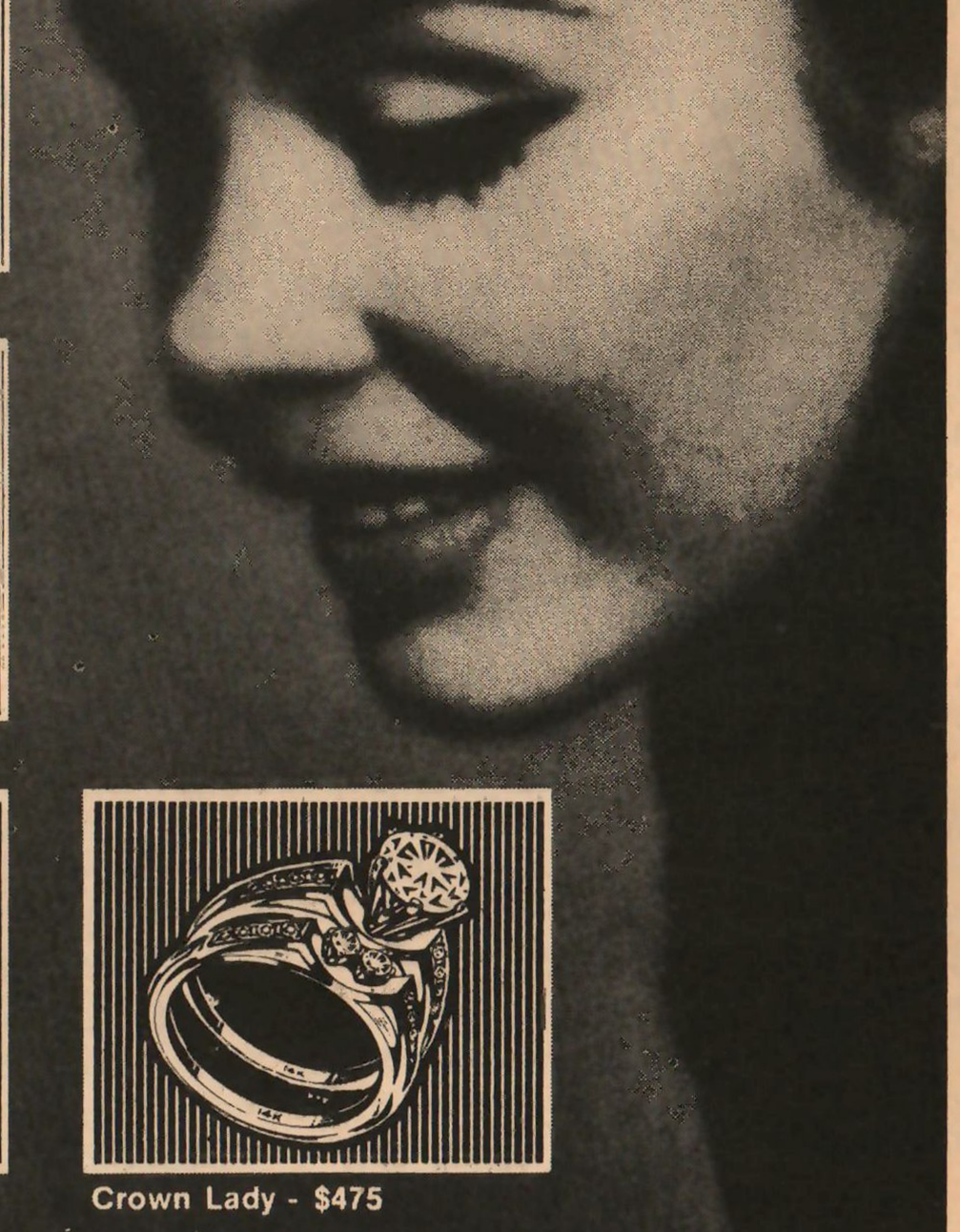

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HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY!

YOUNG BUDDY COLT, the handsome and very popular blond Adonis, pulled a major upset in Atlanta, Ga., recently by beating Nick Bockwinkle. Colt's surprising victory, which took 38 minutes, rewarded him with the Georgia heavyweight title. Bockwinkle, after screaming "Foul!" demanded a return match. "I went into the ring with a bad head cold," yelped Nick, "and when he got that strangle hold on me, I just couldn't breath. The referee should have thrown that bum out of the ring! Just wait until next time..."

Another big upset on that same Atlanta card saw The Assassins win the state tag team crown from The Professional and Bobby Shane.

Denver mat fans were thrilled by a recent six-man tag match featuring Red Bastein, Ed Carpentier and Pepper Gomez pitting their combined talents against Butcher Vachon, Lars Anderson and Larry Henning. Anderson topped Bastein to win the first fall, Carpentier whipped Henning to even the bout, then Bastein roared back to pin Anderson to capture the third and deciding fall. Another slambang match on that Denver show saw Blackjack Lanza (with some illegal assists from manager Bobby Heenan) edge Dr. X. Living up to his pre-bout promise to unmask if defeated, Dr. X was revealed to be Bruce Marshall, a youngster from Reno, Nevada. The big main event of the evening turned into one of the bloodiest battles in recent years. Within a few minutes after the opening bell, the contestants, Mad Dog Vachon and Crusher Lisowski, were just about drowning in their own blood as the crowd roared encouragement to Crusher to rip Mad Dog to shreds. All that moral support helped Lisowski win the brutal affair.

Baron Von Rasche got so mad when St. Louis promoter Sam Muchnick asked him to wrestle in a preliminary bout that he threatened to leave town and never come back. "That's okay with me," Muchnick snapped. "Do what you want to do, but on my next show you're wrestling in a preliminary or you're not wrestling at all!" Von Rasche cooled down, reconsidered, and gave in. Muchnick, who celebrates his 25th Anniversary as St. Louis' "Mr. Wrestling," explained later that he slapped the tough, arrogant German down because "He needed to be put in his place. Sure, I realize he's a main event wrestler," Sam added, "but every other main event wrestler in the country wants to wrestle in St. Louis and they're all going to get their turns as long as I'm the promotor." That's telling 'em, Sam.

Notes from here and there— We're delighted to see Bill Dromo back in action, full time... The Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles celebrated its 25th Anniversary televising wrestling matches. The big attraction back in 1945, when it all began, was the immortal Gorgeous George, whose antics triggered the great mat revolution... Girl wrestling has become so popular in western Canada that some shows have the same number of girl bouts as male bouts. How about that?... Handsome Paul Diamond, who claims he likes to cook almost as much as he likes to wrestle, entered a recent cooking contest in Minneapolis and walked away with top honors. His winning dish: chicken in wine. "I learned it in France," Paul beamed.

Flash Monroe, younger brother of Rocket and Sputnik, a big hit in Florida rings. "I want to team up with both my brothers," says Flash, "and replace two-man tag teams with three-man teams. The fans will get a lot more action for their money and I'll be able to spend more time with my brothers."

In Anson, Texas, recently, the announcer walked to the center of the ring just before the main event. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "the main event tonight was supposed to feature Bull Ramos against Bob Griffin. I am sorry to tell you that because of an incident that happened last night this bout cannot take place." When pressed for an answer by the disappointed crowd, the announcer went on to explain that Ramos and another tough wrestler named Apache Gringo had ganged up on Griffin in a parking lot the night before and beat him up. Popular Greg Petterson was rushed in as a last minute substitute for Griffin against Ramos and went down to defeat before the 300-pound Mexican wildman. Then, to add to the crowd's disappointment, Terry Funk, because of a death in his wife's family, was unable to appear in his match. Terry was replaced by his ageless father, Dory, Sr.

San Francisco promoter Roy Shire was so angered when a local station decided to stop televising

(Continued on page 45)

TOM McCAHILL SAYS:

"The appliance repair field is so uncrowded it's almost lonely!"

Someone once said that if you build a better mousetrap, the world will beat a path to your door. In the home appliance business, a lot of enterprising companies have gotten rich peddling a long list of handy electrical gadgets for the home. The trouble is, the dozen or more appliances in the average American home can go on the fritz, and men with the proper training to do repairs are as scarce as knee-length skirts on teen-agers.

Good Appliance Repairmen are a rare breed these days. Those with a little ambition are booked so solidly you can wait days to get somebody to fix a balky refrigerator or cantankerous toaster. Sometimes, you have to settle for a bum job from a guy who had no business calling himself an Appliance Repairman in the first place.

This brings me to my point. If you want to make money in a field that's begging for trained technicians, there's a fine, low-cost home-study plan available that teaches you how to handle every type of Appliance repair in detail — including refrigeration, air conditioners, and even small gas engines. The course was prepared by the instructors at National Radio Institute. This is the oldest and largest home-study school in the Electronics/Electrical fields with more than fifty years' experience training men like yourself for new careers or spare-time or full-time businesses of their own.

A few years ago, NRI recognized the increasing demand for trained Appliance Repairmen. They set about preparing well-illustrated, easy-to-understand lessons that teach you how to repair home, commercial and farm Appliances. NRI even added a professional Appliance Tester that's included in their low tuition. With the Tester and a few basic tools you probably already have, you're equipped to service most Electrical Appliances. If you aren't making $5 to $7 an hour in spare time fixing Appliances for friends and neighbors within a few months after enrolling, my name isn't McCahill.

The reason I'm no doubting Thomas, is because the staff at NRI is composed of experienced instructors who guide you through the course with more personal attention than you'd get in many classrooms. With the kind of help they give a student and the kind of course they have, you can be the man in demand in this field — even if you've never rewired a plug, or got fed up with school at the 9th grade.

The best advice I can give you is to clip the coupon below and send for the NRI Appliance Training Catalog. It's free, and there's no obligation. NRI doesn't employ salesmen, so nobody will be knocking at your door. All it will cost you is a postage stamp. Take it from Uncle Tom, the Appliance Repair field needs good men. Now.

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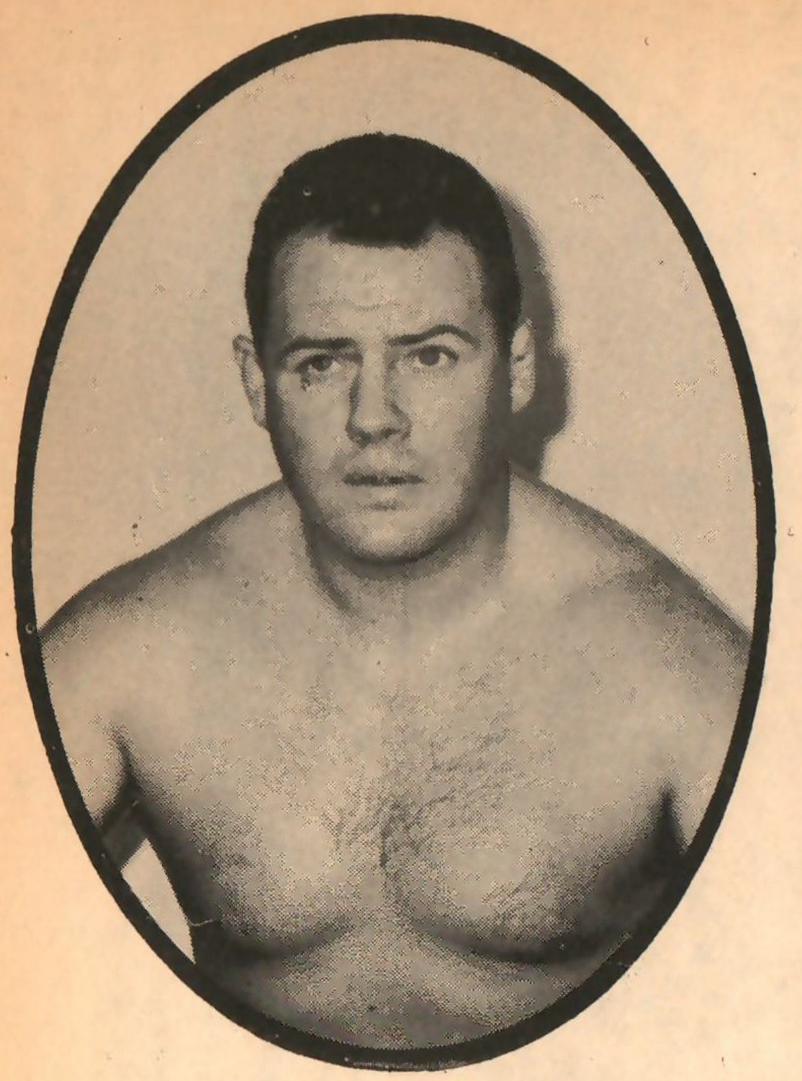

Editor's note: On August 19, 1970, in a preliminary bout, at the Civic Auditorium in San Jose, Calif., Jerry London wrestled to a 30-minute draw with Don Soriano. The following day, London was found dead in his room at the Hotel Embassy in San Francisco. A note was discovered near the body, according to police, which said:

"I'm tired of the farce of life. I wish to explore the beyond . . ."

As a tribute to this fine athlete, we are publishing the following article, which was written in 1963, (but never before published), when Jerry was starting to build his reputation as one of the most skillful and popular wrestlers in the world.

IN TRIBUTE TO JERRY LONDON

By John Kincaid

Few wrestlers ever enjoyed as much loyalty and devotion from their fans as Jerry London. And few ever earned the kind of respect lavished on him by his fellow wrestlers as the handsome young Canadian whose life recently came to a tragic end.

Pro Wrestler Found Dead-- 'Tired of Farce'

The body of a professional wrestler, who was "tired of the farce of life," was found Thursday in his room at the Hotel Embassy, 610 Polk street.

Police said Jerry London, 41, of Montreal, Canada, apparently died from an overdose of sleeping pills.

Tony Juliano, a restaurant employee, told police he knew London and that the wrestler was depressed over losing a match Wednesday in San Jose.

A note near London's body declared:

"I'm tired of the farce of life. I wish to explore the beyond

This is the San Francisco newspaper article which announced Jerry's death.

I'VE BEEN GOING to wrestling matches for the last 15-years. I've seen hundreds of wrestlers—good guys, bad guys, young ones, old ones—but the man who has impressed me most as an athlete and a person is Jerry London.

Born in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, on July 9, 1929, Jerry started to wrestle in college. He liked it so much, he entered several amateur tournaments, won most of them, and remained an amateur for almost six years before turning professional.

"I might as well enjoy it and get paid for it, too," he quipped.

Now, after five years as a pro, Jerry London is still enjoying it. If you've ever seen him in action, you know he's good. Nobody has to tell you as you watch him glide effortlessly around the ring, dazzling opponents with his vast assortment of holds and lightning

(Continued on page 16)

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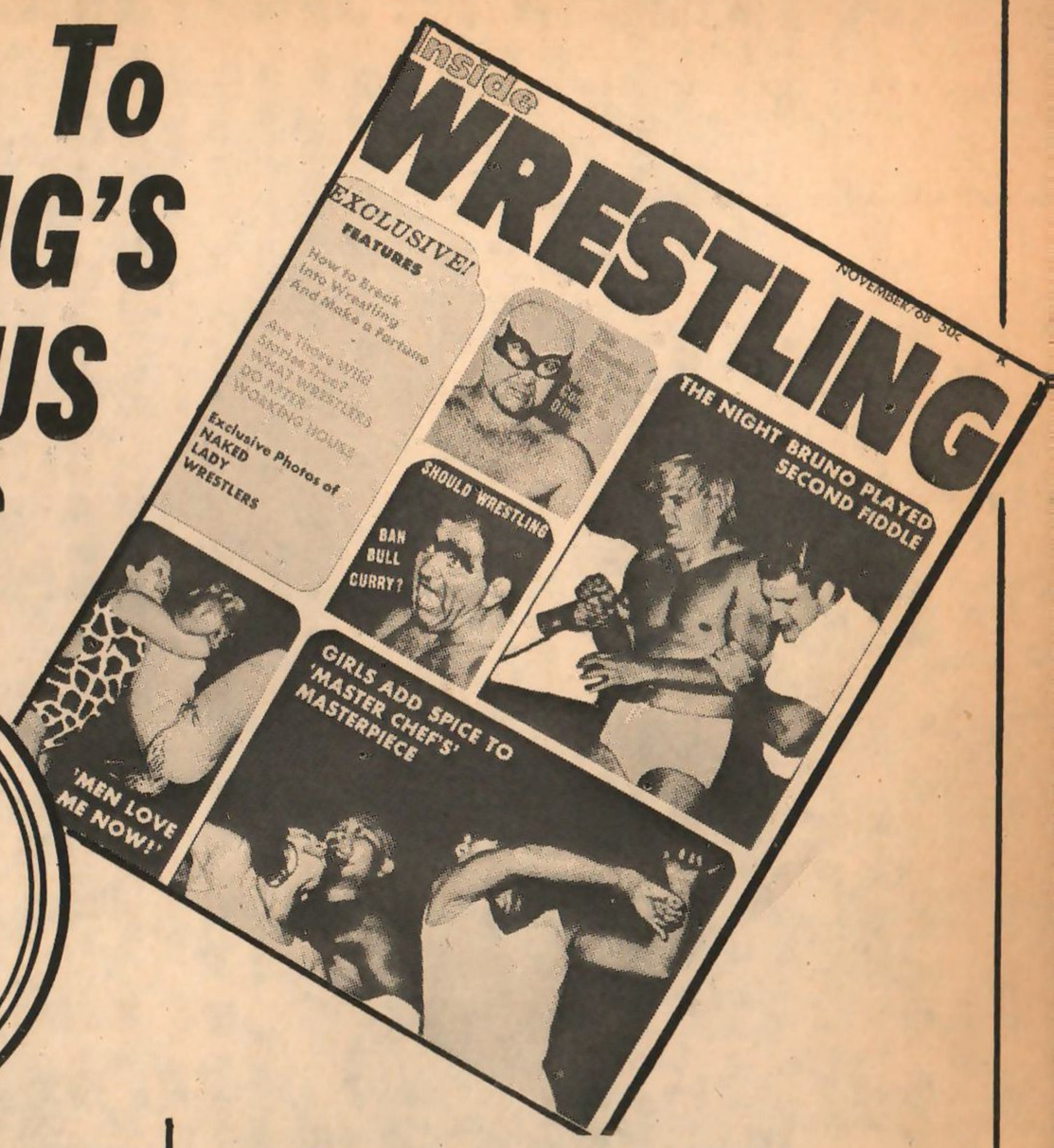
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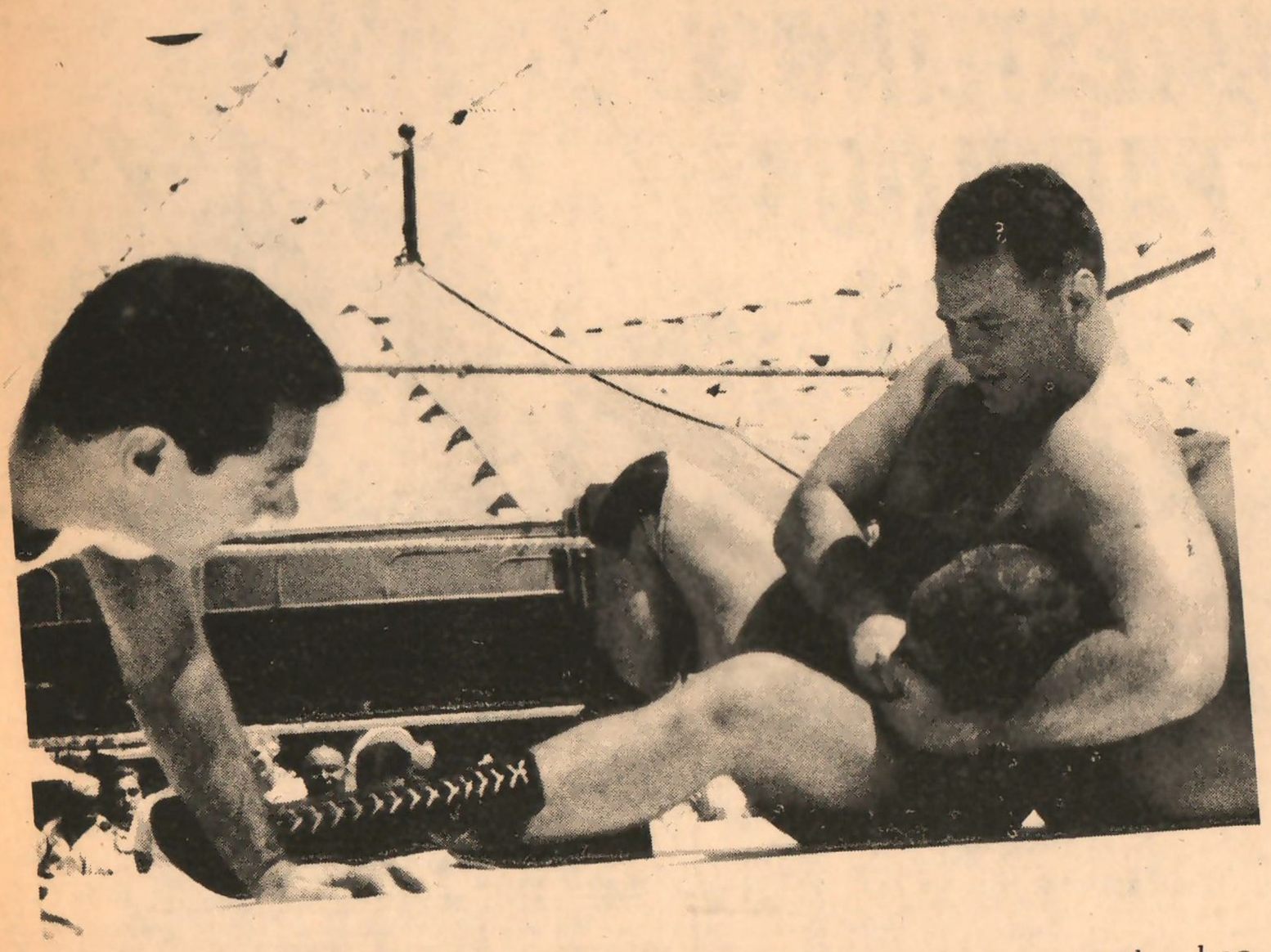
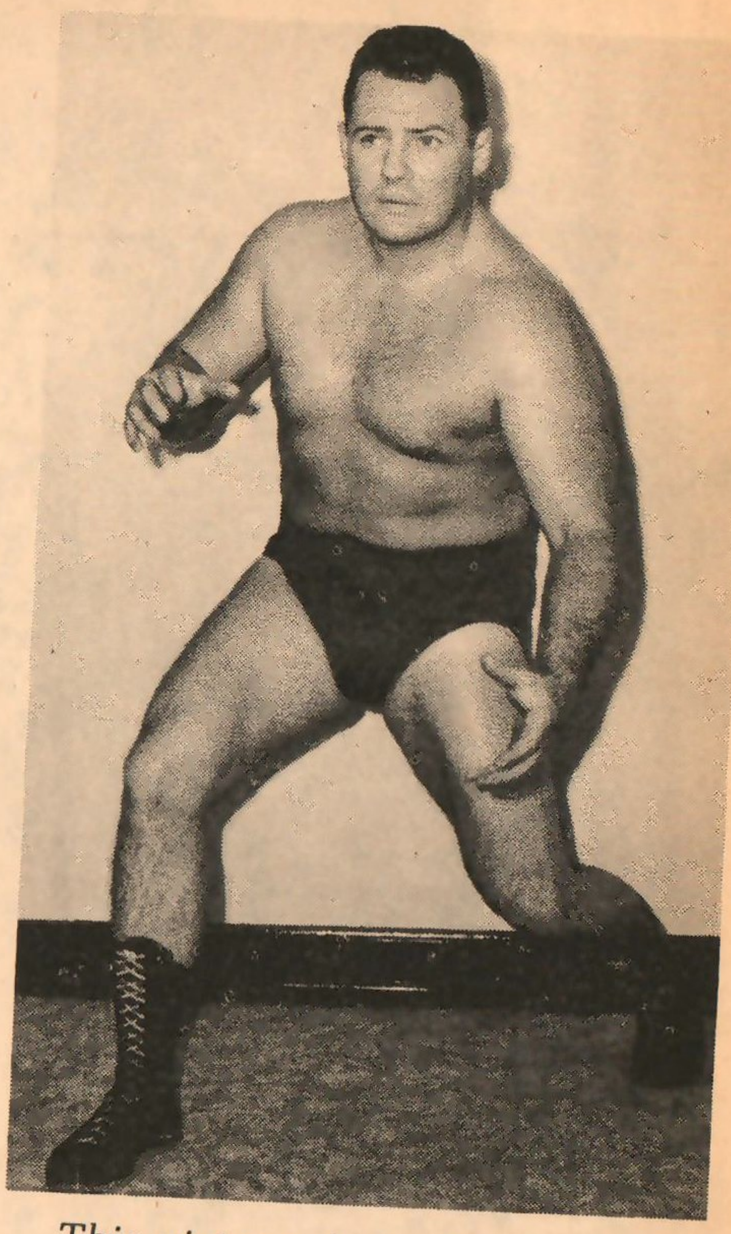
IN TRIBUTE TO JERRY LONDON (Continued from Page 14)



In this picture, which was taken in June, 1963, at Chicago, London has a solid headlock on opponent Johnny Kace. Jerry, who had a violent dislike for Kace, won the bout with a flying head scissors in 16:36.



This picture shows Jerry at the peak of his career—in 1963—when he was a title contender.

Rockford, Illinois, program back in 1964 advertises London as main event wrestler in bout against big Moose Cholak. Jerry won the match.

speed.

"My favorite hold is the abdominal stretch," Jerry will tell you, "but I'm also partial to drop kicks and the Boston crab. The crab will win for you every time, if you apply it properly."

London isn't very big for a pro wrestler; 212-pounds, 6-feet 1 inch tall. But he has an 18-1/2-inch neck and a chest that expands to a whopping 48-inches. The man is a powerhouse, as anybody who ever wrestled him will tell you.

Jerry is devoted to his profession. He eats and sleeps wrestling. He's in the gymnasium working out every day of the week, carefully measures every ounce of food that goes into his body, and rarely sleeps less than eight hours a night.

"If you don't have your heart completely in the business, forget about it and go get yourself a job driving a truck," Jerry recently told a group of youngsters who had expressed the desire to become wrestlers.

Jerry always has a smile on his face. One look at him and you immediately know he's a warm, sincere person. He will never turn you down for an autograph. I've even seen him pinned against a wall for almost an hour signing and signing his name as more and more anxious fans gathered around him.

When asked why he does it, Jerry smiled and said, "Without them (the fans), I'm nothing. They make it possible for me to earn my living. I can never forget, or underestimate, what they've done for me..."

Jerry is interested in just about everything—nature, medicine, law, philosophy. You name the subject; Jerry can discuss it with rare intelligence.

I don't know whether or not he will ever become champion of the world, but this I am sure of: professional wrestling is indebted to Jerry London. He gives the business a touch of class and respect it gets nowhere else. □

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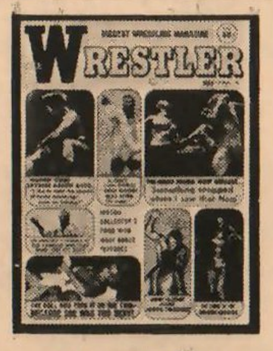

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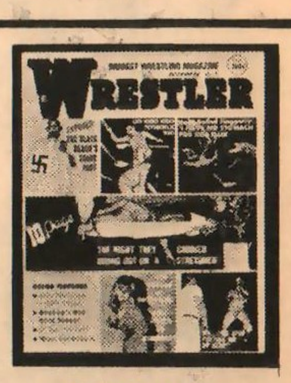

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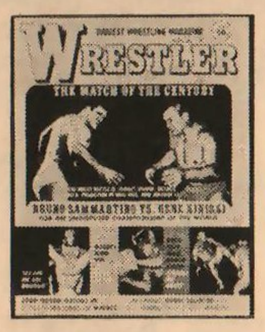

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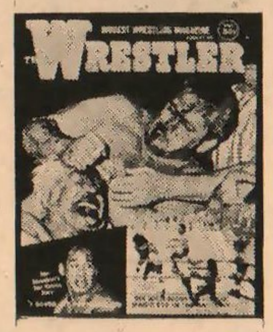

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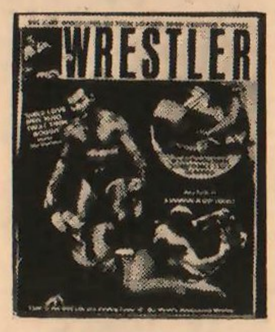

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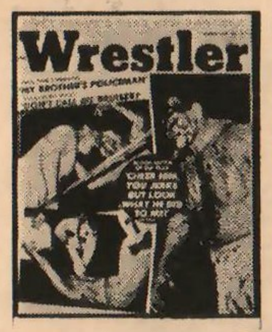

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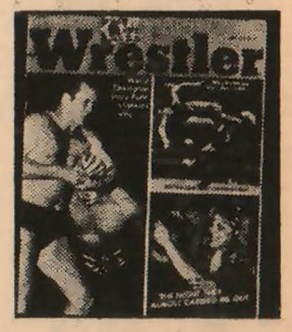

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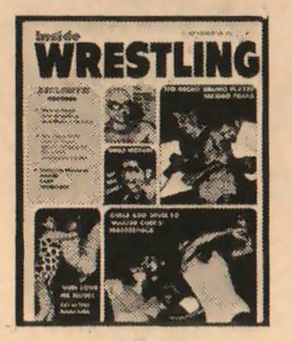

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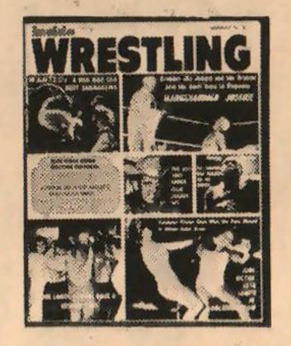

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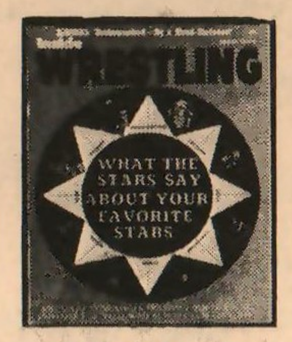

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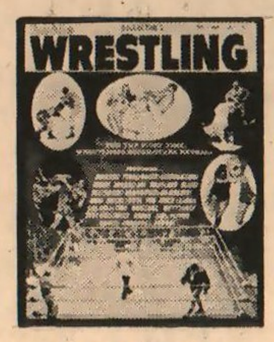

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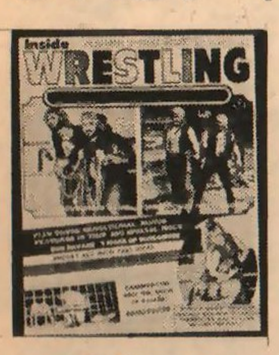

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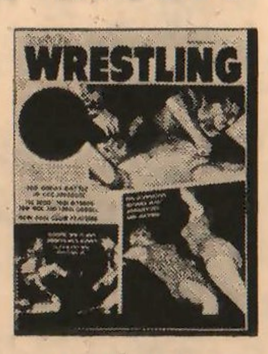

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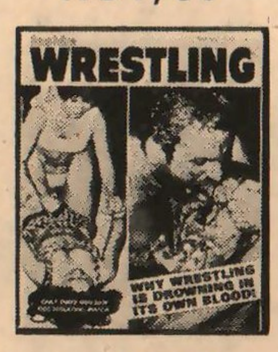

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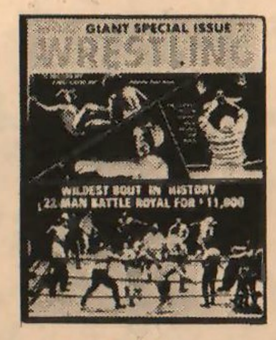

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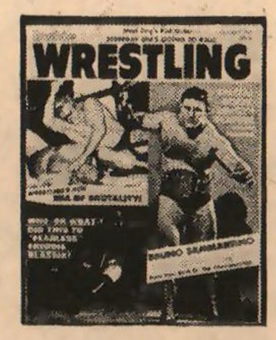

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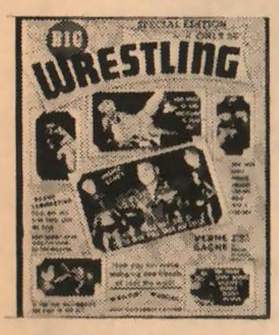

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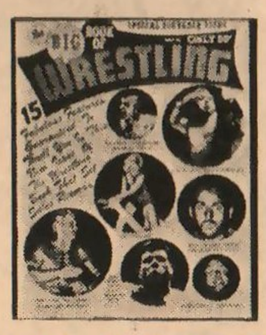

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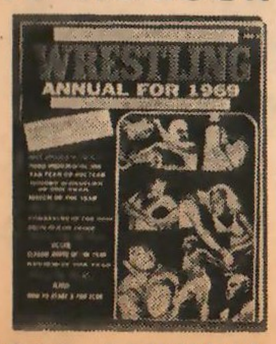

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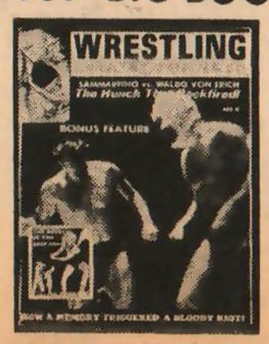

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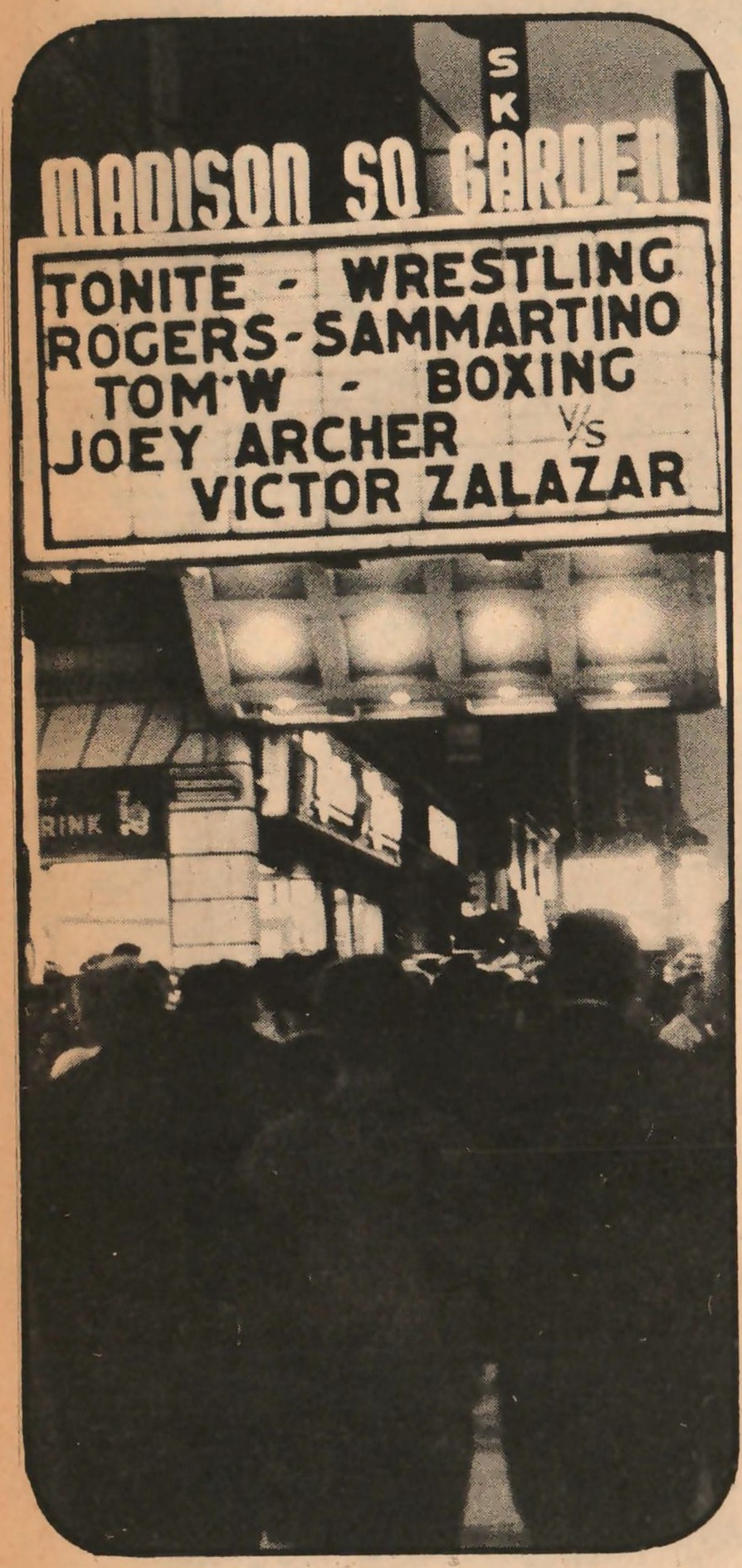
GREAT MOMENTS IN WRESTLING

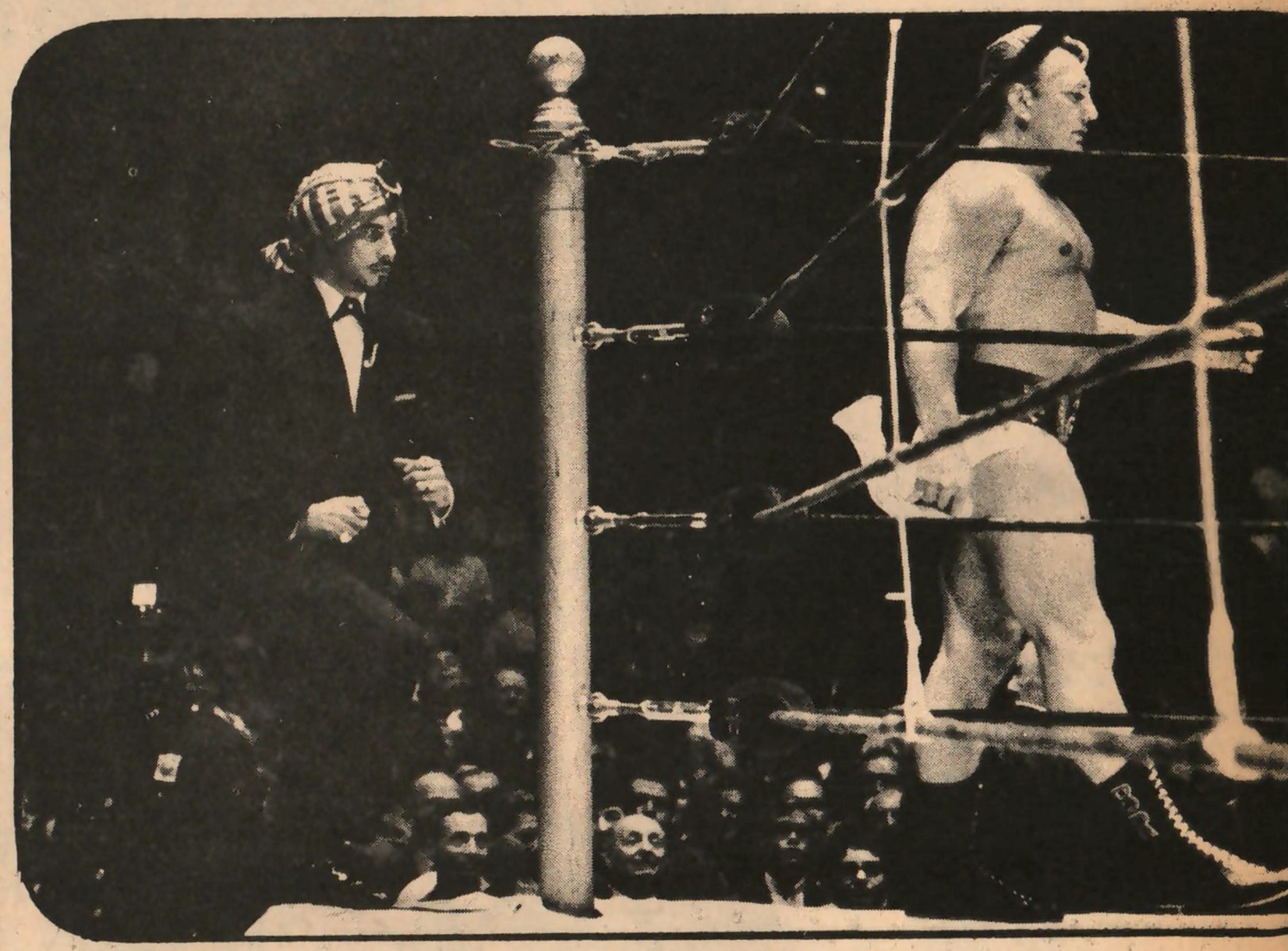
THE NIGHT SAMMARTINO

BECAME CHAMPION

Almost 20,000 pop-eyed fans watched in stunned amazement as the great Buddy Rogers was smashed to defeat in a scant 48 seconds! They saw it, but they still don't believe it.



The record crowd began to line up early in the day. By 7 o'clock, every ticket had been sold. Left: Bruno stares at championship belt after lightning victory.

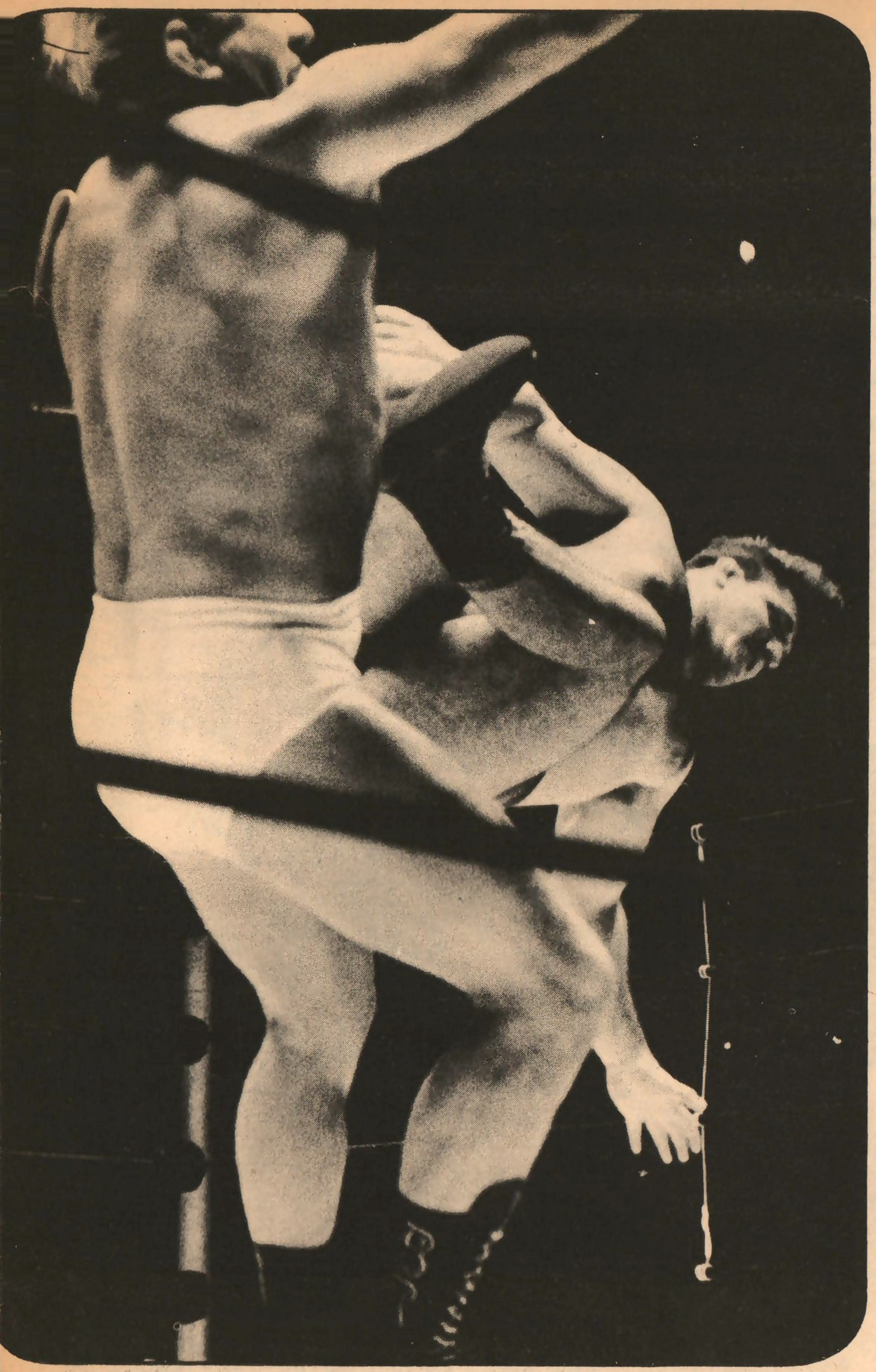


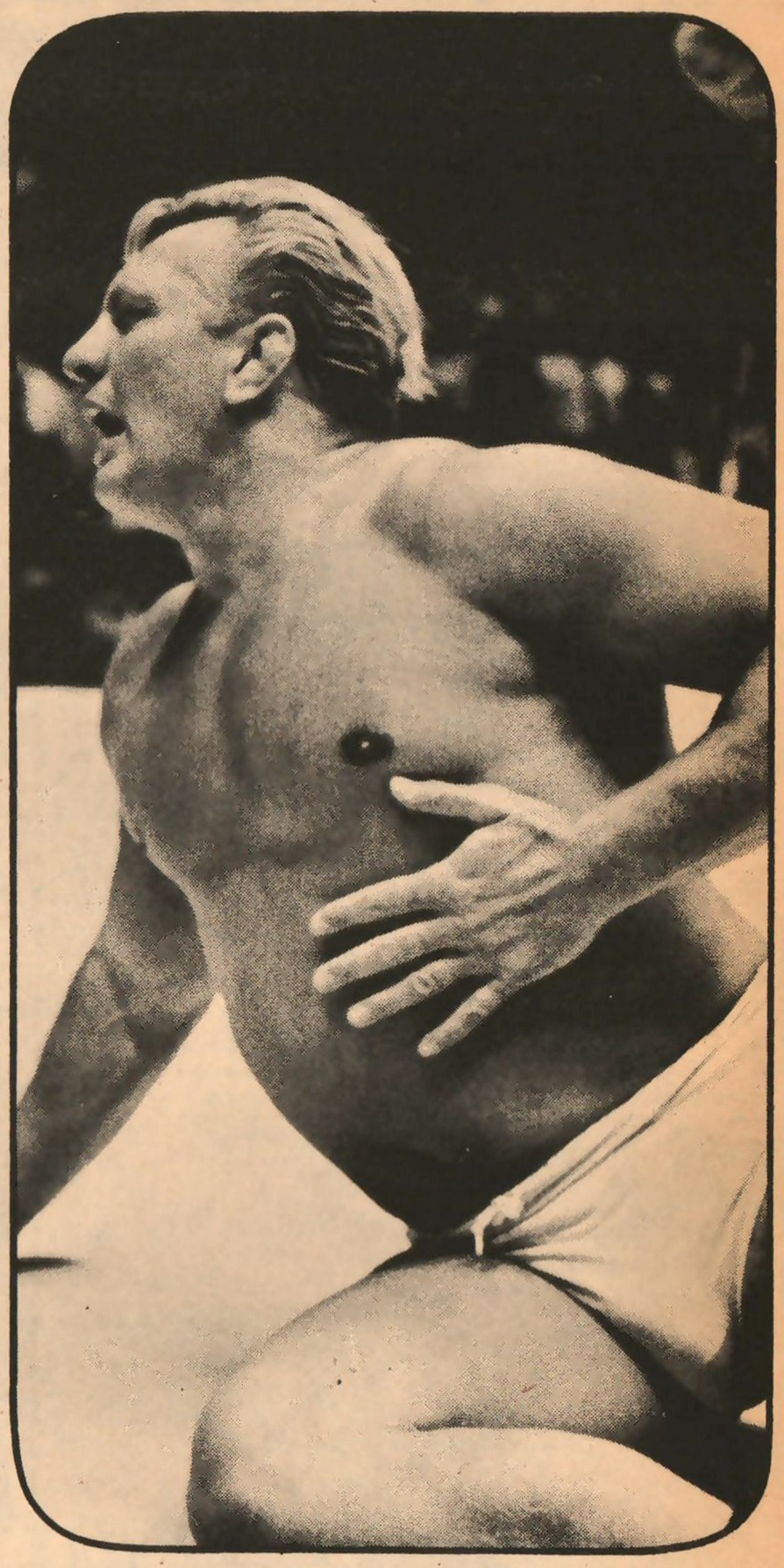
Champion of the world Buddy Rogers, carrying a snow-white towel and wearing his precious belt over bright, pink tights, is about to step into the ring. Following him is his manager, impulsive Diamond Jack.

LONG LINES OF anxious fans snaked around the box office windows at the old Madison Square Garden. Many of them had been waiting in line since early in the morning to buy general admission tickets. All the reserved seats had been sold out for weeks. So they stood and waited in the chill wind on that day of May 17, 1963, clutching their dollars in their hands.

By 7:00 PM, every general admission ticket had been sold. In addition, approximately 3,500 people were allowed into the huge arena, at $3 a head, and permitted to find standing positions wherever they could. The standees considered themselves lucky, since well over 5,000 disappointed line-waiters had to be turned away because, as the tall police lieutenant barked over a portable PA system, "We're sorry, ladies and gentlemen, but there just aren't any more seats to be had. The place is completely sold out. Now would you all please go home! There's no use waiting around anymore..."

The reason for this tremendous interest was a match between Buddy Rogers, one of the great-





Bruno delivered three brain-jarring dropkicks in rapid succession, each crashing into Rogers' face with increased force. The third kick (left) seemed to numb the champion's whole body and left him squirming on the floor (above).

est champions who ever lived, and the young Italian powerhouse, Bruno Sammartino. The question to be answered this night was: Could Sammartino's matchless strength and determination overcome Rogers' experience and cunning? The vast majority of people in the crowd, ninety-percent of them rabid Sammartino supporters, had grave doubts. Even they secretly admitted Bruno would have to be very, very lucky to beat Buddy Rogers.

Rogers strutted into the ring wearing a pair of gaudy pink tights which seemed to have been taken off one of those dancing girls in a 1940 Hollywood musical. He carried a white towel in his left hand and was closely followed by his manager, Diamond Jack.

The ringing boos which greeted Rogers magically changed to rousing cheers when Sammartino appeared. Wearing dark green tights, he bowed, smiled and waved at the audience. But it was obvious Bruno was nervous. He kicked at the canvas with his toe

as he waited, head bowed, in his corner to be introduced.

The referee quickly barked out the basic rules: "No kicking or punching with a closed fist. Break immediately when I tell you to break. Now shake hands, return to your corners, and come out wrestling at the bell. Protect yourselves at all times...!"

Rogers strutted very slowly back to his corner, while Sammartino raced to his, another dead give-away that he was overly nervous. But the moment the bell sounded, all Bruno's nervousness seemed to vanish. He became a tiger!

Rogers kept his back turned too long as he listened to last minute instructions from his manager. And when he finally did turn around, he ran smack into Sammartino's raging fury. A smashing flying tackle rocked Rogers down to his toes and left him groping on the canvas, his mouth hanging open.

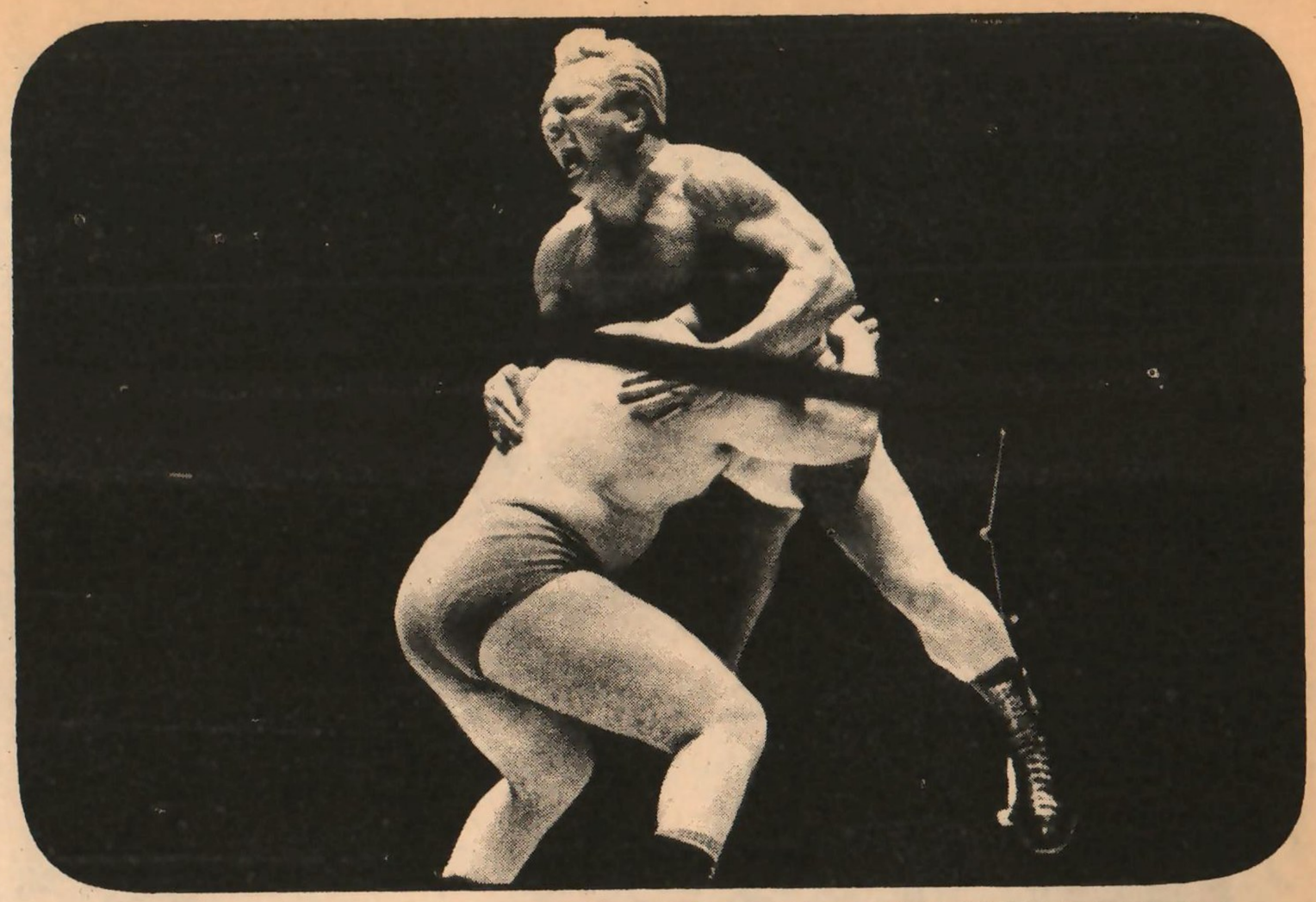
Bruno didn't wait. He yanked his stricken foe to his feet, grabbed his left arm and sent him catapulting into the ropes. Then, as Buddy bounced toward him, Bruno caught him with a tremendous shoulder-block in the body. Down went Rogers again, a look of shock and pain on his face.

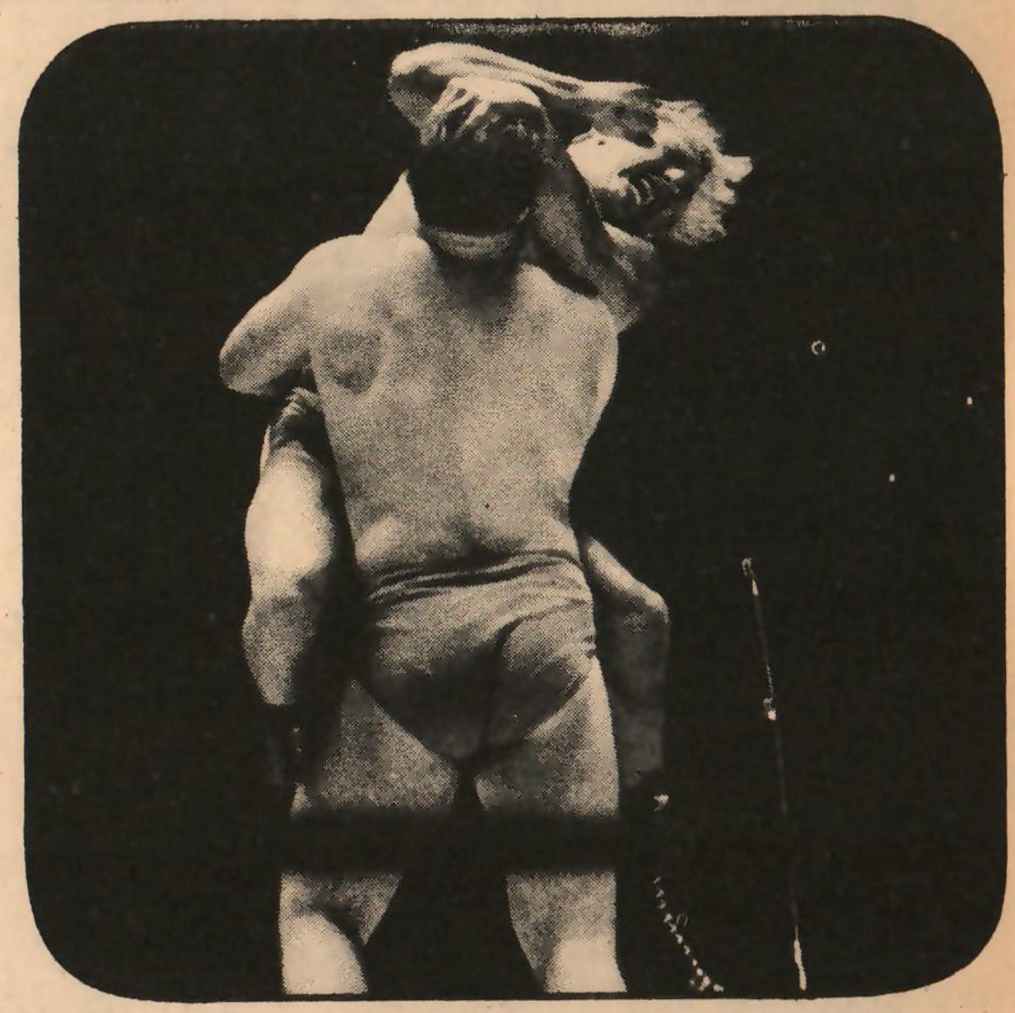
Every man, woman and child in the throng of 20,000 was standing, most of them stunned, some rubbing their eyes in disbelief. Yelled one man, "It's got to be a dream!"

It wasn't a dream. Sammartino again jolted Rogers to his spaghetti-like legs, lifted him across his broad shoulders, and began to bounce him up and down, sapping more and more of Buddy's rapidly ebbing strength.

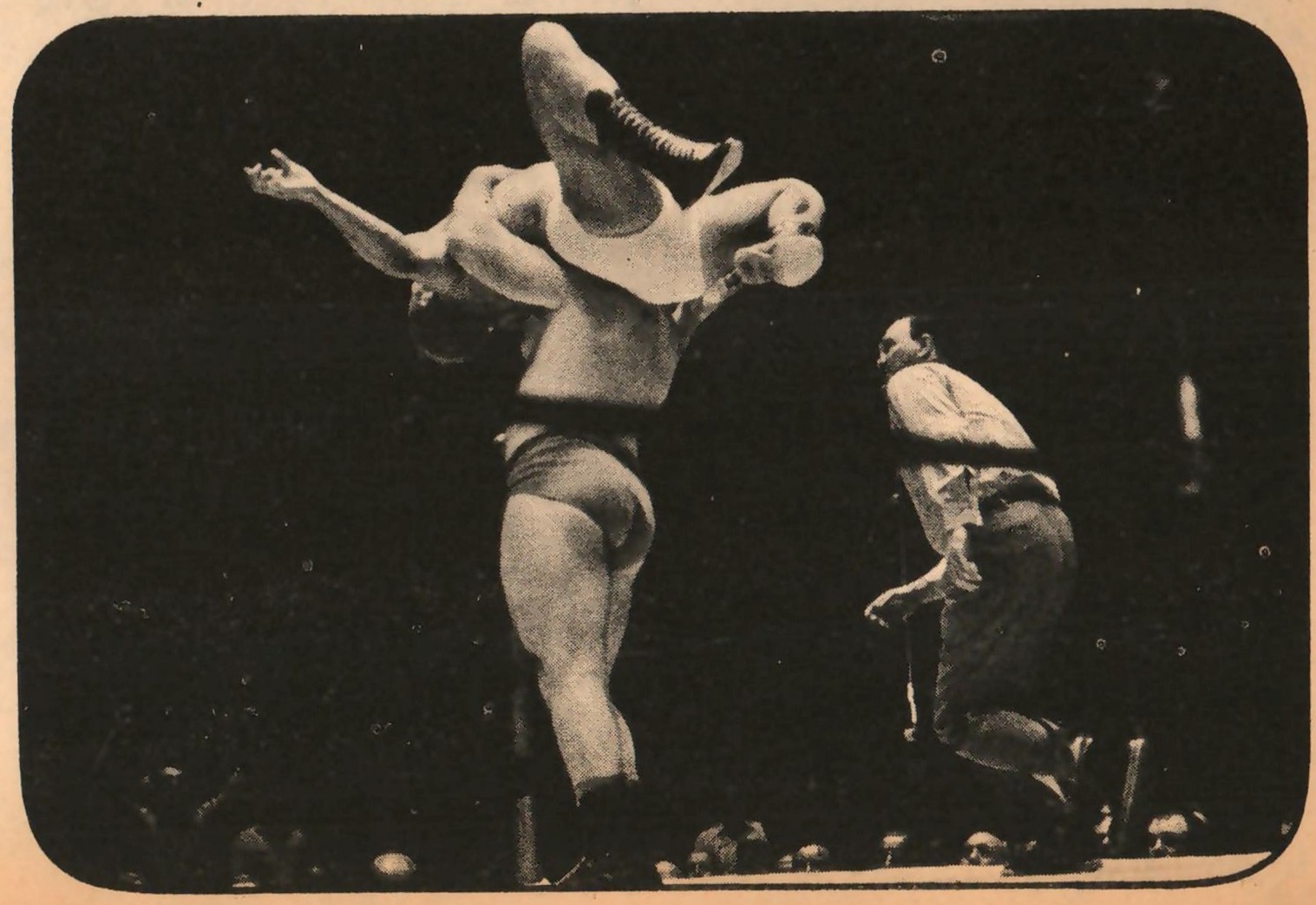
At this point, only a scant 30 seconds after the match had begun, it was obvious to even those Rogers' rooters among the throng that Buddy had had it. Only the finisher was needed.

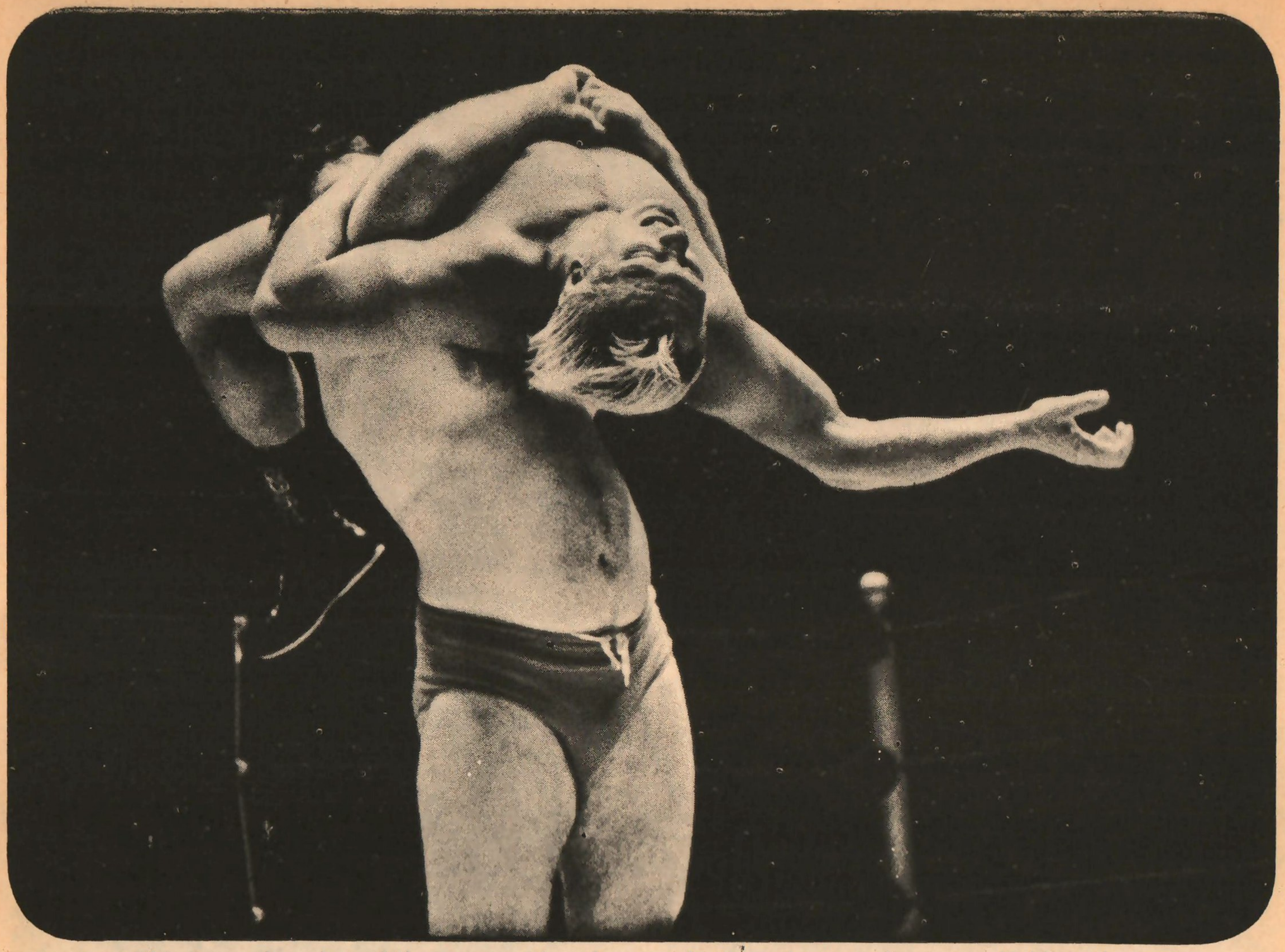
(Continued)





These three pictures trace the progress of the most famous—and rewarding—Bear Hug in wrestling history. If you consider the great heights Bruno has achieved as champion, this one hold was worth almost five million dollars—and the figure is still rising! Above: Bruno clamps his huge arms around Buddy and squeezes (left). Then, when Rogers' strength was completely gone, Bruno lifted him to his shoulders (below).





This is another view of the same action shown at bottom of preceeding page. Holding the 230-pound champion on his shoulders like a sack of flour, Sammartino's mighty arms apply the awesome pressure and Rogers quickly passes into unconsciousness as his reign ends.

The finisher came approximately 18-seconds later, when Sammartino wrapped his bear-like arms around Rogers' trim waist and applied the awesome pressure.

Buddy squirmed and screamed in agony as the huge muscles in Bruno's arms bulged and the veins stood out like strands of blue wire. The referee leaned his face close to Buddy's. "Wanna quit?" the official asked.

Rogers didn't have to be asked again. He couldn't speak, all he could do was nod his head—he quit!

The referee slammed Bruno on the back. "Let him loose! Let him loose!" But the tension seemed to have possessed Sammartino. He didn't appear to understand and he kept up the terrible pressure. By this time, Rogers' body had gone limp. He had blacked out!

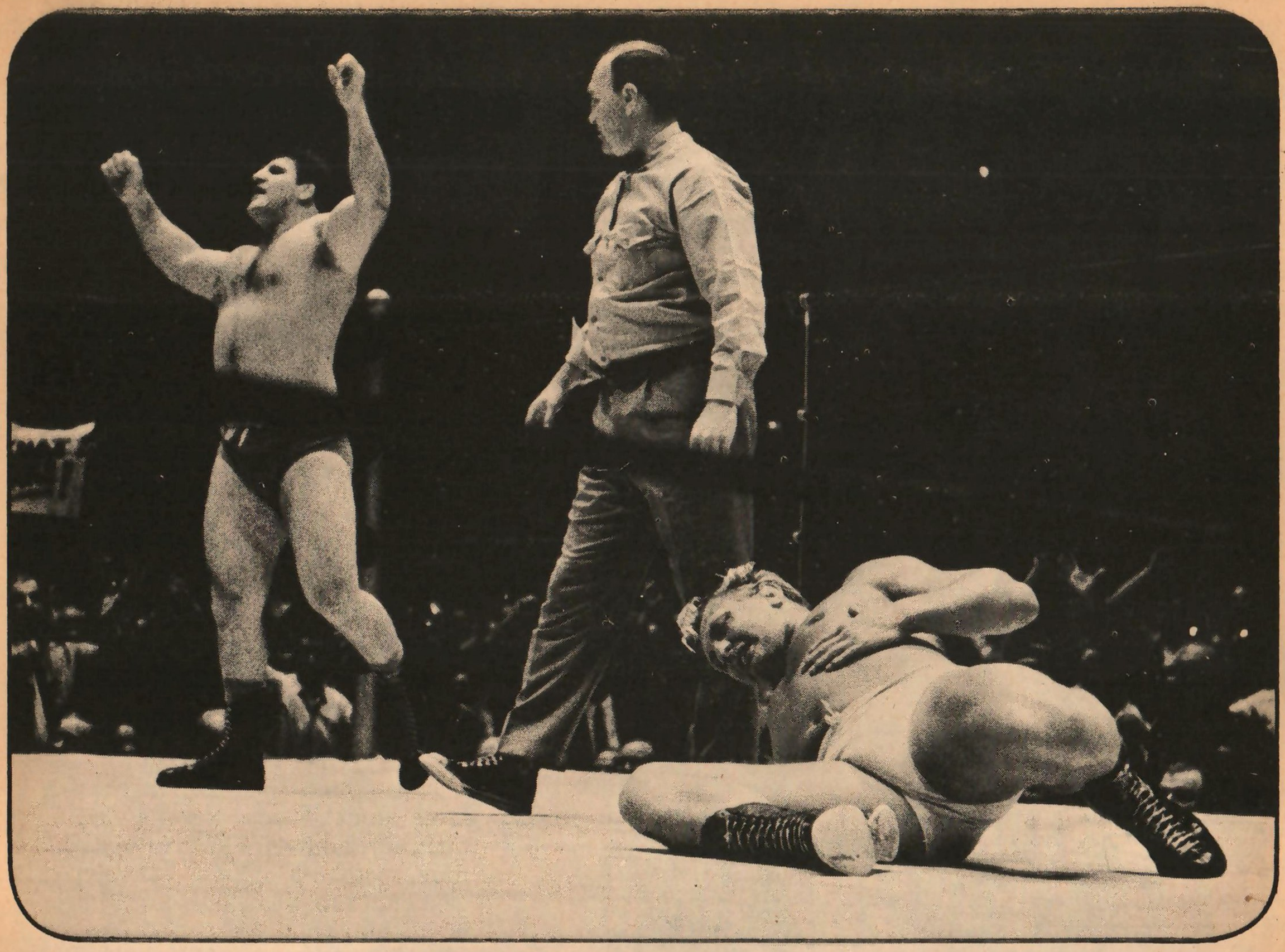
"For many years I dreamed of having my hand raised and the man saying, 'The winner and new champion of the world, Bruno Sammartino!' Now it was really happening to me . . . I wanted to cry and I'll admit now I had to fight back the tears. My only regret is that everybody can't have this same thrilling experience happen to them. How wonderful that would be . . ."

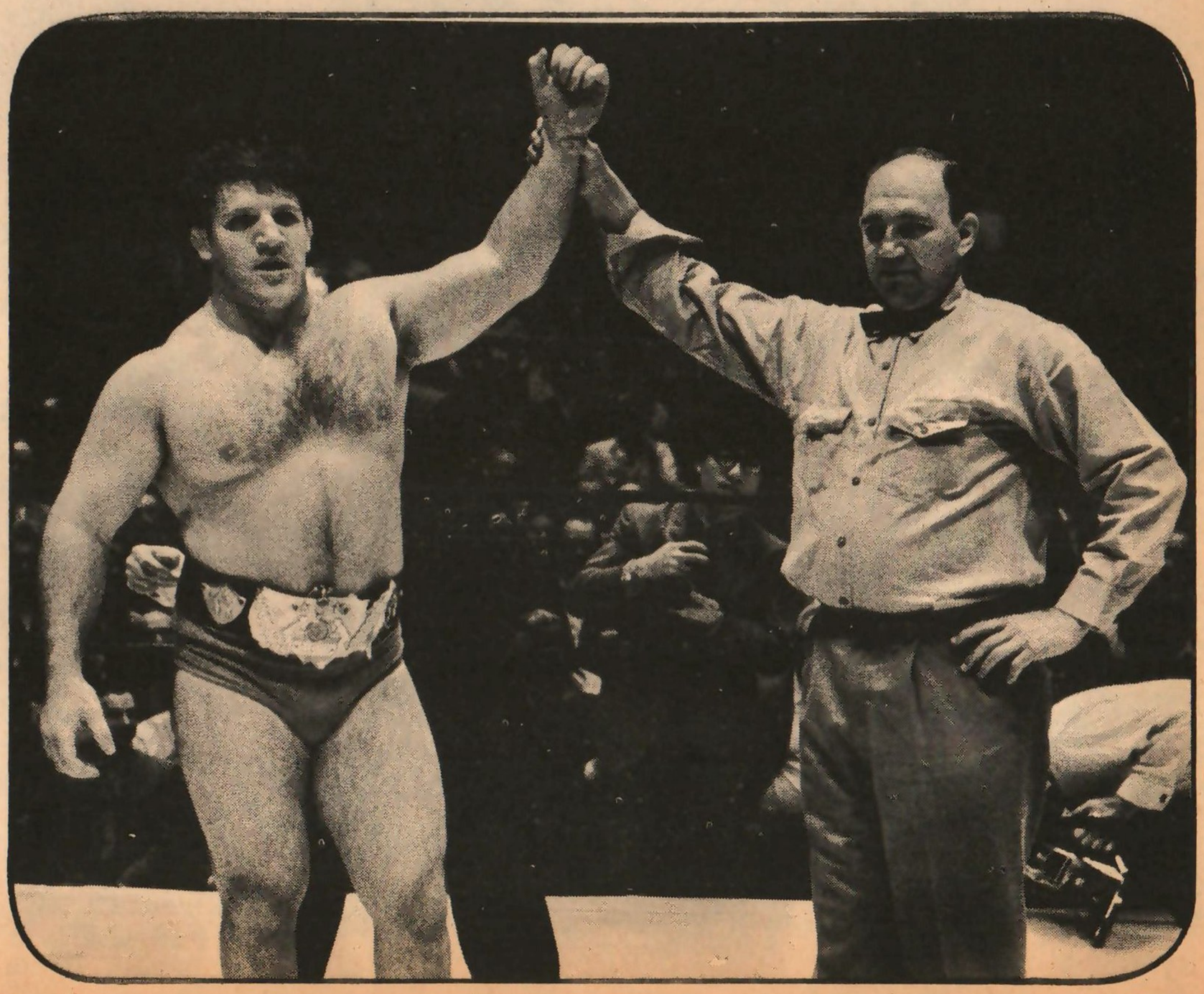
The referee became panicky. "Let him loose!" he yelled. "You won, Bruno. Let him loose. You'll kill him if you don't let him loose!"

At last Sammartino got the message. He unlocked his fingers, which had turned chalk-white under the tremendous strain, and Buddy Rogers slipped limply to the floor. Never before in his long career had he been beaten so decisively or so quickly.

As the ring announcer raised Bruno's hand and presented him with the championship belt, Madison Square Garden exploded with joyous cheers. And the cheers continued on through the night—in the bars and restaurants which surrounded the Garden.

This was indeed a night to remember. □





The picture (above) was taken several minutes after the breath-taking ending. The beaten Rogers has had time to recover part of his senses and his hand rubs his rib cage, the part of his body which had been subjected to the most severe pain. Meanwhile, the new champion, arms raised to acknowledge the deafening cheers, continued to walk round and round the ring. One young woman, so overwhelmed with joyous emotion, tried to climb into the ring but was stopped by guards. Bruno saw her, rushed over as she was being taken away and kissed her cheek. The warm gesture brought an approving roar from the vast throng. Right: The winner and new champion.

SANDY PARKER'S GREAT CRUSADE

SANDY PARKER SAW her first wrestling match when she was 21-years-old. That was the night when, with her best friend seated next to her in the arena at Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, the shapely Sandy became a rousing fan.

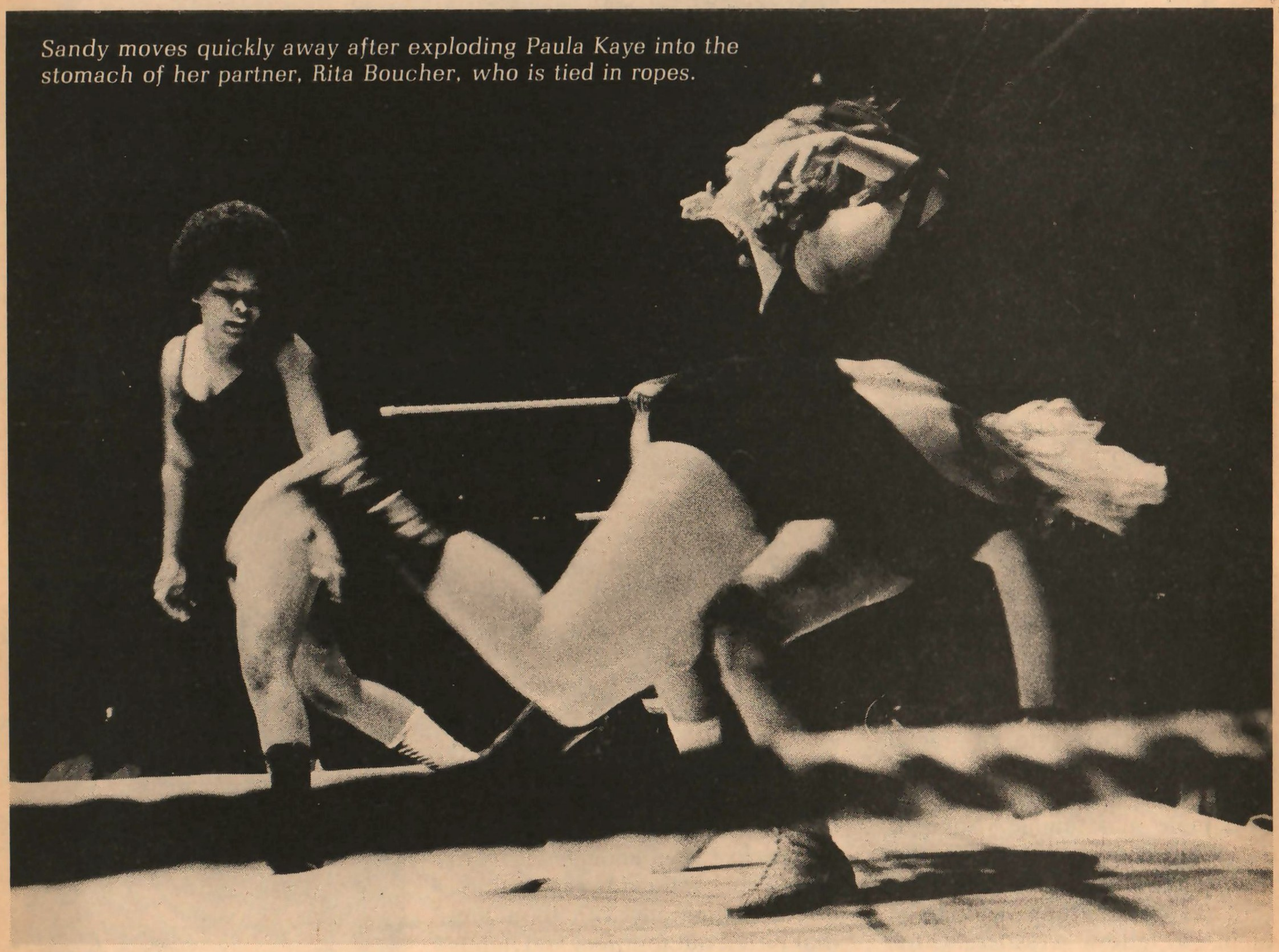
A few months later, in that same arena, Sandy, for the first time, saw a different kind of wrestling match—a match between women. And what she saw that night implanted the seed that eventually turned her into a wrestler. But let Sandy tell you about it...

"The match was between Fabulous Moolah and Joyce Grable. Moolah was clearly the better wrestler, but what infuriated me was the fact that she didn't seem content just to win. Oh no! She had to humiliate Joyce, even try to cripple her!

"I'm not the kind of person who can watch something so terribly unfair and not do something about it. The next thing I knew I was out of my seat and in the ring! And I wasn't just standing there. I replaced Grable as Moolah's opponent and I climbed all over Moolah. She was so startled that she just stood there with her mouth hanging open, taking everything I threw at her.

Sandy about to crash Paula Kaye to the mat with a flawless body slam.

"I'm not the kind of person who can watch something so unfair and not do something about it . . ." With those words, Sandy Parker recalled the incident that practically forced her into becoming a professional wrestling star



Sandy moves quickly away after exploding Paula Kaye into the stomach of her partner, Rita Boucher, who is tied in ropes.

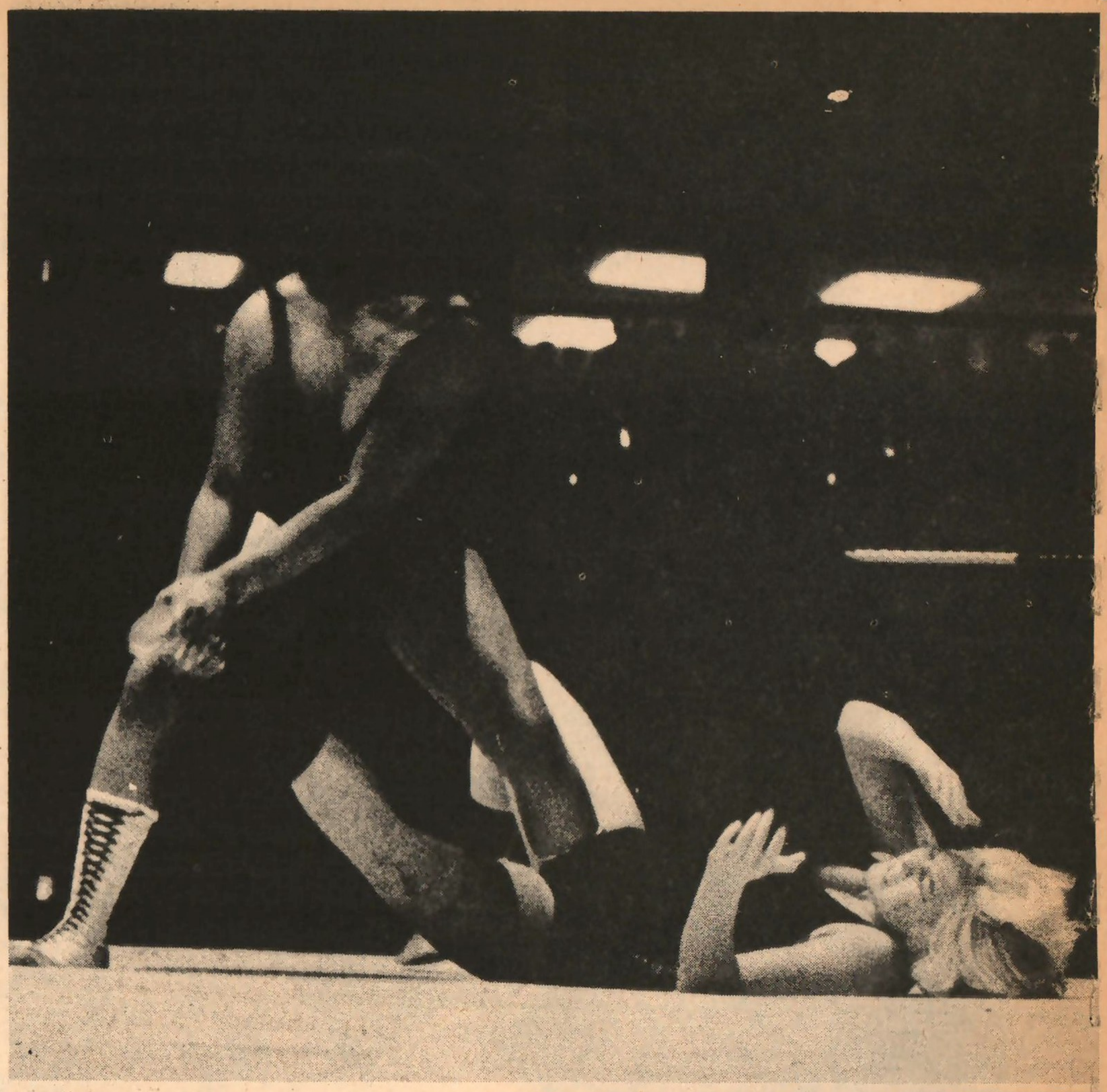
"Evidently nobody in Vancouver had seen anything like it before. It even took the referee a few minutes to recover his senses. When he did, he shoved me out of the ring into the arms of waiting cops, who then escorted me, kicking and screaming, out of the arena. The head cop waved his big finger under my nose and barked, 'Don't ever let me see you trying to come into this place again. From now on, you're barred!'

"But I didn't care. I was so mad I didn't care if I ever saw another wrestling match in my life. But I hadn't given up on Moolah. Not by a long shot. I waited around outside and when Moolah finally walked out through the back entrance of the building I was there. I pulled back my fist and challenged her to fight it out right there on the street.

"Moolah laughed at me. 'Go on, beat it!' she snapped. 'I get paid for fighting.' With that, two of her bodyguards escorted Moolah into a waiting Cadillac and off they drove into the night."

Sandy now laughs when she recalls the incident. "Moolah could have killed me, if she wanted to. I'm glad she didn't, of course, but not only because it may have saved my hide, but because it gave me the determination to become a wrestler."

All that happened a few years ago, and we asked Sandy if she ever faced Moolah in the ring—in a legitimate match, that is. We also asked the ambitious Miss Parker if the sight of Moolah driving away in that big red Cadillac may not also have influenced her decision to make wrestling



Parker works on Kaye's legs as Sandy's partner, Vickie Williams, looks on with approval. Sandy won the fall.

a career.

"No," she answered with a slight smile, "what the Cadillac represented—money, the good life—didn't enter my mind. I just felt that Moolah deserved a whipping for what she had done to Joyce Grable. It's as simply as that."

Maybe it's true that Moolah's Cadillac had nothing to do with Sandy's decision, but we'll venture to say that Sandy's hatred of injustice stems in part from the fact that she is black. She wears her hair Afro style and she sometimes gives the Black Power sign after winning a bout. Yet she denies being a militant, and that she has a completely open mind on the race struggle sweeping the country. To symbolize this attitude, Sandy often wears a wrestling suit that is black on one side and white on the other. She also wears one white shoe and one black shoe. Even the most bigoted of people must admit you can't be any more open-minded than that!

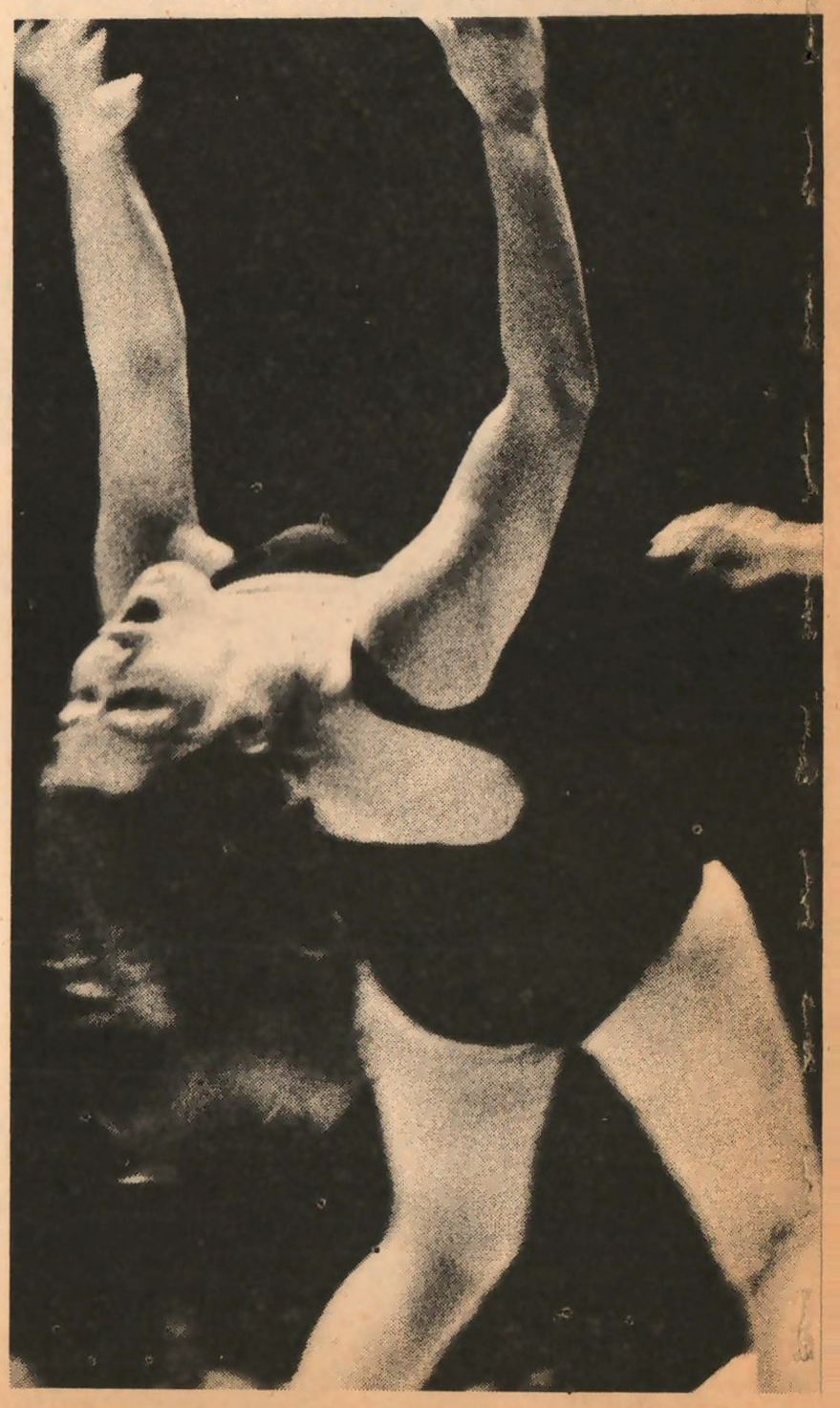
"I've never run into any racial problems with other wrestlers," Sandy says. "And that goes for both male and female. None of them have ever given me the slightest indication that they regard me as anything but one of them—a fellow wrestler. Often times, on road trips, I ride with white wrestlers and with my tag team partner, Vickie Williams. Vickie, as you know, is blonde.

"But I can't honestly say I haven't suffered discrimination outside the ring. I recall the night I was having a cup of coffee with one of the male wrestlers in a local diner. I won't mention the town. Anyway, earlier in the evening I had had a particularly rough match with Toni Rose. We got a little wild and we punished each other with drop kicks and judo chops. We didn't shake hands after it was over, I assure you.

"Getting back to that diner, the waiter seated my friend and I right in front of the men's toilet even though the place was less than half filled. Then the waiter started giving us dirty looks and making snotty remarks to other people just loud enough for us to hear. This fellow I was with, a big, strapping guy with shoulders that jutted out four-feet and hands as big as hams started to get up. He would have killed that waiter, I know it. But I told him to keep his cool and sit down. I'm so glad he listened to me.

"I didn't realize it then, but Toni Rose was having a sandwich at the other end of the diner and she had seen everything. When it looked like there could be trouble, Toni went into action.

"She walked over to that waiter and really reamed him out. The poor guy got scared and cringed back against the wall. He didn't say a word as Toni lectured him



Rita Boucher literally is standing on her head after Parker yanked her off the apron and into the ring.

a ball and kick her back to Vancouver. There isn't a girl wrestler in the business good enough and strong enough to do that. After the frightful battering, Sandy said, "I respect Toni as a great wrestler and a fine person." Then Parker rubbed her swollen face and added, "but she sure does get rough at times."

Parker is honest enough to admit that all hasn't been a bed of roses since she became a wrestler. Sandy weighs 135 pounds and stands five-feet-four. She is lightening fast and deceptively strong for a woman her size.

"I never had any doubts that I had all the natural talents to make a successful wrestler," she says, "but I didn't think it would take so long to become an accomplished, scientific wrestler."

She started her career in Detroit, later worked in California. In 1969 she got her first bookings in the East, where she likes it best. "My favorite town is Washington, D.C., she says. "It's a real swinging place and I have a lot of good friends there."

She liked Washington so much, in fact, she has made it her home. And it was in Washington where she met the girl who would become her team partner, lovely Vickie Williams.

"Vickie and I make a great team," Sandy says. "We dig each other."

The tag team match Parker remembers best of all is their Washington battle against Rita Boucher and Paula Kaye. "It was a war from the opening bell," Parker says.

Kaye proved unusually rough after Vickie clamped her in a combination half nelson and crotch hold. Paula broke free and immediately complained to the referee that the hold was illegal. But the referee shooed her

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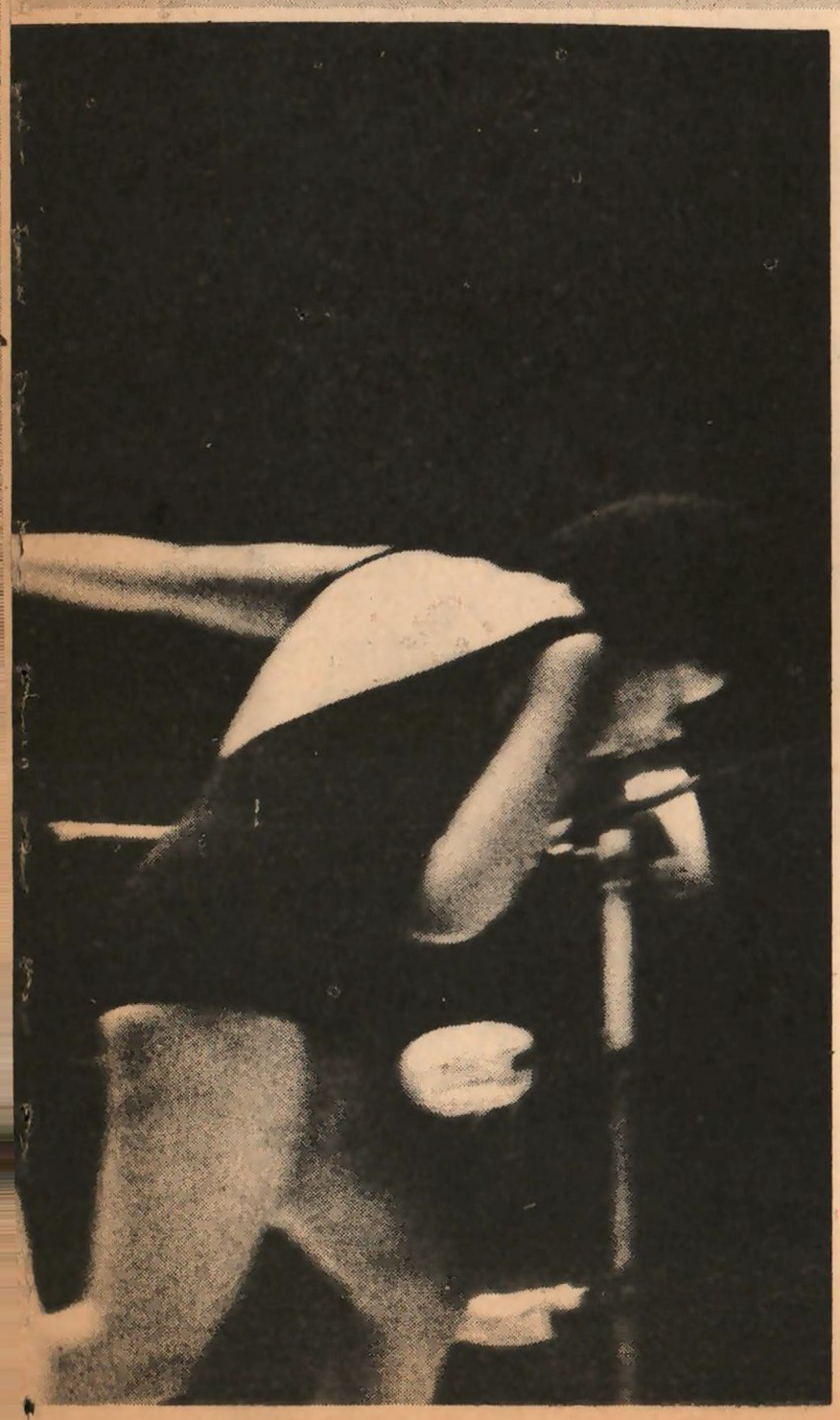


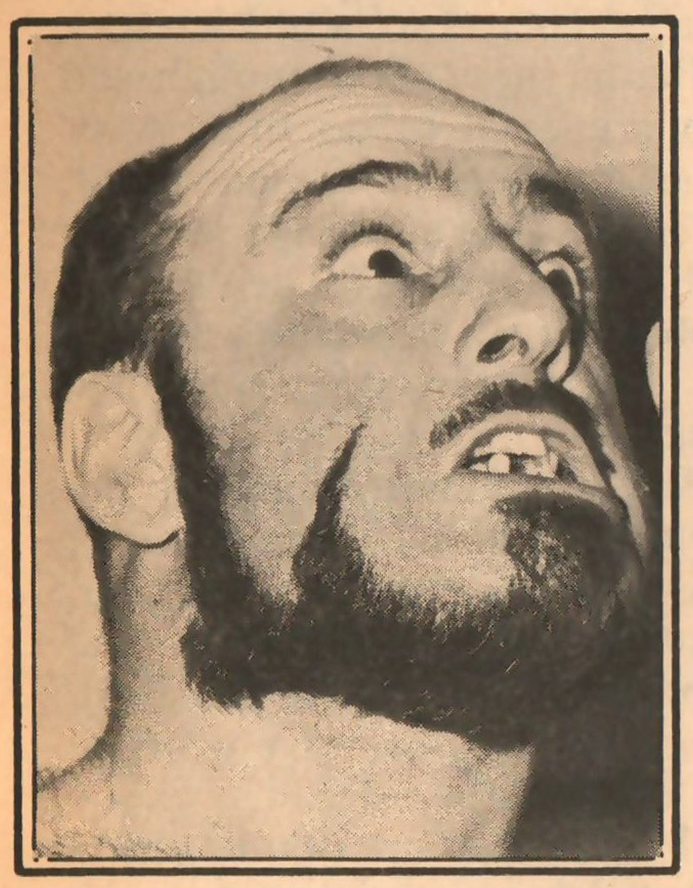
on treating everybody—no matter who or what they are—with equal respect.

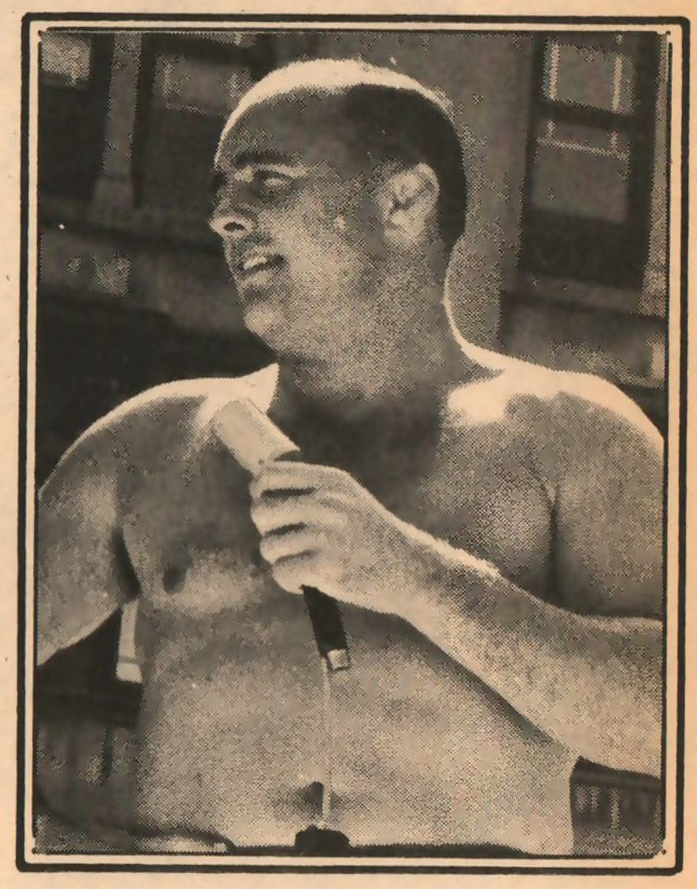
"When Toni started to leave the diner, I rushed over to thank her. But before I could get two words out of my mouth she cut me off. 'Don't let what I just did go to your head, Parker,' she said. 'I just don't like to see wrestlers given a hard time, except by other wrestlers. And let me tell you something else, the next time I get you in the ring I'm going to roll you up like a ball and kick you all the way back to Vancouver!'"

About one week later, Toni Rose got the chance to make good her threat. And she almost did! She gave the far less experienced Parker a good going over, but she couldn't roll her up like

A tremendous right to the face by Sandy sent Boucher reeling backward and down.

THE DEADLY PILE DRIVER





"LET IT STAY!" SAYS MAD DOG VACHON

"BAN IT!" SAYS VERNE GAGNE

The controversy keeps getting hotter. Is wrestling's most deadly weapon worth the risks? Or should it be banned once and for all?

THE OTHER NIGHT we watched Mad Dog Vachon do his thing; taking an opponent apart, piece by piece. Everybody in the arena stared at the brutality in disbelief, wondering why the referee didn't throw Mad Dog out of the ring. The referee failed to act, in our opinion, because he was afraid of what Mad Dog might do to him, and, frankly, we couldn't blame him.

After delivering his usual savage attacks, which included biting, gouging, kicking and stomping, Vachon moved in for the kill—his very special kind of kill!

First, Mad Dog dug his fist wrist-deep into his victim's gut, doubling him over and putting him in position for step number two. Still standing, Vachon locked his dazed victim's head between his powerful thighs. The third and final step was a matter of simple routine: Mad Dog leaped into the air and then plummeted to the floor. What's wrong with that, you ask. Just this: what hit the floor first, and thus took the full impact, was the poor victim's head, not Vachon's behind!

Mad Dog got up. The other guy just laid there, unconscious. They carried him out on a stretcher, then to an ambulance which rushed him to the hospital where he was treated for a compound concussion. The poor fellow will probably never wrestle again.

Too bad, you say? An unfortunate accident which rarely happens?

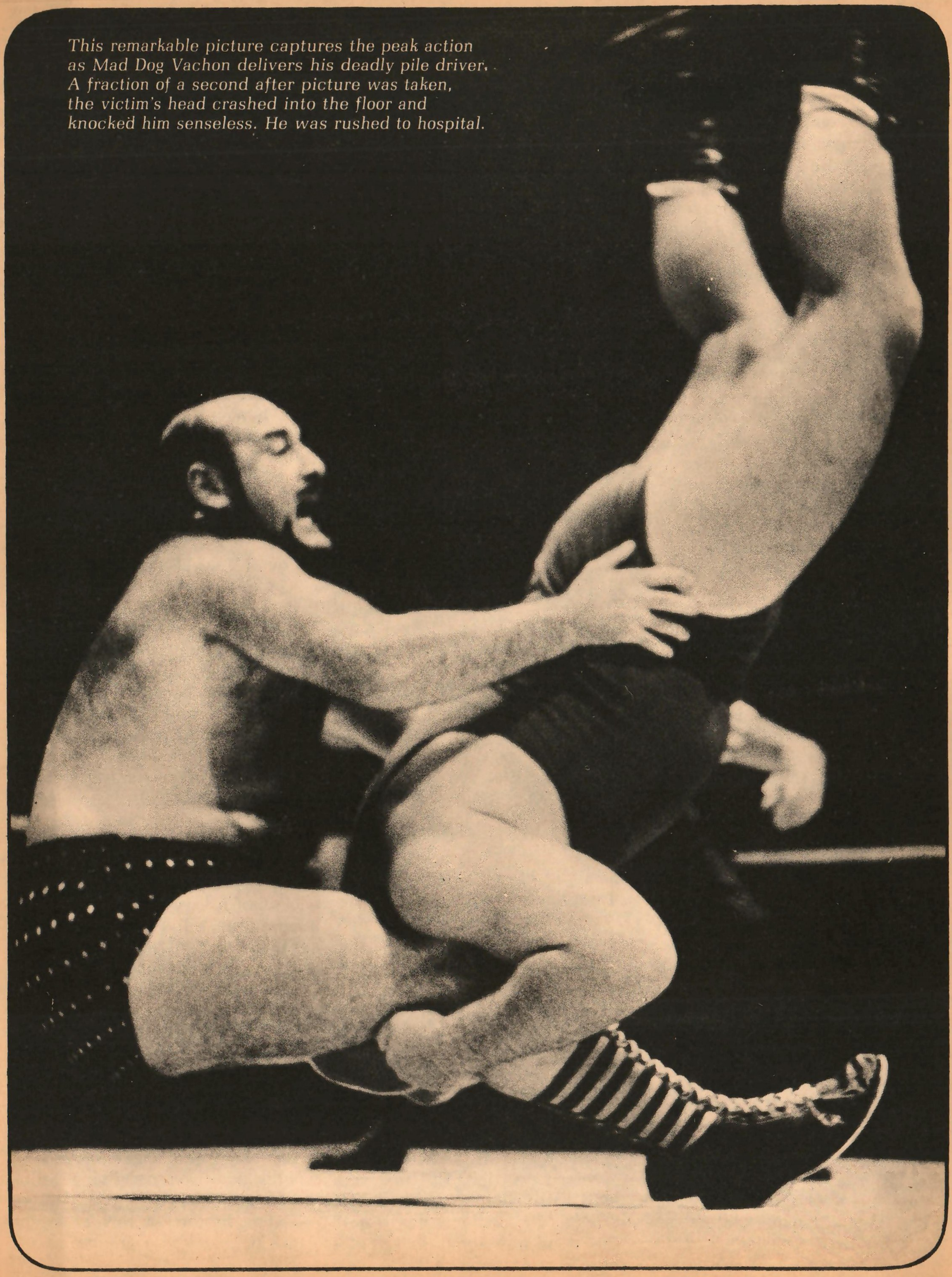
Nuts! It is happening with increasing frequency and with tragic results most of the time. It's called the "Pile Driver," and there is nothing deadlier in any sport.

But, as you've probably already guessed, Mad Dog Vachon thinks the Pile Driver is number one. "What the hell is wrong with it?" he shouted during a recent television interview. "What's everybody so hung up about? It's a fair hold. There's nothing in the rules that says you can't use it. Not that I'd give a damn even if it was. The point is, my opponents can do it to me, and they would do it to me—if they could..."

Vachon has a point there, of course. The Pile Driver is con-

(Continued on page 30)

This remarkable picture captures the peak action as Mad Dog Vachon delivers his deadly pile driver. A fraction of a second after picture was taken, the victim's head crashed into the floor and knocked him senseless. He was rushed to hospital.



sidered legal for the simple reason that there is no mention of it in any rule book. However, we believe that had the men who wrote the rules dreamed that such a deadly hold would someday be invented, they certainly would have outlawed it.

We contend that when any law or any rule requires changing, it should be changed! If the United States Constitution can be amended, so can wrestling rules. And in the case of the Pile Driver, the rules must be amended to outlaw it immediately!

Mad Dog Vachon insists that when he uses the Pile Driver he does it to "Set the bum up for the finisher." He says he doesn't want to bust up a guy so bad that he can't make a living.

But he'll never convince us of that, and we'd bet our typewriter Vachon can't convince any of you real wrestling fans either.

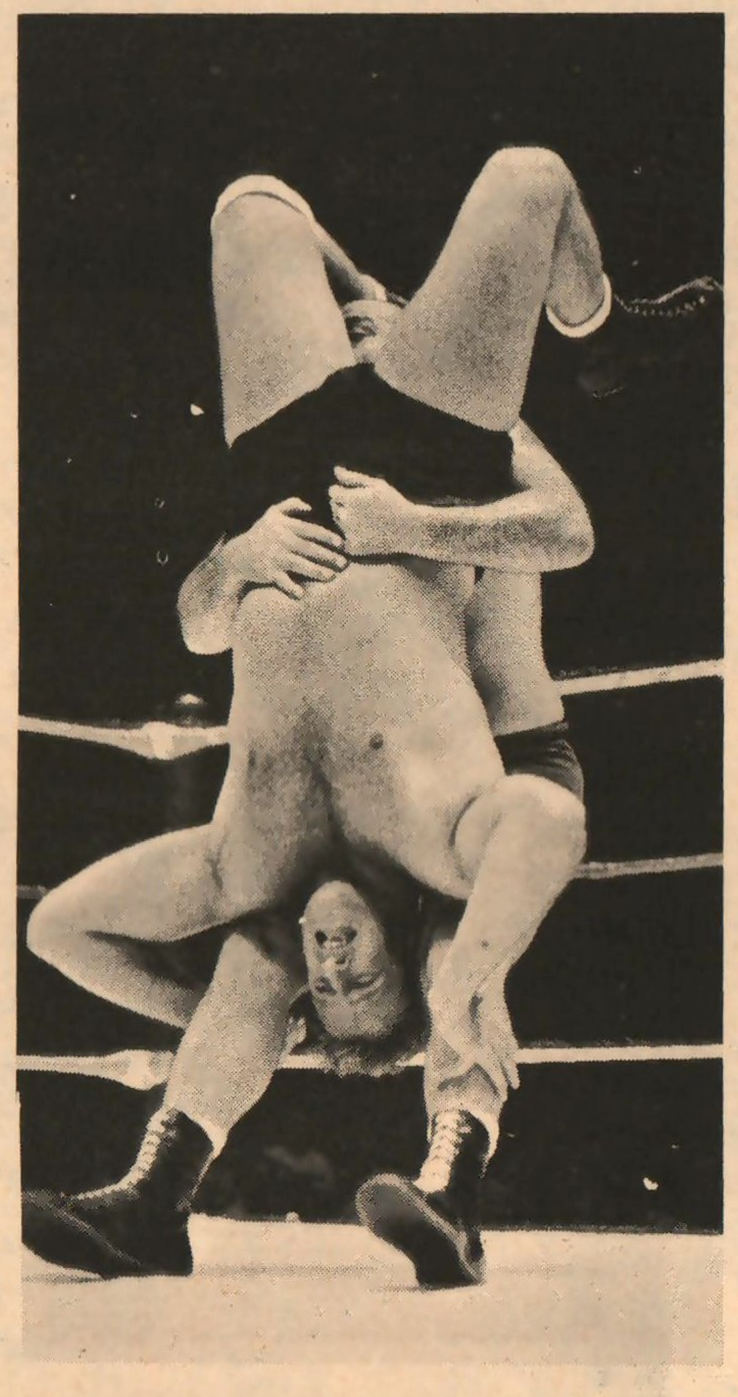
A curse on animals like you, Mad Dog!

The views of Verne Gagne on the controversial Pile Driver subject are, of course, directly opposite to those of Vachon. "I don't think there's any need for it," says the great super star. "Whatever advantages can be credited to the hold—if you can think of any—are completely outweighed by the disadvantages. What I mean is this: many, many professional wrestlers have been injured so badly by the Pile Driver that they had to quit the sport. Furthermore, some were hurt to the point where they are now cripples or semi-cripples. In my opinion, when you're dealing with a hold that literally ruins men and careers, it's high time to get rid of it!"

Gagne and Vachon have engaged each other in several savage battles, some of which are considered classics. Verne recalls one of those matches with particular bitterness.

"It was in Minneapolis back in 1969," Gagne began. "Before the bout, another wrestler came to me with a warning. He had overheard Mad Dog tell his brother, 'I'm gonna bust Gagne's neck with a Pile Driver!'

"Knowing Mad Dog as I do, I knew he wasn't kidding. Besides, in the previous match we had, I really worked him over with drop kicks and flying tackles. I'm not sure about it, but I was told Vachon had to go to the hospital after that match to get a couple of fractured ribs set and taped. Maybe he had good reason to want to break my neck . . ."



Here Vachon executes a variation of his dreaded pile-driver on Bob Bedard to end bout in Montreal.

When a master wrestler like Verne Gagne is forewarned that an opponent is out to ruin him with a particular hold, the opponent is in for problems, real problems! Many wrestlers had tried it before, only to wind up being carried out on stretchers. Anybody with any brains doesn't try to get smart with The Master.

Mad Dog tried. He tried very hard to set Verne up for a Pile Driver. He couldn't do it until the bout was about 15 minutes old. Verne stepped back to wipe away the sweat that had run down into his eyes. It was a mistake.

Vachon lunged at Gagne, slashed his throat with a judo chop, doubled him over and put Verne's head in position for a scissors hold. Mad Dog jumped up and secured the hold. Now he was only one step away from executing a Pile Driver!

He jumped into the air again, increased the pressure around Gagne's head, and began the deadly descent . . .

Gagne describes what happened next: "I was still groggy from that judo chop, but I had enough of my senses left to realize the terrible danger I was in. I couldn't let him crash my skull into the floor. I had to do something in that fraction of a second!

"I could have tried to flip out. I could have tried making a grab for his face, but it would have been a blind grab because I couldn't see his face. My decision was to try spinning free.

"Spinning out of difficult situations has always been one of my favorite countering weapons. It is an outgrowth of my football days. But never before in my entire career would so much be riding on the success or failure of the move. This, I was convinced, would be a matter of life or death . . ."

Verne was very lucky, as well as very skillful. The spin worked. Acting like a turning screw, his head twisted free from between Vachon's legs. Gagne spent the next four or five minutes shaking the cobwebs out of his throbbing brain, then he launched a blistering attack that eventually brought Mad Dog to his knees.

"Looking back on that night," Verne says, "convinced me more than ever that the Pile Driver must be outlawed. After all, every wrestler, good, bad or indifferent, has got to earn a living. That's the name of the game. And no wrestler can earn a living sitting in a wheelchair!"

The Editors of this magazine are behind Verne Gagne all the way. □

FREDDIE AND HIS FRIENDS

When Freddie isn't working, he's out playing with his very special friends—he'd never even dream of socializing with other wrestlers!

Blassie, with friends Regis Philbin (center) and famed comic Joey Bishop (right), pose for photographers after Freddie was presented with special award for winning the brass-knucks championship.

FRED BLASSIE HAS been around wrestling for more years than he cares to admit. And Freddie is also a man who gets around—really gets around!

"I must know a million people," Blassie says. "They are from all walks of life; rich, poor, famous and just ordinary folks."

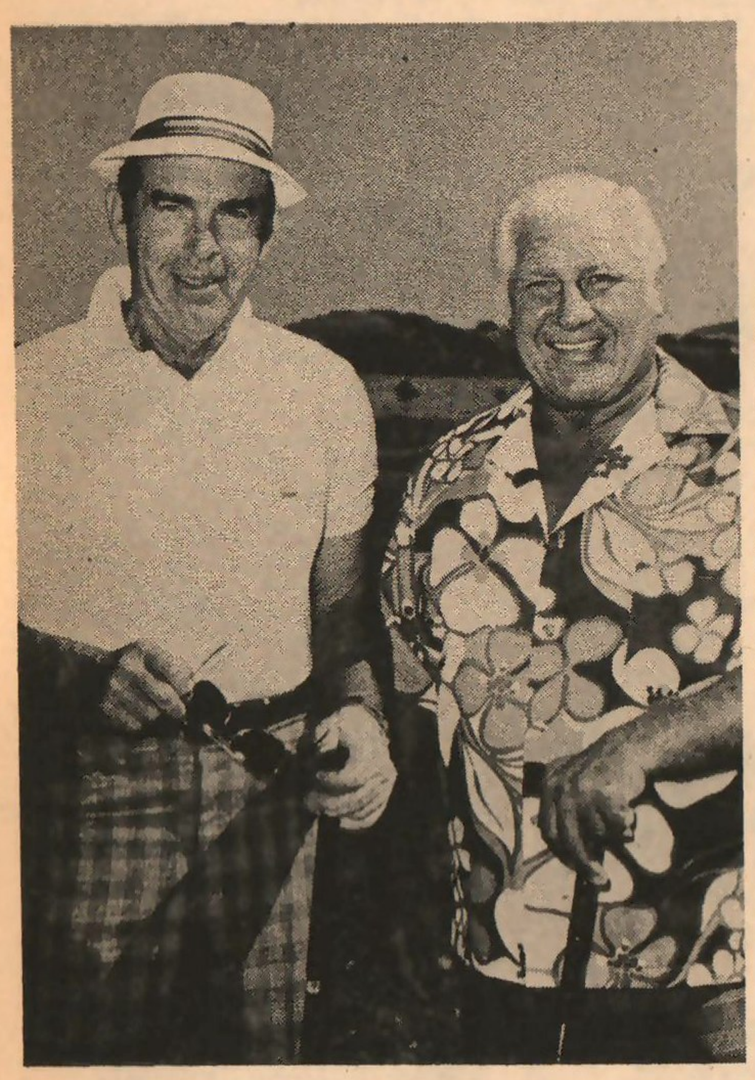
When Freddie says he knows a lot of famous people he's not fooling. "I always hit it off well with people in show business," Blassie added. "We sort of speak the same language. We understand each other.

"Take Fred MacMurray. Now there's a helluva guy. A real good Joe; down to earth. He still wears the same hat size he wore when he first came to Hollywood...

(Continued)

"I'M THE ONLY WRESTLER IN THE WORLD WHO HAS ENOUGH CLASS TO PAL AROUND WITH THESE KIND OF PEOPLE."

Freddie with actor Alan Hale, star of the big television hit show Gilligan's Island, after a round of golf. "He's one of the nicest guys I know," Blassie says, "even if I can't beat him on the golf course."



Movie star Fred MacMurray (left) with Freddie after shooting a round of golf.

Actor Michael Landon, who plays the part of Joe in "Bonanza" (left), with his pal Blassie. Fred calls Mike, "A great star."

Singer Vicki Carr and Blassie, in Hollywood.

"And Vicki Carr," Blassie added with a twinkle in his baby blues. "What a doll. What a terrific doll."

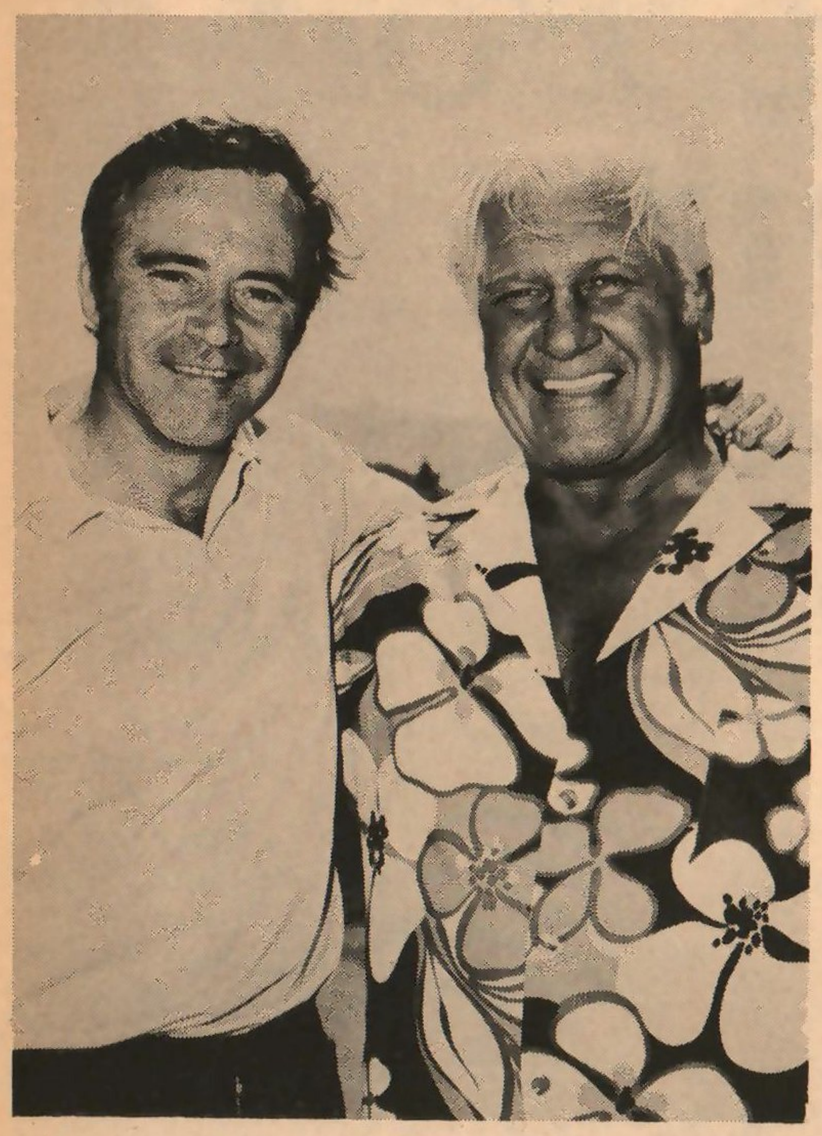
Freddie, who is married to a beautiful Japanese woman and is a master chef (he specialized in Oriental dishes), makes his home in Los Angeles and is one of the better known men-about-town. Walk into one of those exclusive L.A. restaurants and there's a better than even money chance you'll see Freddie rubbing elbows with a famous movie star.

What do those famous people think about professional wrestling? "They love it," Freddie says. "In fact, most of the ones I've talked to say they like it a lot better than football, baseball or basketball because it gives them a stronger feeling of participation."

We asked Blassie if a famous person ever threw a rotten egg or ripe tomato at him.

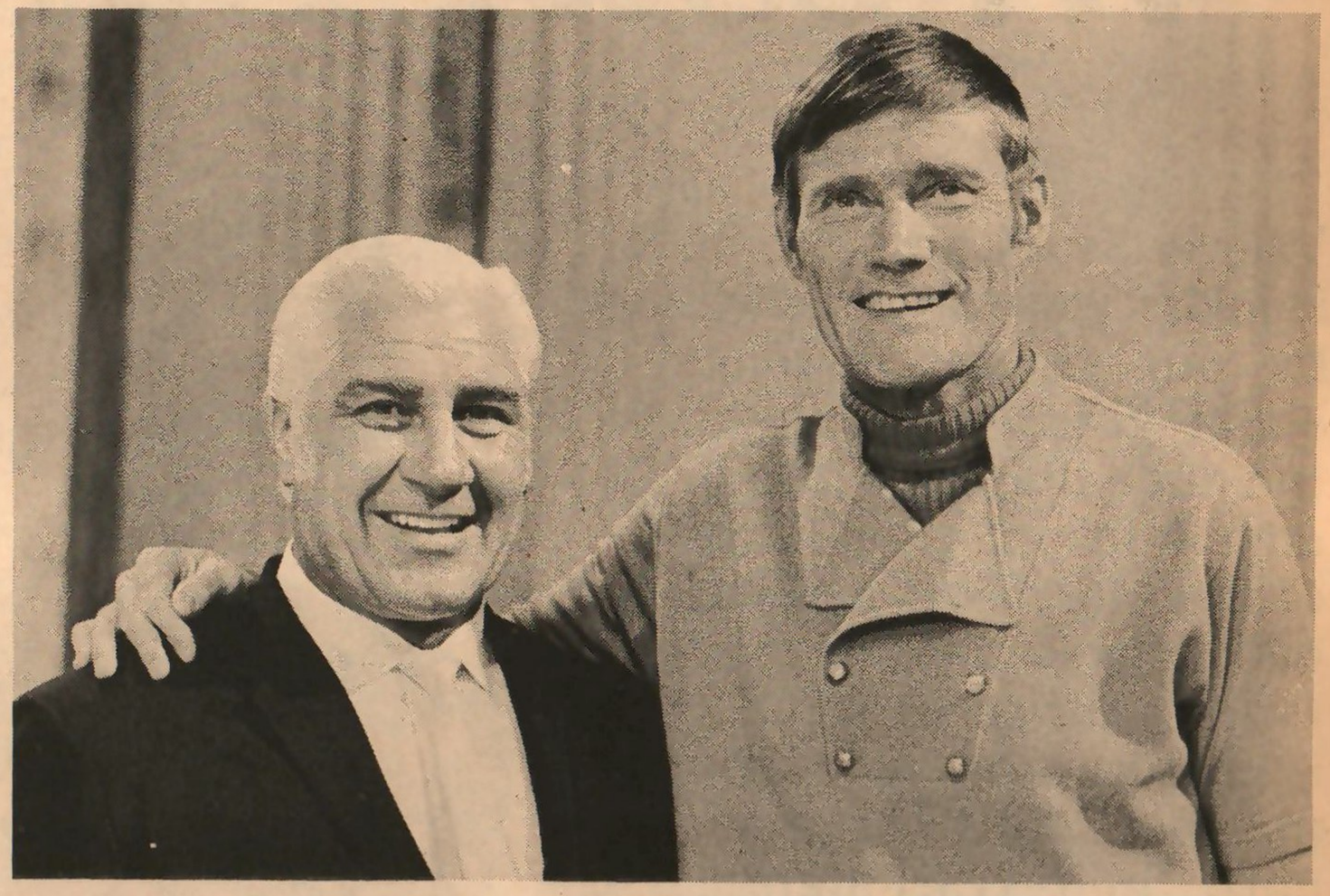
"Yes," he replied. "A very famous star. A woman! But she came to the dressing room door later and asked to see me. I told the guard to ask her to come in, but I never thought she'd walk into a wrestler's dressing room!

"So in she walks, and there I am, standing there in my birthday suit! That is the only time in my life I was ever really embarassed. Anyway, I grabbed a towel and covered my private parts. Of



Jack Lemmon (left) and Freddie did a routine on the golf course that had crowd roaring.

Freddie embraces popular comedienne Moms Mabley after they appeared on a television show. Blassie says of Moms, "That kid cracks me up. She's ten-million laughs."



Blassie has tremendous respect for Chuck Connors (right). "Chuck was a great ball player," Fred says. "He gave it up for acting."

Blassie and his charming wife out for a morning walk near their big, plush home near Los Angeles.

course she had her head turned away all the time.

"I wound up taking her out that night and all she did was apologize for throwing that object at me (it wasn't either an egg or a tomato, but her shoe!")

The shoe missed Freddie's head by at least ten-feet. "In a way, I'm sorry that shoe didn't hit me," Blassie reflected. "I would hardly have felt it anyway, and she would have got a big charge out of scoring."

With that, Fred Blassie buttoned up his dazzling sports shirt and started to leave the room.

"Where are you going?" we asked.

"To play some golf," he replied.

"With whom?"

"Oh, with a few Hollywood cats."

"Will any other wrestlers be there?"

"Hell no!" the great man growled. "You must be out of your skull to even ask a crazy question like that. You should know that only one wrestler in the whole world has enough class and style to fit in with people like that..."

There was a pause before he named that wrestler—"Fred Blassie!" □

THESE GIRLS DEMANDED EQUAL TIME

"We Wrestle For Enjoyment— And We Never Wrestle Naked!"

Valorie Sears and Gloria Hopkins were so angered by our recent article about girls wrestling in the nude that they insisted on telling their side of the story. We agreed, but only if Valorie and Gloria allowed us to photograph one of their matches and to tape record their statements. This revealing article is what resulted...

Valorie Sears (nearest the camera) and Gloria Hopkins posed for this informal portrait before beginning their match. "We wrestle simply for the enjoyment we get from it," Valorie says. Opposite page: Gloria squirms to free herself from Valorie's powerful head scissors.

Editor's note: Valorie Sears and Gloria Hopkins are both 20-years old, very pretty, with beautifully developed bodies and fierce competitive spirits. They are also among the rapidly increasing number of young women who have turned to amateur wrestling not only because it is an exciting new form of exercise, but because it also provides them an outlet for their suppressed energy.

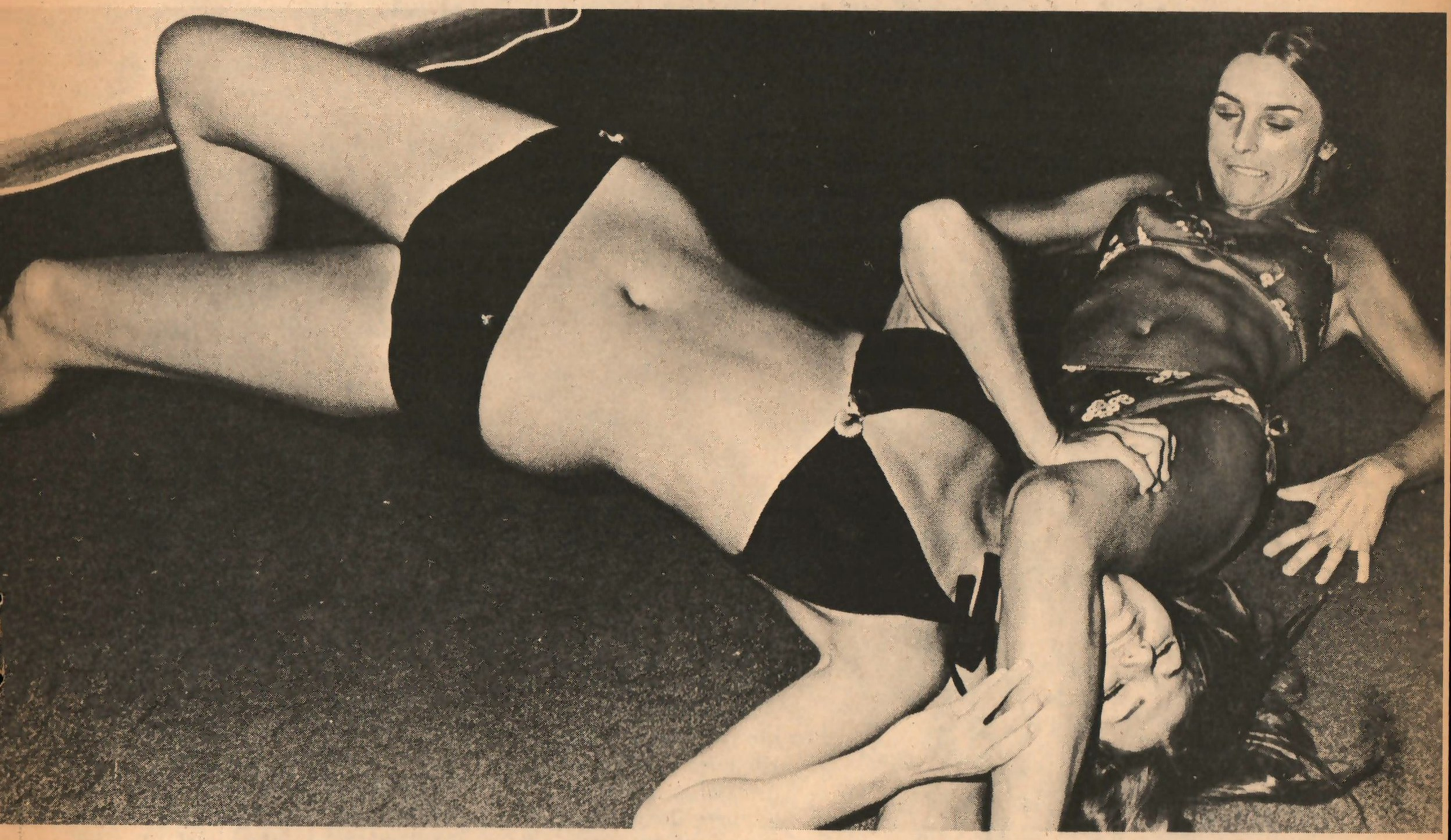
Normally, amateur girl wrestlers refuse to allow themselves to be photographed while in competition. One of the girls recently explained it this way: "I wrestle for the fun of it, privately. I'm not interested in having people I don't even know looking at my pictures and maybe getting the wrong idea. What I do for kicks is my own business. I couldn't care less about what others think . . ."

Valorie Sears and Gloria Hopkins feel the same way about picture taking, but they agreed to allow the pictures on these pages to be taken, as well as granting this exclusive interview, in order to prove a point: that wrestling in the nude is completely unnecessary and unjustified!

Valorie and Gloria were shocked and angered by the article published in the July, 1970 issue of *The Wrestler* titled: *"So The Girls Wrestled Naked."* Said Valorie: "Gloria and I felt we just had to prove to the general public that all girl wrestlers don't strip down before they step on to the mat . . ."

Since it is the policy of this magazine to give equal time to opposing sides, we agreed to assign a photographer and reporter to Valorie and Gloria, and promised to publish the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. We believe this article does indeed tell the *other* side of the story.

All the material for the article was gathered in Valorie's comfortable three-room apartment on the fashionable outskirts of a major U.S. city, but at the request of Miss Sears, we are not naming the city.



Q.—I know you became very angry after seeing that article, "*So The Girls Wrestled Naked*," Valorie. Can you tell me why?

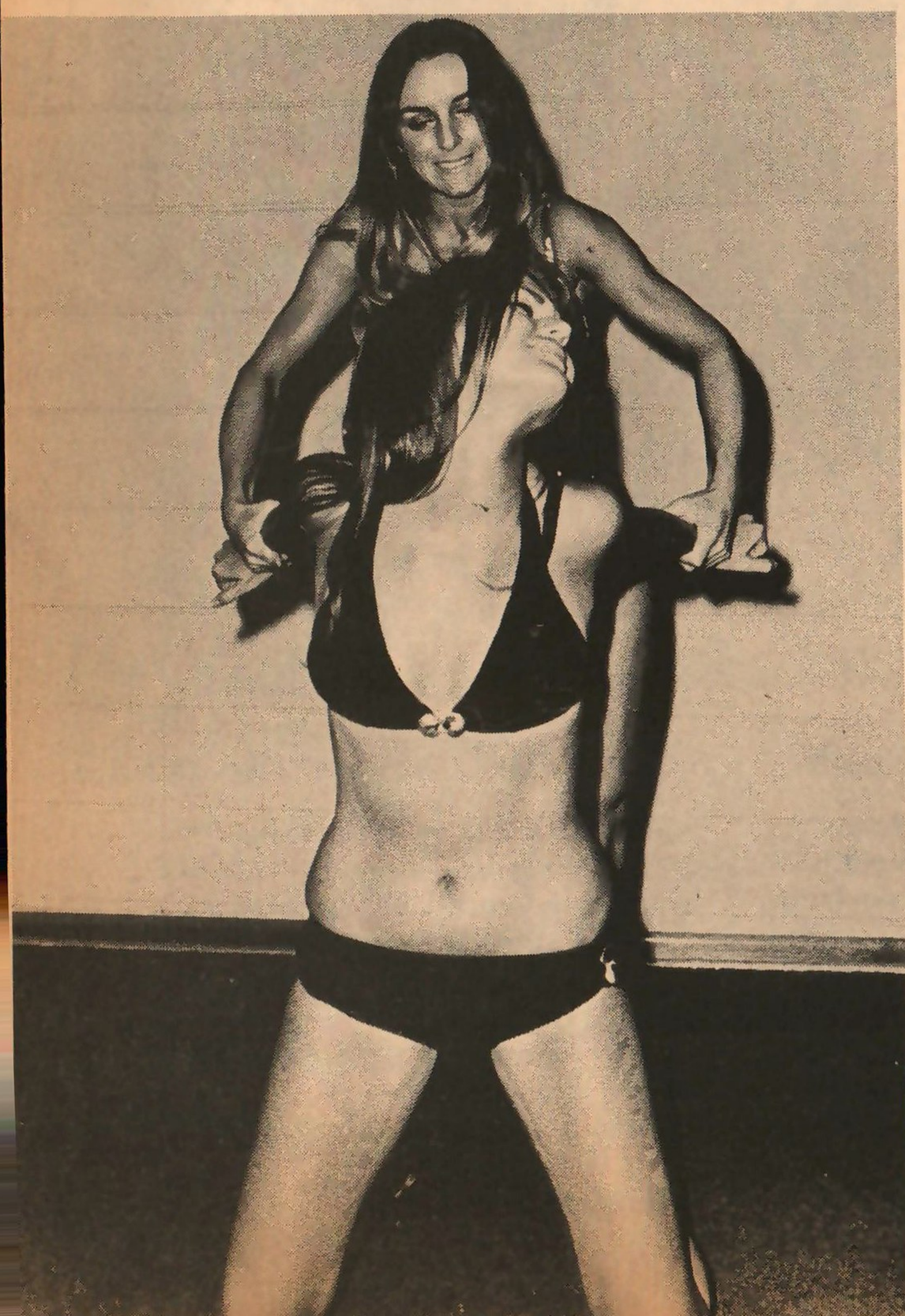
Valorie—Yes, I sure can. I think that article was pure sensationalism. There is no reason at all for girls to wrestle in the nude, or even topless! Bikinis, such as worn by girls in my group, give all the freedom of movement we can possibly want. Besides, it seems to me that wrestling naked would hinder the girls because all sorts of things could get in the way. Not only that, it could give people the wrong idea by suggesting unnatural sexual preferences. No, nude wrestling is not for me!

Q.—Judging from the pictures of the girls used to illustrate that nude article, how do you think you and Gloria would do against them? Do you think you could beat those two girls?

Valorie-Without a doubt! From what I could tell from those pictures, neither one of those blondes knew much about wrestling.

Gloria—I agree with Valorie a hundred percent. In fact, I'd be willing to bet I could pin both

Valorie applies headlock on Gloria. She retained the hold for almost a full five-minutes before Gloria flipped free. "I'm a bit stronger than she is," Valorie said of her shapely opponent, "but Gloria is faster."



Valorie punished Gloria with this "Surfboard," a hold not often used by girl amateurs since it is very painful and difficult to apply. Gloria could not bear the pain too long and she surrendered the first fall after 16-minutes. It then took the pretty brunette about five-minutes before she was ready to begin the next fall.

of them within five minutes!

Q.—You both seem very confident. Now can you tell me why you wrestle? Most people disapprove of girl wrestling, and you could certainly find many other—more ladylike—forms of recreation.

Valorie—Of course I could. But I can't think of any other form of recreation, as you put it, which would give me the personal satisfaction I get from wrestling. Besides, wrestling is a marvelous body conditioner. I know that I feel much better, physically and mentally, after a hard match—the harder the better!

Q.—Tell me, either you, Valorie, or you, Gloria, have you ever wrestled a male opponent?

Valorie—Yes, we both have.

Q.—About how often?

Gloria—Whenever we have the opportunity, which is quite often. But we have to be selective about strength and size, of course. You couldn't expect us to take on a man who outweighs us by more than around ten pounds. In general, I'd say we would take on just about any man our size.

Q.—Do you enjoy these mixed matches?

Valorie—Very much. We don't always beat them, but I have yet to get a good head scissors on a man and not have him give up. You must realize that girls can exert tremendous pressure with their legs, if they are properly conditioned. I always try to get my opponent's head up between my thighs, that's where the peak power is.

Q.—How do men react when you beat them?

Gloria—In different ways. But most of the time they're very surprised and take it like good sports.

Q.—Have you ever considered turning professional?

Valorie—Yes, a few times. But there seemed to be a lot of red tape involved and I didn't have the time to try to cut through it. However, I'm sure there wouldn't be any problem if I set my mind on doing it.

Q.—Do you plan to set your mind to it?

Valorie—Possibly. I'm not sure at this time. The main problem is convincing my parents and friends there's nothing wrong with girl wrestling, that it's a good, honest

Gloria tried to win the second fall with a body press, but Valorie saved herself from being pinned with this face-push. Gloria tried to counter with the same weapon, but her effort was less successful. Moments after picture was taken, Valorie broke free.

profession.

Q.—How do you think you'd make out against a professional girl wrestler?

Valorie—I think I could take care of myself against the average pro. But I would have second thoughts going against top stars like Moolah, Combs, Rose and other girls in their class.

Q.—Which of the pros would you like to wrestle right now?

Valorie—Sharon Joy. She hasn't been a pro very long and, frankly, I don't like her. I've watched her in action about three or four times and she does things I don't like.

Q.—Like what?

Valorie—Like playing up to the crowd as well as playing up to the referee. It looks to me like she tries to make points by fluttering her long eyelashes. Things like that turn my stomach.

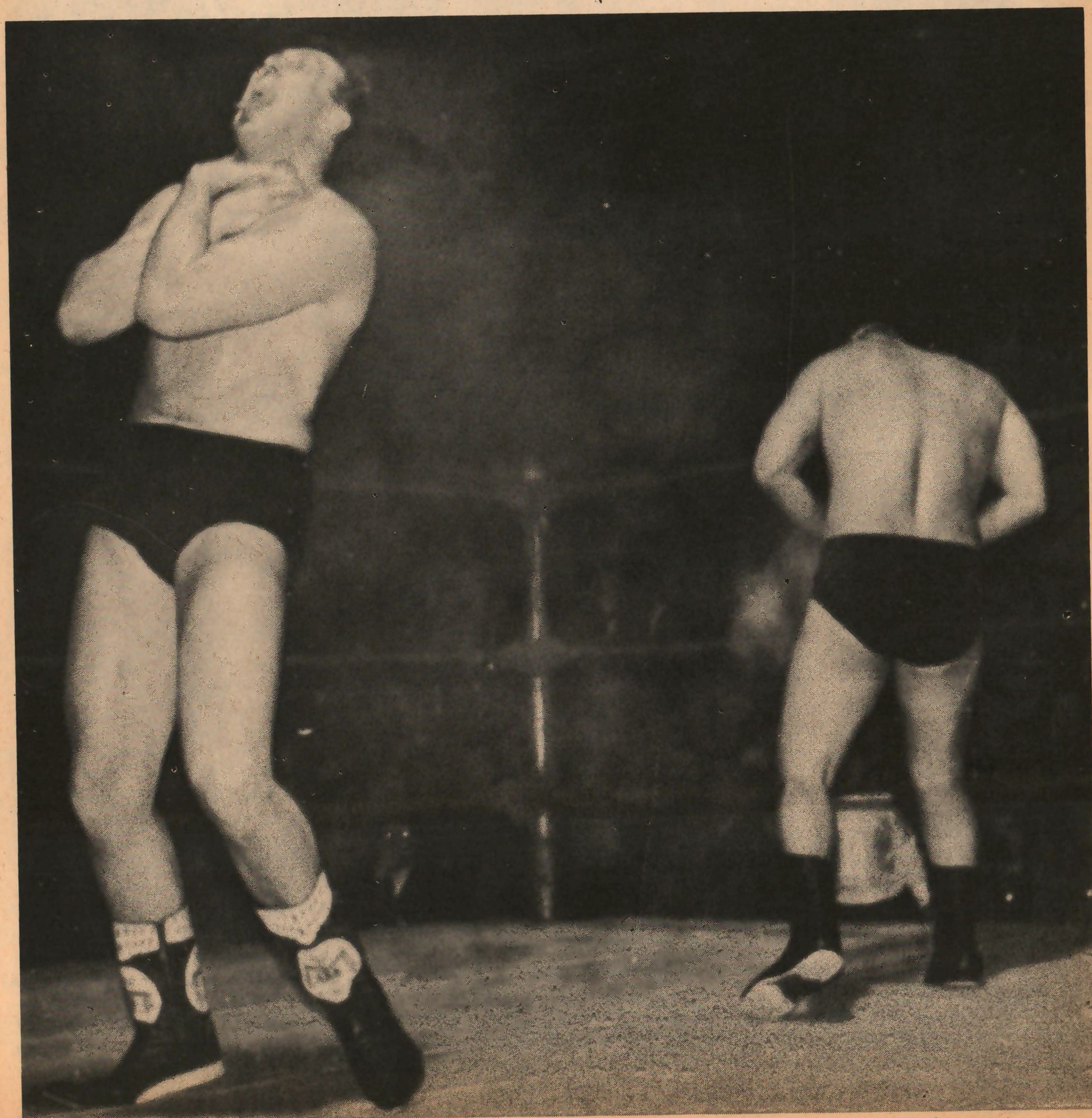
Q.—Is there anything else either of you would like to add?

Valorie—Just this: I think if more girls would try wrestling just for the enjoyment of it the country would be in a lot better condition than it is now. A lot of the steam they let off in riots would be blown away on the mat. Not only that, we would have much healthier and happier females than we have now.

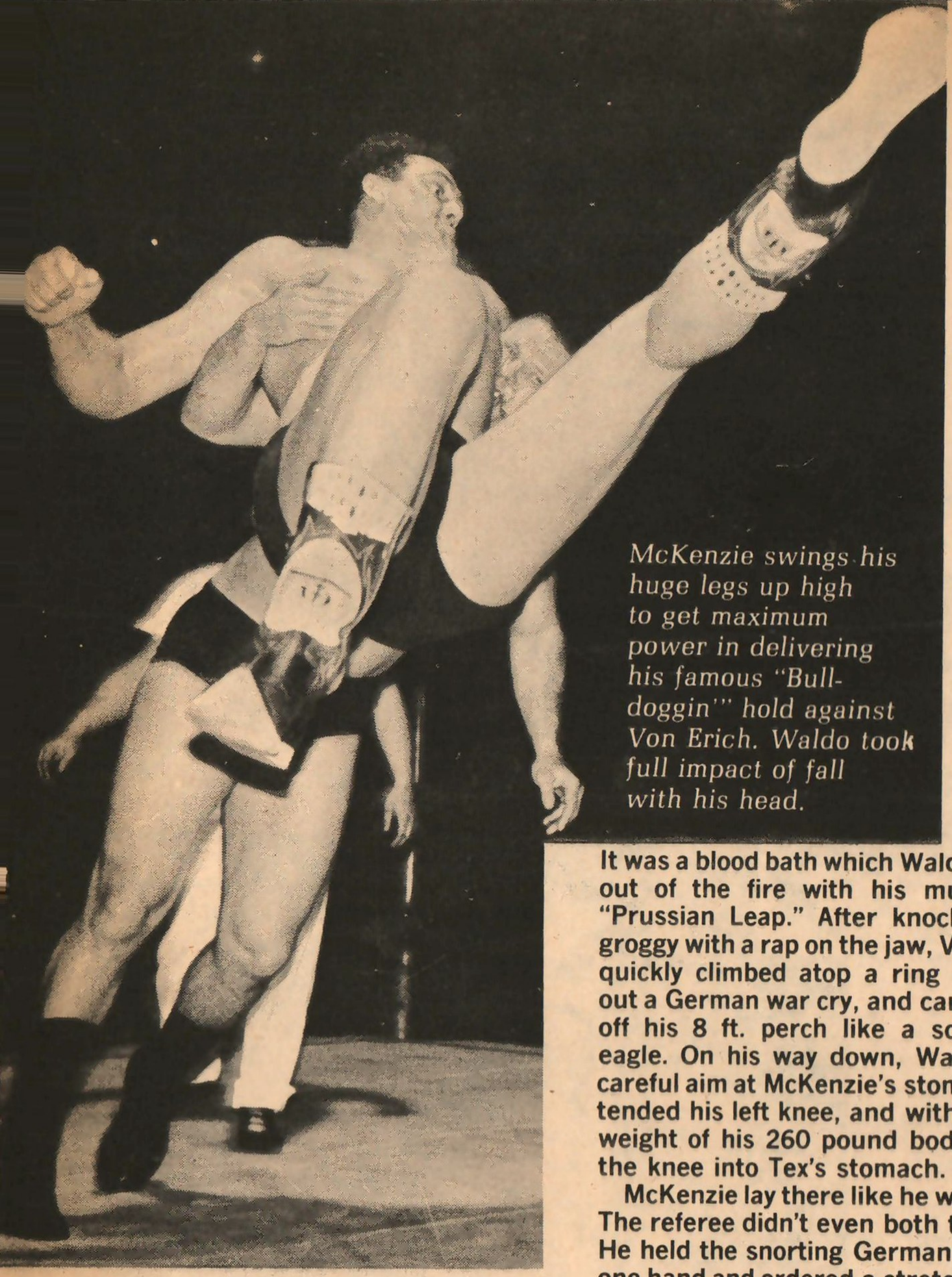
Gloria—I agree with Valorie. I'm a professional fashion model, and if I didn't have wrestling in which to let off steam, I'd explode! The world is so phoney; I get so sick of the people in the fashion business I feel like wringing their necks. I'm so thankful to have wrestling as a hobby to fall back on.

Q.—Thank you, Valorie and Gloria. Now let's see you go to it on the mat. And good luck to you both. □

THE NIGHT VON ERICH PULLED SMOKE OUT OF HIS PANTS



While McKenzie fights for breath, Von Erich tries to stop the smoke billowing from his pants.



McKenzie swings his huge legs up high to get maximum power in delivering his famous "Bull-doggin'" hold against Von Erich. Waldo took full impact of fall with his head.

Photographed By Bob Leonard

ON THE VERGE OF DEFEAT, WALDO MYSTIFIED THE FANS AND ALMOST DESTROYED TEX MCKENZIE WITH THAT TINY PACKET OF MAGIC DESTRUCTION HE HAD TUCKED AWAY IN CASE OF EMERGENCY

BLOOD FEUDS!

Wrestling has had hundreds of them over the years. Remember Jerry Graham and Chief Big Heart? Ed Carpentier and Killer Kowalski? Gene Kiniski and Whipper Watson? Bruiser and Bob Ellis? The list goes on and on. But one feud overshadows all the others. Waldo Von Erich and Tex McKenzie. It began in the U.S., spilled over into Canada, and it can still flare again at anytime. Hate like this never dies.

Von Erich and McKenzie are direct opposites. Tex is a big (6'9"), good-natured guy who, like President Johnson, spends every spare minute on his sprawling Texas ranch. Tex McKenzie gives freely to various charities, and he helps old ladies cross the street.

Waldo Von Erich gives nothing to charity, and he is likely to trip that old lady crossing the street. Waldo never tries to hide his true nature. "We Germans are realistic people," he snorts. "We don't love anybody. We love only our own."

Von Erich and McKenzie first crossed paths in a Detroit ring back in 1960. It was a blood bath which Waldo pulled out of the fire with his murderous "Prussian Leap." After knocking Tex groggy with a rap on the jaw, Von Erich quickly climbed atop a ring post, let out a German war cry, and came flying off his 8 ft. perch like a screaming eagle. On his way down, Waldo took careful aim at McKenzie's stomach, extended his left knee, and with the full weight of his 260 pound body, drove the knee into Tex's stomach.

McKenzie lay there like he was dead. The referee didn't even both to count. He held the snorting German off with one hand and ordered a stretcher with the other.

A man doesn't forget things like that. Tex McKenzie never forgot. "Everytime I think of that German wildman," Tex said recently, "I get a knot in my gut and I want to kill him."

Tex went on to explain that wrestling is, after all, a sport. A profession for men to work at. "We wrestlers are trying to earn a living the best way we know how. We risk our lives. We willingly take that risk. We don't mind losing to a better man. But that 'Prussian Leap' is too much. Von Erich might just as well use a gun or a knife."

Von Erich does try to kill. And he admits it. "I'm in there to win the best way I can," he says. "Anyway I can. Anybody can jump off the top rope. If they want to jump on me, let them try it. I'll take my chances. But they must take chances too. And they shouldn't cry like little babies when I hit them!"

As much as you may despise Waldo Von Erich, you must, in all honesty, admit that he had a valid point. He is not asking for special considerations.

Neither does Tex McKenzie ask for special considerations. But Tex wants to play the game according to the rules. The "Prussian Leap," he insists, "was never part of the rule book."

The "Prussian Leap" is not the only killer weapon Waldo Von Erich carries in his bag of tricks. He has something else which he affectionately calls, my "Prussian Deathlock."

Waldo's "Deathlock" is really an adaption of Buddy Rogers' old "Figure-4 leglock." But Waldo gets even more leverage into the hold than Rogers because Waldo is a stronger man than Buddy.

Tex McKenzie also had a run in with Waldo's "Deathlock." And he will never forget that one either. Recalled Tex: "It happened several years ago, in Toronto, if my memory serves me right. Von Erich shot his mouth off on TV one night, offering $5,000 to anybody who could break his Deathlock. Several wrestlers tried, but none succeeded.

"I accepted the challenge and easily broke the hold. Then I asked him for the $5,000. He refused to give it to me.

"'You didn't break my Deathlock,' Von Erich screamed.

"I certainly did, I insisted. Now give me the money!"

Von Erich never gave McKenzie the $5,000 and Tex never forgot it. "That should tell you better than anything else what kind of a fink the man is," McKenzie said.

Von Erich and McKenzie have wrestled seven times over the years. But the match that stands out above all the others took place in the Canadian city of Regina in 1965. Recalled Chuck Underhill, the man who promoted the savage bout, "I thought they were going to kill each other. And they damned near did!"

Underhill continued, "We billed it as a 'Texas Death Match,' which means that there had to be a winner and anything went. No rules."

Because Von Erich had racked up a

long string of victories in Western Canada at the time, he was favored to win. But there was more than enough McKenzie money around to cover all bets on the German.

Three referees couldn't keep Tex and Waldo from breaking the few rules which were supposed to be enforced. When Tex lifted his blood-covered face out of a headlock somebody in the audience yelled, "The German has a knife! Get it away from him!"

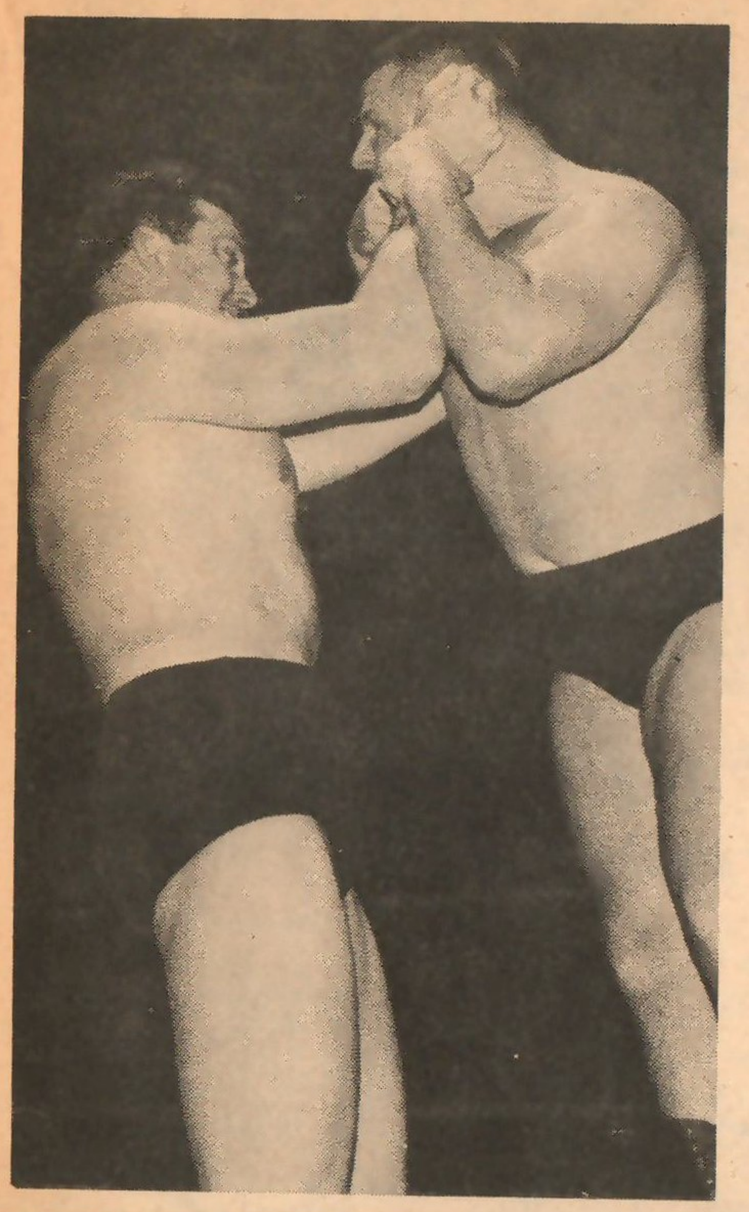
Waldo did not have a knife. But he did have the roughest knuckles on human hands and he rubbed them across Tex's features like hunks of sandpaper.

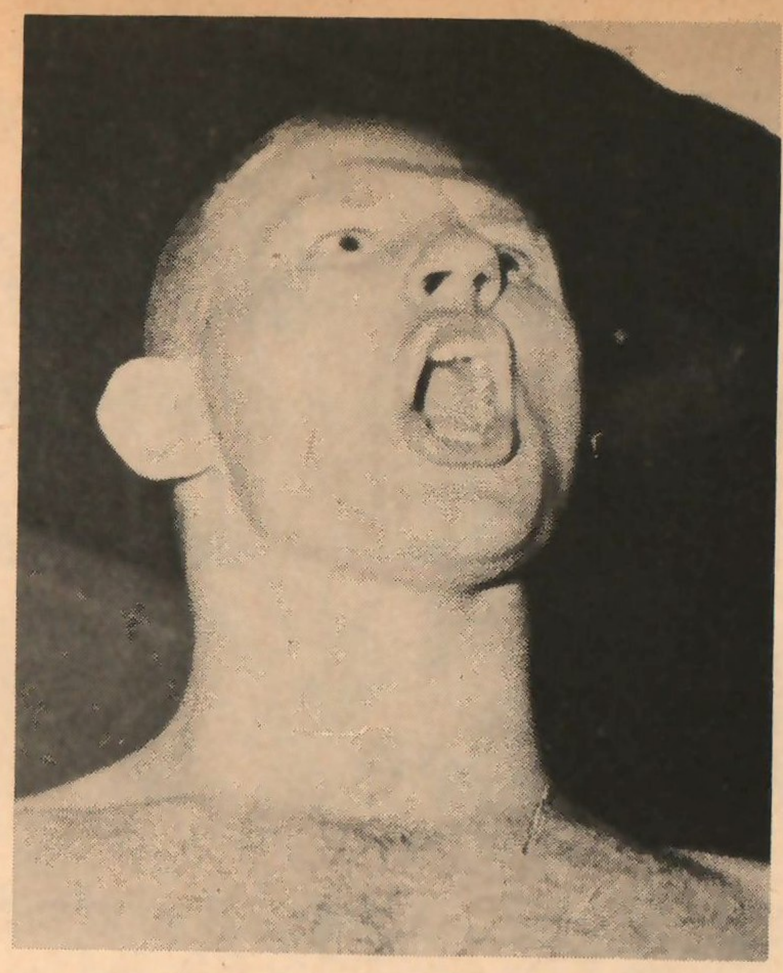
McKenzie staked his hopes on his pet hold, the "Bulldoggin' Headlock." It is something Tex borrowed from another famous wrestling cowboy, Bob Ellis. The hold involves grabbing the victim around the head (the same way a cowboy wrestles a steer to the ground) then plowing the victim's face into the canvas.

For almost 40 minutes the blazing match see-sawed back and forth with the advantage swinging from one to the other. Von Erich was never able to effectively deliver his "Prussian Leap," nor was he able to apply his "Deathlock." McKenzie, however, did manage to execute his "Bulldoggin' Headlock" twice, but only with limited effectiveness. Yet the effects began to tell on Waldo as the match neared the one hour mark.

Von Erich started to stagger a little, and his feet shuffled instead of taking

Left, above: Two referees try to stop Von Erich from stomping the stricken McKenzie to death. Right, above: When Tex was finally saved by the referees, and able to sit erect, Waldo was at him again, still kicking away. Right: Von Erich, when he wasn't trying to stomp McKenzie to death, was ramming his head into the turnbuckle. Three ugly gashes were opened in Tex's head.





Left: Tex lifts Waldo's 270 pounds by raising his ears. Below: This effort by McKenzie to use his "Bulldoggin'" headlock proved to be unsuccessful because Waldo yanked his head free. Above: Waldo complains that McKenzie bit him.

normal steps. McKenzie, alert to the situation, began stepping up his attack. Waldo staggered even more and he couldn't hold his hands high enough to protect his face. Then it happened!

When it seemed that Von Erich would fall on his face, he fell forward against the ropes. His hand dipped into his trunks and pulled out a small packet. He turned the packet over in his hand, then put a corner of it into his mouth. When he pulled it from his mouth, it began to smoke! Clouds of white smoke clouded the ring and fanned up to the ceiling. Was it magic? No. It was an ordinary smoke pellet. But is had a disasterous effect on Tex McKenzie.

As Tex stood watching the bellowing smoke, as if hynotized, Von Erich summoned his remaining strength and jammed the fuming pellet into Tex's face. Poor Tex screamed in pain as he clutched his eyes and started running around the ring. Then he suddenly stopped running, wavered a few times like a drunk, and fell unconscious on the floor.

Waldo looked down at the still form but didn't lift a finger. Instead he jumped over the ropes and ran to his dressing room as fast as his legs would carry him.

McKenzie was rushed to a hospital where his eyes were flushed out and the charred flesh around his nose and mouth treated with sulpher ointment.

It took the Cowboy three months to fully recover from the horror of that night in Regina. He admits that he was lucky to have gotten away without permanent injuries.

"I found it hard to breathe for a whole year after it happened," McKenzie says. "At first I hated Von Erich for what he did. I wanted to kill him. Then I started to think. It was my own fault. I had no business standing there watching the smoke when I should have been watching him. Like Von Erich says, 'I could have done the same thing to him.'"

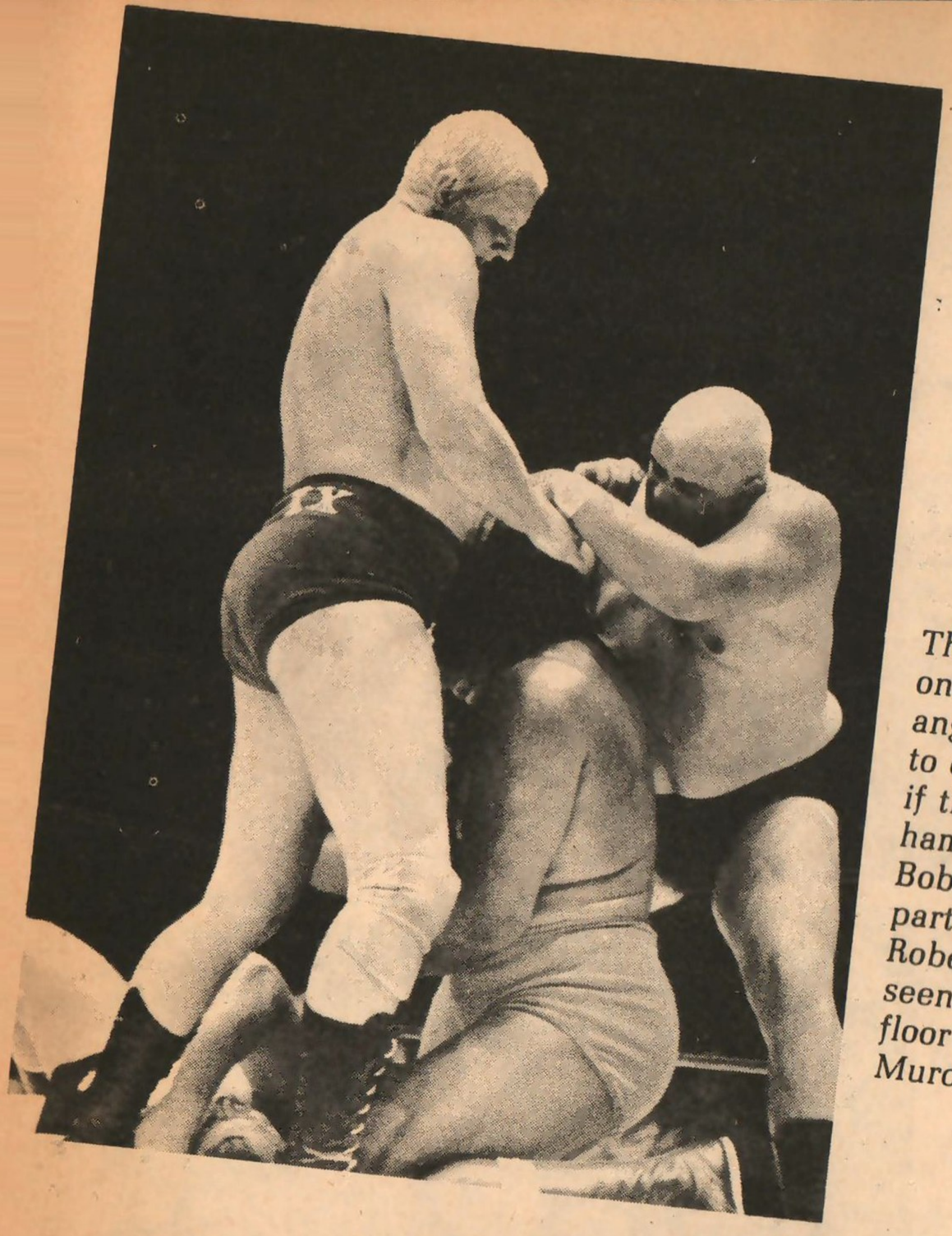
Tex says he has been scolding himself since the day he left Regina. "It still bugs me to think that I broke the basic rule of the ring, the very first thing they tell youngsters who are breaking into this business—Defend yourself at all times.

"How could I ever have been so stupid?" □

THE OUTLAWS OUGHT TO BE ARRESTED!

Dick Murdock and Dusty Rhodes are deadly in the ring— but they're murder in the dressing room, too!

Rhodes (right) and partner Murdock pose for our photographer before they entered ring at Detroit.



The Outlaws go to work on Bobo Brazil as the angry referee threatens to disqualify them if they don't stop hammering away at Bobo's skull. Brazil's partner, young Dewey Robertson, can be seen laying on the floor under Dick Murdock's feet.

Dusty Rhodes pulls back his big fist and actually threatens to punch the referee in the mouth, "If you don't stop bugging me!" Dusty didn't frighten the official, who promptly pulled back his own fist and growled, "You try and hit me and you'll wind up in the hospital!" It was a stand-off—a verbal stand-off.

ONE NIGHT NOT long ago, in a dressing room at Detroit's Cobo Hall, the sensational young star, Dewey Robertson, was excitedly turning the room upside-down looking for his shoes.

"I had them right here," Robertson told Wilbur Snyder, who was helping him search.

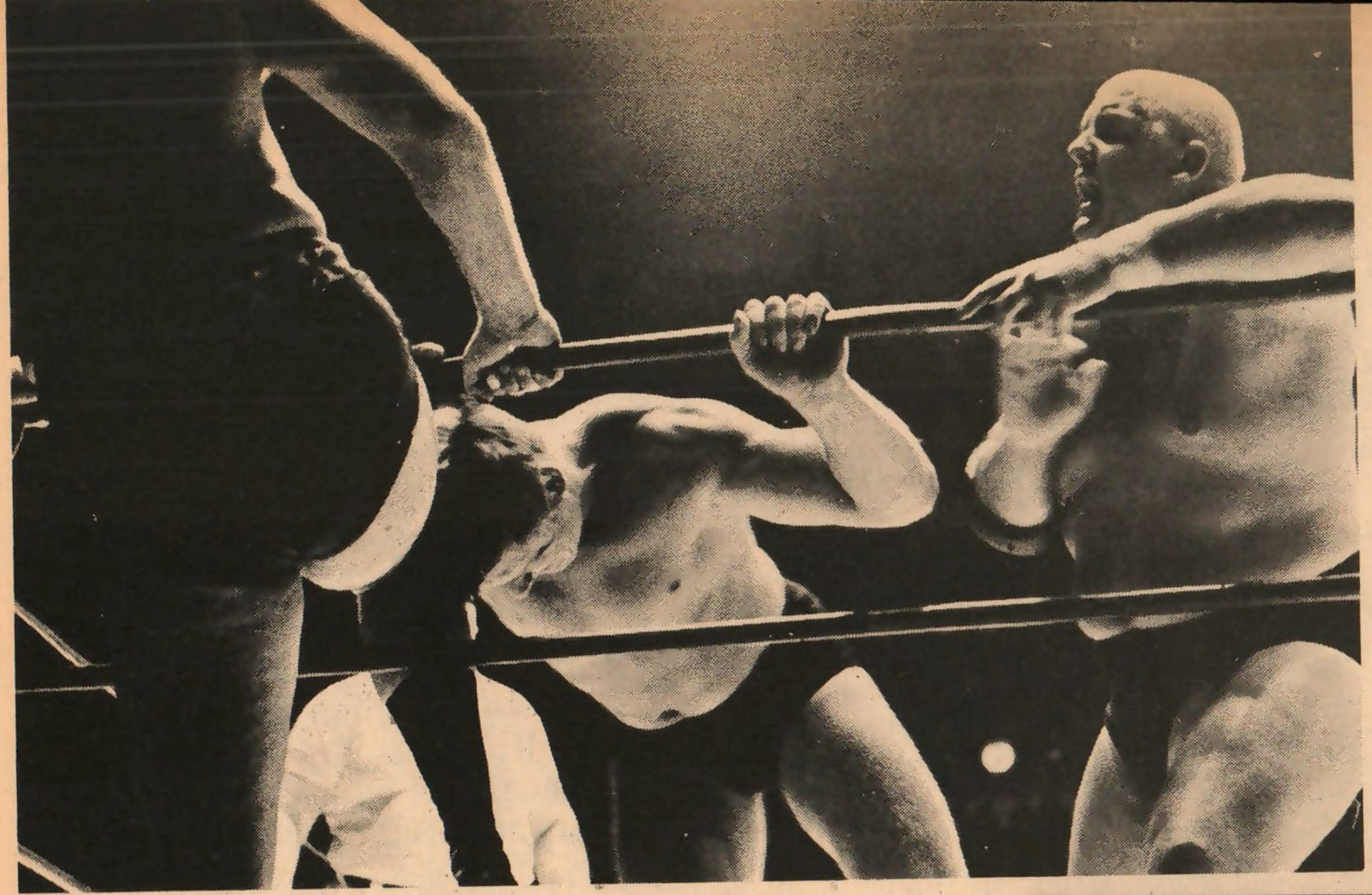
Robertson never found his shoes, and he had to wrestle that night barefooted, something he had never done before, and never wants to do again.

A few weeks later, Robertson was back in Detroit for another match. This time he couldn't find his trunks! Sharing the room with him that night was popular Ben Justice. "I can't understand it," Dewey told Justice. "I know I had my shoes in my bag two weeks ago, and I know I had my trunks in my bag tonight. I'm not crazy. At least I hope I'm not..."

Robertson borrowed a pair of trunks (which didn't fit him) from a wrestler who had already finished his match. Dewey regrets not canceling out of his match that night. "I was so upset I wasn't myself in the ring," the handsome Canadian said. "I'd sure like to know what happened to my shoes and trunks."

It wasn't until a few weeks later that Dewey got his answer. It came from Al (Kangaroo) Costello, who doubled over with laughter when he heard the story. "Robertson should have been able to figure it out for himself," Costello said. "He should have noticed that The Outlaws were on both those cards. They wrestled the night Robertson lost his shoes, and they also wrestled the night he lost his pants. You know about The Outlaws. I thought everybody knew about The Outlaws!"

Dewey Robertson didn't know about The Outlaws. Sure, he knew they've become one of the



Dick Murdock's knee cracks against Dewey Robertson's head after Dusty Rhodes shoved Dewey through the ropes. Robertson, who is one of the most promising youngsters in wrestling today, holds nothing but contempt for The Outlaws. "Those guys are absolutely wild!" Dewey fumed after the brutal match. "There are some things you just don't do—not even in pro wrestling. But these two gorillas just keep on and on. They're crazy . . ."

hottest teams in the Midwest, and that they're a couple of wildmen in the ring. But he didn't know they're also a couple of incurable *impractical* jokers.

"They'll steal the teeth out of your head if they could," Costello added. "I had one run-in with those maniacs. I caught them trying to lift my boomerang. I told them if they ever tried to fool around with me again I'd ram boomerangs down both their throats!"

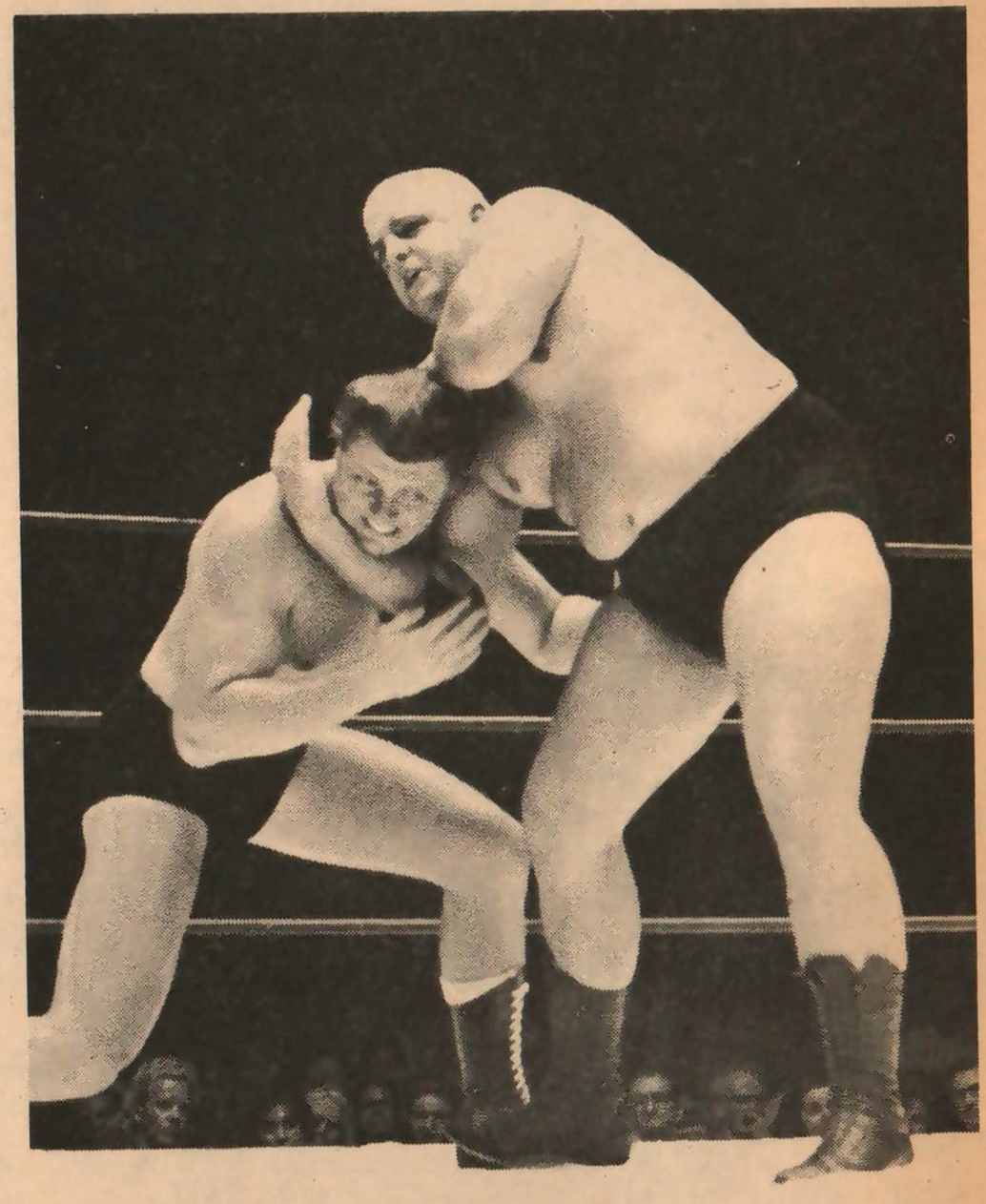
The Outlaws are a pair of roughnecks named Dick Murdock and Dusty Rhodes. They're big men; Murdock is 6-feet 4-inches, 260 pounds, and Rhodes is 6-feet 2 inches, 275 pounds. "We're so tough," brags Murdock, "we've offered ourselves to the U.S. Government to stop the war in Vietnam!"

"Single-handed?" we asked in amazement.

"You're damned right!" Rhodes growled. "We don't need any help. We'll plow right through those V.C.'s in a couple of weeks and that will be the end of the war. When we take on a job, we finish it!"

Dick and Dusty have been finishing a lot of jobs lately; racking up victory after victory as they roar toward a shot at the world's tag team title.

They don't have any favorite holds. "We can do everything better than anybody else," Murdock said, swelling out his chest. "It would be a helluva hard thing for us to pick any favorite holds."



Rhodes leans over to get a secure grip on Robertson's head before flipping him to the floor with a booming flying mare. This was the first in a series of mare holds that had Dewey reeling around the ring with glassy eyes and blood streaming from his nose. What puzzled the crowd in Detroit's Cobo Hall was why Dewey's partner, Bobo Brazil, didn't come to his rescue more often. When asked about it after the bout, Brazil mused, "I didn't think Dewey needed any help. He was doing fine by himself."

Murdock isn't far wrong. They really can swing! Shifting smoothly from one hold to another, they have the art of tagging down to a science, which usually gives them a decided advantage over their opponents.

"Neither one of us stays in the ring too long," explained Rhodes. "We know how to pace ourselves, and when we feel we need a little rest to *rev* up, we have our own way of making a switch from one to the other. You'd be surprised how big a help that can be . . ."

When we asked Al Costello what he thinks about The Outlaws, the famed "Kangaroo" smiled. "They're good. No doubt about it. But I can tell you this: if I ever catch them laying a finger on my boomerang, that will be the end of The Outlaws!"

Now we ask you: wouldn't that be a terrible waste of talent? □

HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY

(Continued from Page 12)

his matches that he had an announcement printed up and distributed all over the city (see cut). In his announcement, the very able promoter pleaded with the public to put pressure on the station to make them reverse their decision.

Our "This is Your Life" series drew rave notices from wrestling fans all over the world. Thus far, two wrestlers, Johnny Valentine and Bruno Sammartino, have been the subjects of this completely new editorial treatment. The series was started as an experiment; if public reaction was favorable, we would continue the series. Public reaction wasn't favorable, it was fantastic! So we are now in the process of gathering material for future subjects. Here are just a few of the famous wrestlers who are being considered: Killer Kowalski, Bruiser, Verne Gagne, Ed Carpentier, Crusher Lisowski, Dory Funk, Jr., Pat O'Connor, Bobo Brazil, Eddie Graham and Ray Stevens. Now here's a question we would like to have your views on: should we include great women wrestlers like Penny Banner, Moolah and Cora Combs in the series? Let's hear from you. □

WRESTLING IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

By Larry Barnhizer

THERE SEEMS TO be no stopping Ray Stevens. Already the co-holder of the tag team crown, Ray roared back to regain his United States heavyweight championship belt from Pat Patterson at San Francisco's Cow Palace. It wasn't an ordinary match. No ordinary match lasts through six falls as this one did. According to the special rules, there could be no disqualification for any reason, and no matter how much blood was spilled in the ring, the referee had strict orders not to stop it. The winner would be determined only after one of the contestants was unable to continue.

While a crowd of over 12,000 roared its approval, Stevens won four falls (including the deciding sixth) and Patterson only two. That sixth and deciding fall evolved after Stevens softened Pat up with his famous "Bombs Away," then pinned him with a body press. Patterson had a two-minute rest period in which to try to shake the cob webs from his

There seems to be no stopping Ray Stevens (above) in his quest to win the world's championship.

whirling brain, but after the two minutes passed and the bell rang, the referee began to count as Patterson remained in his corner. And there Pat remained until counted out. The ovation Stevens received was the loudest in the long history of the Cow Palace.

In another match on that same show—a six-man tag match—Haystack Calhoun, Peter Maivia and Cyclone Negro defeated The Great Pampero, Stan Stasiak and The Gladiator. In other bouts, Rocky Johnson teamed with Earl Maynard to upset Don Carson and Dutch Savage; Pepper Martin over Don Soriano, and Bobby Nichols was held to a draw by Larry Williams.

Defending his newly-won title at Sacramento a few weeks after winning it, Ray Stevens was very fortunate to have two referees working his match against vicious Stan Stasiak. Actually, Ray was beaten into unconsciousness in the third fall when Stasiak slammed away at his skull with a pair of brass-knuckles. Stasiak's hand was raised in victory and he was about to be proclaimed the new United States champion when the two referees decided to withhold their decision until after they talked it over. They talked it over, agreed that Stasiak had used illegal tactics, and disqualified him. Stevens was so groggy from the brutal beating he didn't even realize he had won. But the big crowd, which paid $5,684 to see the title match, let Ray know, in no uncertain terms, that they were behind him all the way. The next day, at a press conference, Stevens said, "He really slowed me up in the first fall. As you know, he took that fall in 16:08 when he hit me with a right uppercut under the heart. I never fully recovered from that blow..." For the record, Stevens took the second fall with a series of body slams followed by a Bombs Away.

Pat Patterson and The Great Pampero make a great tag team combination. In fact, I believe they will be the ones who will eventually dethrone the current champions, Ray Stevens and Prince Maivia. Just one man's opinion.

While on the subject of Pat Patterson, I think it is important to point out that despite his unpopularity with most fans, Pat is a great wrestler. A look at his record proves that. While champion, he successfully defended his title against such greats as Pedro Morales, Pepper Gomez, Cyclone Negro, Klondike Bill, Prince Maivia, Don Chuy, Spyros Arion, Earl Maynard, Pat Barrett, Buddy Moreno, Bobo Brazil and 600-lb. Man Mountain Mike. Need I say more? □

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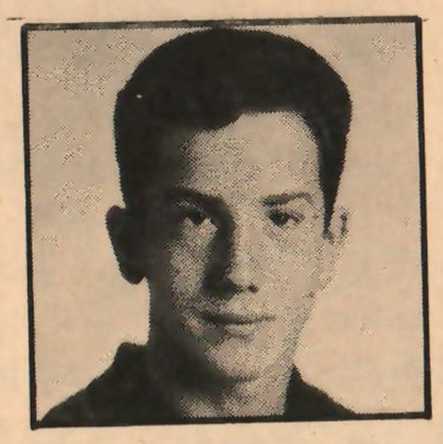
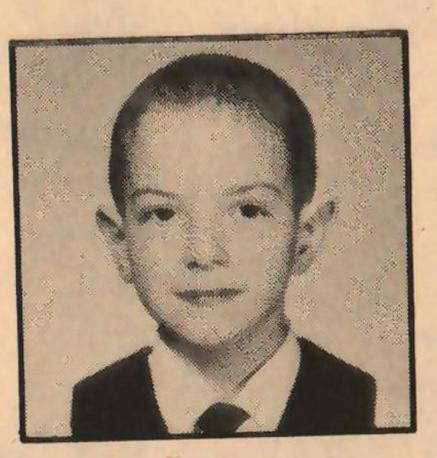
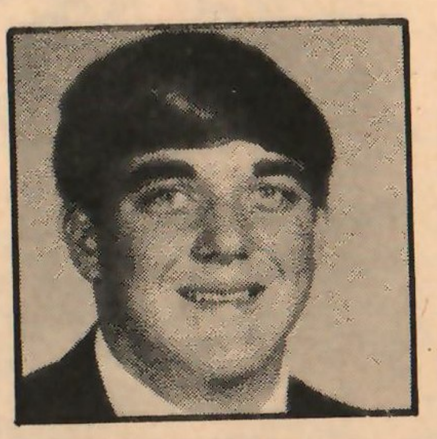


EMIL DE ANGELIS (16)
55 Hoffman Ave.
Lake Hiawatha, NJ. 07034
Likes weight lifting, cars. Favorite is Bruno. Likes good guys. Girls for PPs.

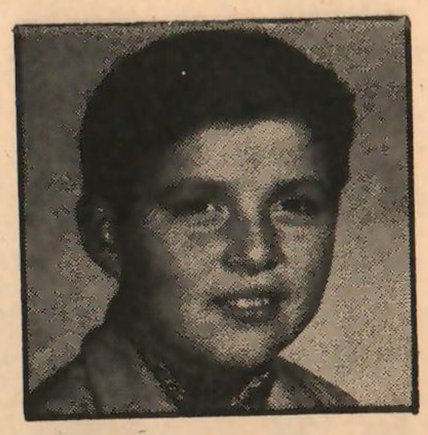


WALTER CARBONO (11)
38 Warner St.
Sommerville, MA. 02144
Likes coins, pets.
Bruno his favorite.
Likes good guys.
Girls for PPs.

CINDY DE VORA (10)
786 Dayton Ave.
St. Paul, MN. 55104
Likes skating, swimming.
Pepper Gomez her favorite.
Likes good guys.
Mexican pen pals.

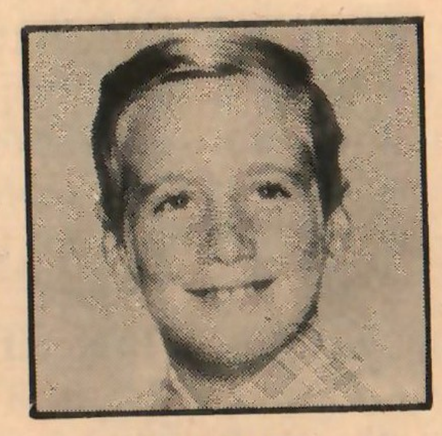


KEN PRITCHARD (18)
5690 Deerfield Trail
College Park, GA. 30337
Likes football, girls.
Dory Funk is his favorite. Likes good guys. Cute girls for pen pals.



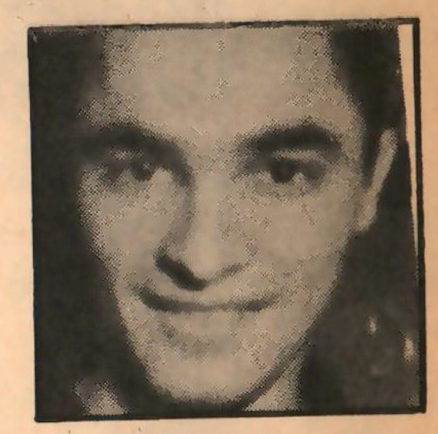
GILBERT SALAS (11)
10637 Ilex
Pacaima, CA. 91331
Likes baseball. Bruno his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for PPs.

FERLIN BACKUS (27)
Rt. 4
Marion, OH. 43402
Likes handball, pool.
Favorite is Mighty Igor. Likes good guys.
Males for PPs.



JOE JAFFIE (13)
43 Coppertree Lane
Babylon, NY. 11702
Likes bowling, baseball. Favorite is Bruno. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for pen pals.

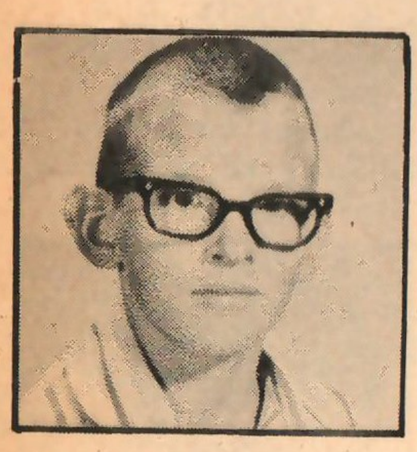
BILL BELLINGER (15)
531 N. Market St.
Johnstown, NY. 12095
Likes all sports. Igor his favorite. Likes bad guys. Anyone for pen pals.



PETE MOSS (15)
9 St. Elmo
Winnipeg 8
Manitoba, Canada
Collects goldfish.
Leroy Hirsch his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Girls for PPs.

PALS

Produced by JEFFREY SUPER



JAMES GREEN (13)
P.O. Box 273
Dexter, NM. 88230
Likes basketball, music. Mr. Wrestler his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for pen pals.

STEVE NORFLEET (10)
229 Harrison Ave.
Fort Lupton, CO. 80621
Likes matchbox cars. Favorite is Pepper Gomez. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.

TOM MARTIN (21)
Rt. 6 Box 69 Lot 4
Tampa, FL. 33617
Likes girls. Joyce Grable his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Girls write.

CLIFF GANES (17)
5275 Westford Circle
College Park, GA. 30337
Likes girls, football. Ed Mongel his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for PPs.

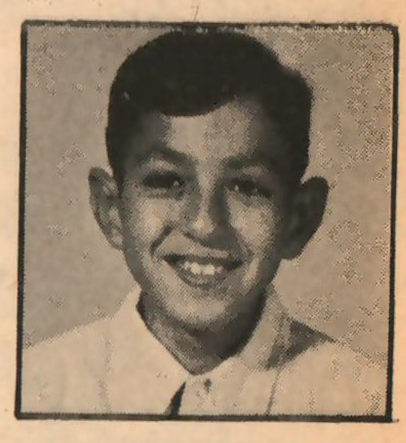
LEN SCHMALLIE (18)
Wupatki National Mon.
Flagstaff, AZ. 86001
Likes football, rodeo. Favorite is Bruno. Likes good guys. Cute girls for PPs.

BRYON WEST (16)
800 Hill Top Dr.
Richmond, VA. 23225
Likes all sports. Johnny Weaver his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for PPs.

JOHN WIEGAND (17)
502 Pierce St.
Dayton, OH. 45410
Wants to be wrestler. Fred Curry his favorite. Likes good guys. Good fans for PPs.

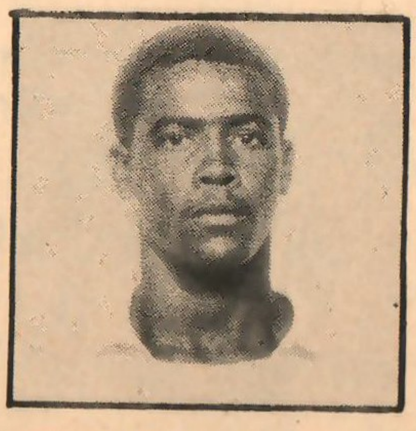
SANDY LUNDSTROM (13)
3326 W. Florist Ave.
Milwaukee, WI. 53209
Likes art, sewing, sports. Likes good guys. Boys for PPs.

BOBBI WHITEHALL (13)
5338 N. 44 St.
Milwaukee, WI. 53218
Likes all sports. Billy Red Lyons her favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for PPs.

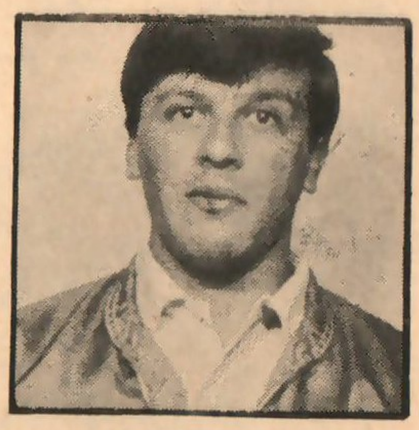


ALBERT BARRERA (11)
1111 N. Goliad St.
Big Spring, TX. 79720
Likes all sports. Mil Mascaras his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for PPs.

HUGH ADAIR (11)
35 David St.
Dryden, Ont., Canada
Collects wrestling clips. Crusher his favorite. Likes good guys. Crusher fans for PPs.

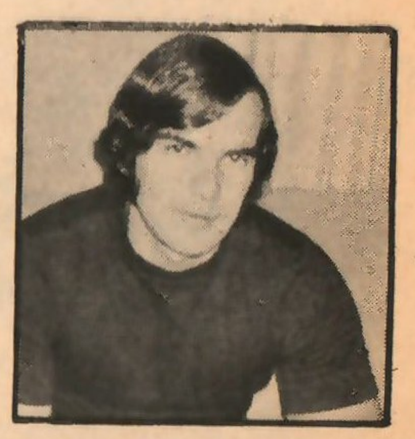


KENRICK ASH (19)
168 Duncan St.
Newtown Kitty, Guyana
Likes gymnastics, art. Jerry Kozak his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for pen pals.



MICHAEL BIUNDO (21)
728 N. William St.
Baldwin, NY. 11510
Likes soccer, books. Bruno his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for PPs.

STEVE KEMP (11)
2301 A. White Ave.
Gadsden, AL. 35904
Likes baseball, reading. Len Rossi his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for PPs.



DICK SWINFORD (21)
21 Golden Dr.
Anderson, In. 46012
Lifts weights. The Bruiser his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for PPs.

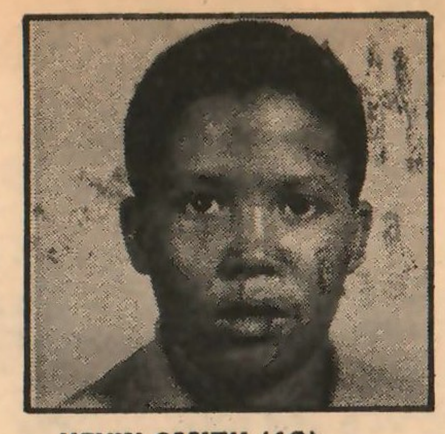
(Continued)

PEN PALS (Continued)

CHARLES BAUER (23)
142-146 W. 49 St.
NY, NY. 10020
Likes reading, pop music. Favorite is Antonino Rocca. Likes good guys. Girls for pen pals.

WILLIE DAVIS (16)
925 Allen Ave.
Shreveport, LA. 71103
Likes football, baseball. Cowboy Bill Watts his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Girls for PPs.

HELEN MARTINEZ (13)
140 E. Broad St.
Tampa, FL. 33604
Likes to work. Jack Brisco her favorite. Likes good guys. Brisco fans for PPs.



KEVIN SMITH (13)
3417 N. 30 St.
Kansas City, KS. 66104
Likes baseball. The Stomper his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for PPs.

PAUL STEIN (19)
1436 E. 8 St.
Bklyn, NY. 11230
Likes reading, all sports. Favorite is Fabulous Moolah. Likes bad guys. Amateur girl wrestlers for PPs.

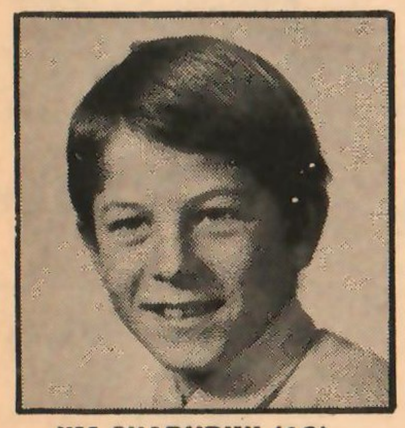
JIM GOLD (15)
556 S. Rock Hill
St. Louis, MO. 63119
Likes football, track. Gorgeous George his favorite. Likes bad guys. Girls for PPs.

DENNIS ROMERO (12)
1295 Quitman
Denver, CO. 80204
Likes basketball. Favorite is Pepper Gomez. Likes good guys. Anybody for PPs.

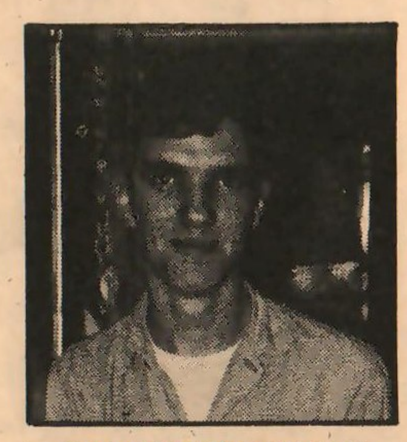
DAVID DEVEREAUX (10)
17 Prospect St.
Everett, MA. 02149
Collects hockey cards. Bruno his favorite. Likes good guys. Boys for pen pals.

HAROLD WESNER (13)
638 E. 6 St.
Mount Carmel, PA. 17851
Collects coins and models. Haystack Calhoun his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Girls write.

RICKY KATZ (10)
95 Maple St.
W. Roxbury, MA. 02132
Likes bowling, baseball. Victor Rivera favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for PPs.



JIM CHARUBINI (10)
104 Kingsley Rd.
Hull, MA. 02045
Likes cars, hockey. Bruno his favorite. Likes good guys. Boys for PPs.



CARL MCMURRAY (19)
RR 3 Box 28
Leavenworth, KS. 66048
Likes boating, cars. Likes good and bad guys. Girls for pen pals.

DONALD LIBERMAN (11)
3121 Callelargo
Hollywood, FL. 33021
Likes wrestling, football. Jack Brisco his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for PPs.

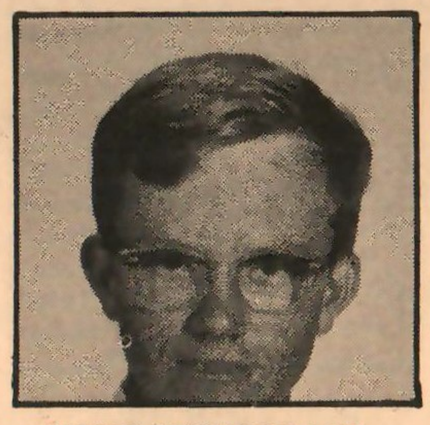
JERRY PETERSON (16)
Rt. 1 Box 236
Chicago City, MN. 55013
Likes bowling, swimming. Crusher his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Wrestling fans write.

HELEN TORRES (14)
624 S. Fifth St.
Waco, TX. 76706
Likes letter writing. Mil Mascaras her favorite. Likes good guys. Boys for PPs.

SUE MCDONALD (14)
2826 Fourth Ave. East
Hibbing, MN. 55746
Likes dancing, bowling. Bastein and Lyons her favorites. Boys for pen pals.

ELISE BADONII (17)
P.O. Box 481
Pinon, AZ. 86510
Likes soul music. Hell's Angels her favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for PPs.

LARRY MATA (15)
1701 Harding St.
Pasadena, TX. 77501
Likes boxing, football. Wahoo McDaniel his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for PPs.



JAMES ATTAWAY (15)
1412 Elizabeth Ave.
Perry, GA. 31069
Likes all sports, music. Joe Scarpa his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for PPs.

YUICHI KOYAMA (24)
1647 Estelle Ave.
Elmont, NY. 11003
Likes travel, sports. Hiro Matusda his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for PPs.

(Continued on page 50)

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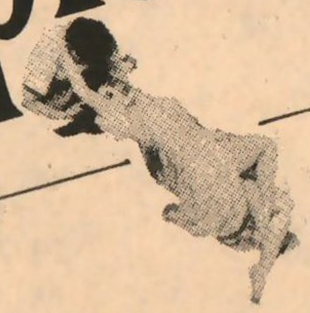

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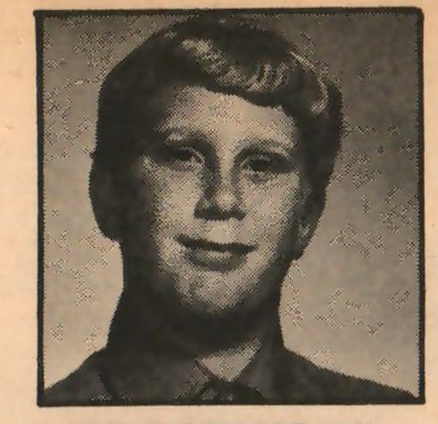
City– – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – –

State– – – – – – Zip– – – – – – – – – –

PEN PALS (Continued from Page 48)

SAM WEEKS (20)
911 Ansel Rd.
Cleveland, OH. 44103
Likes music, baseball. Johnny Powers his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for PPs.

GEORGE CAMPBELL (11)
Roaring Branch
Box 71, PA. 17765
Likes wrestling, boxing. Bruno his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Girls for PPs.

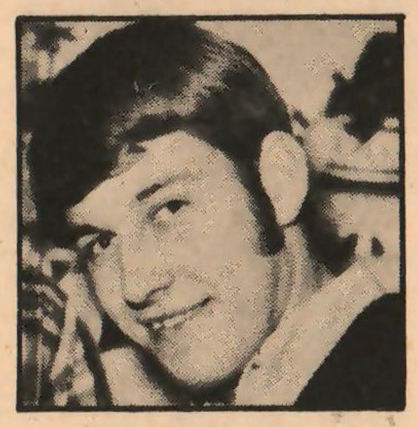


JOEL EHRENBERG (12)
510 W. Dilido Dr.
Miami Beach, FL. 33139
Likes sports, music. Jack Brisco his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for PPs.

SELENA MITCHELL (11)
10116 Annette Ave.
Tampa, FL. 33604
Likes horses, swimming. Jack Brisco her favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for PPs.

GORDON BECKER (17)
2424 Ross Rd.
Silver Spring, MD. 20910
Likes track, bowling. Favorite is Bruno. Likes good guys. Girls for PPs.

EVELYN ARNOLD (38)
5621 Eastside Ave.
Dallas, TX. 75214
Writes poetry, music. Wahoo McDaniel her favorite. Likes good guys. Wahoo fans for PPs.

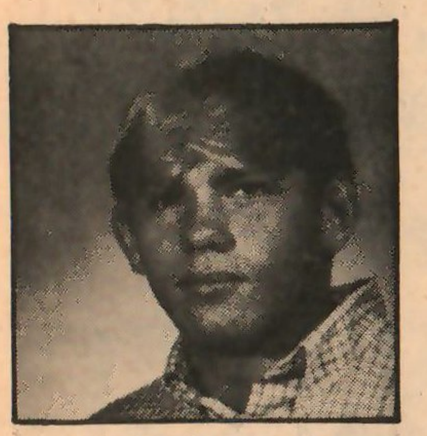


TIM KROL (20)
16046 Cameron
Southgate, MI. 48192
Likes all sports, rock music. Bobo Brazil his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls, 17-23, for PPs.

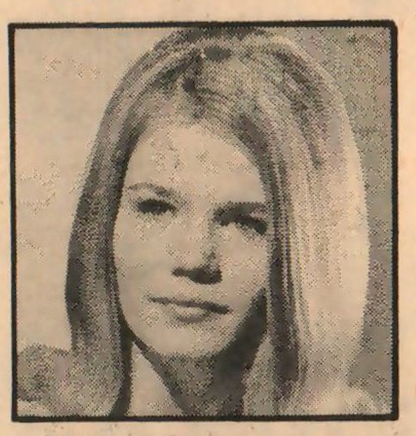
GARRY HARPER (13)
1720 S. Ames
Denver, CO. 80226
Likes baseball, girls. Billy Red Lyons his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for PPs.

MICHAEL LIMA (53)
721 S. Sacramento St.
Lodi, CA. 95240
Likes gold panning, camping, fishing. Ray Stevens favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for PPs.

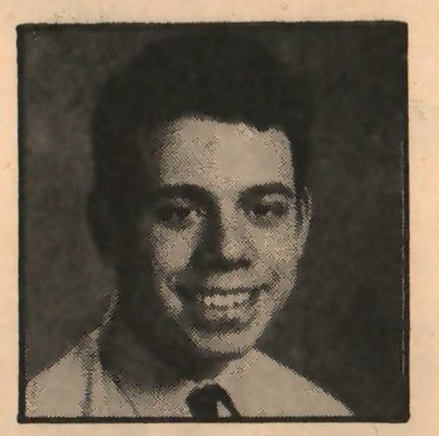
WILLIAM WALKER (11)
129 Oceanview Ave.
Brooklyn, NY. 11235
Likes fish, rockets. Favorite is Bruno. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for PPs.



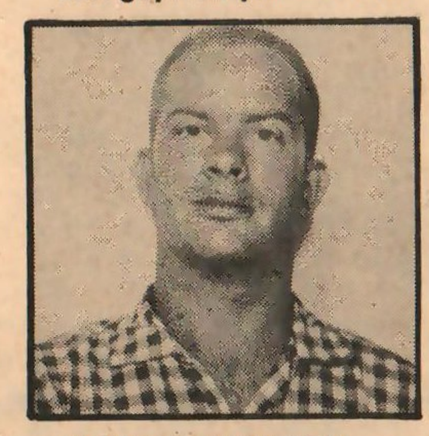
BRUCE STOCKER (17)
2580 Billings
Aurora, CO. 80010
Likes basketball. Buddy Rogers his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for PPs.



RUTH CARMICHAEL (19)
2711 Nueces
Austin, TX. 78705
Likes all sports. Bruiser her favorite. Likes bad guys. Sexy boys for pen pals.



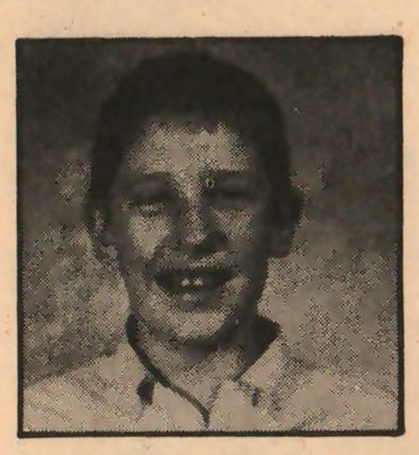
PETER D'ANGELO (14)
18323 Newell
Shaker, OH. 44122
Likes swimming. Bobo Brazil his favorite. Likes good guys. Boys for PPs.



DWIGHT EPLER (21)
1006 Hawthorn St.
Parkersberg, WV. 26101
Likes hiking, exercising. Johnny Weaver his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for PPs.

DAVE ATWELL (13)
20035 Ireland Rd.
S. Bend, IN. 46614
Likes basketball. Moose Cholak his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for PPs.

JOE HENRY (16)
2432 S. Lincoln
Denver, CO. 80210
Likes cars, boating. Mil Mascaras his favorite. Likes bad guys. Girls for pen pals.

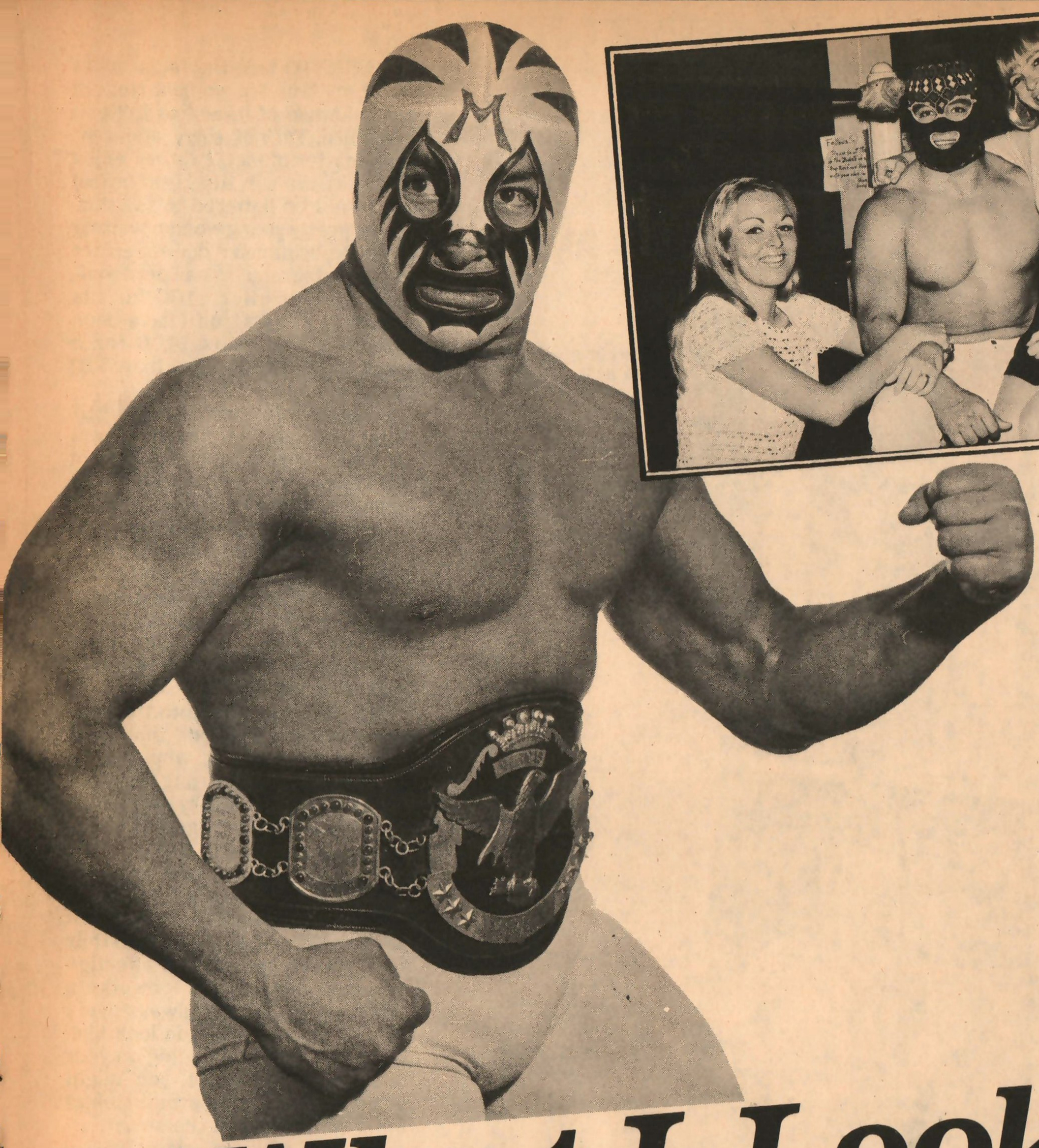


CHRIS SURRETT (11)
1210 Oldham Ave. N.W.
Knoxville, TN. 37921
Plays drums. Whitey Caldwell his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.

SHARON MARTIN (12)
Rt. 3 Box 425
Amarillo, TX. 79108
Likes art, music, math. Terry Funk her favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Girls for PPs.

PAM FLESNESS (14)
Lisbon, ND. 58054
Likes art, dancing. Likes good guys. Cute boys for pen pals.

IDA COLLIN (16)
4490 Boundry Rd.
Yarrow, BC., Canada
Likes wrestling. Mark Lewin her favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone her age write.



"What I Look For in a Woman"

BY MIL MASCARAS

In this intimate article, the most sensational wrestler to come along in the past decade reveals, for the first time, his feelings about women—his likes and dislikes, and his plans for the future . . .

(Please turn the page)

I favor girls who are athletic themselves or at least who enjoy being spectators at sports events. And I don't mean at wrestling matches only.

Girls who have nice figures and pretty faces are fine. But a girl must have a lot more than just looks to satisfy me. The girls I date must be able to discuss many different subjects.

I HAVE TO face the facts: most of my fans are women. No, I'm not ashamed of it, and to tell you the truth, I'm not sorry about it. As a matter of fact, I rather enjoy it. What man in his right mind would not be flattered to see dozens of pretty young women waiting at his dressing room door to either get an autograph, ask a "personal" question, or offer $100 for his mask? Yes, that's true. I have been offered as much as $100 for a mask that costs me less than $10 to have made.

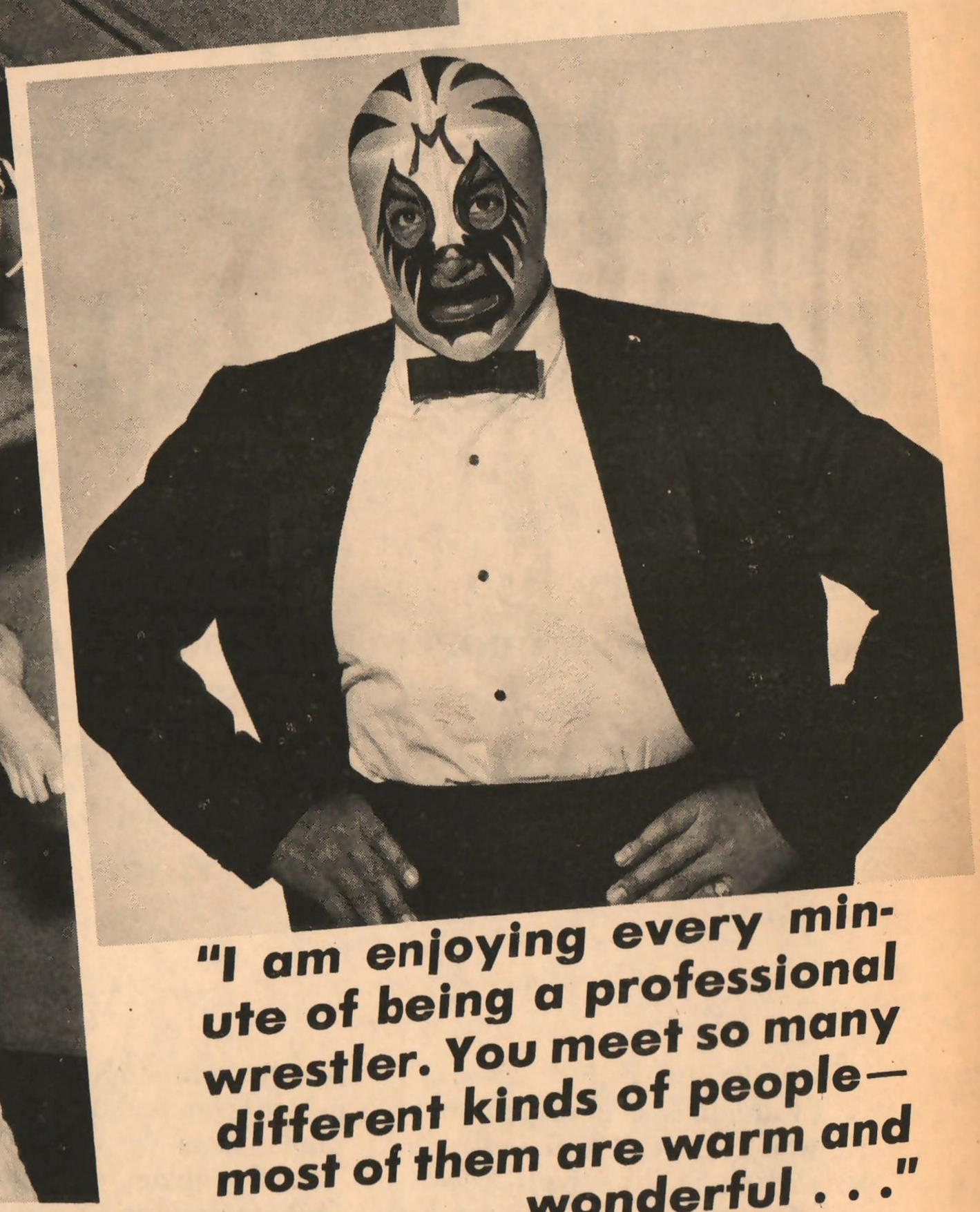
I really don't know why, but most people (women) seem strangely interested in the kind of girls I like. They brush around the question, often too embarrassed to come right out and ask me to my face. This, I could never understand. At any rate, I decided to accept an offer from this magazine to explain, once and for all, to all who are interested—and I still can't understand why—my preferences regarding women.

But before getting into the subject, I would like to add that what really puzzles me is why women appear to take so strong an interest in me when none of them have ever even seen my face! It really does seem fantastic. For all they know, I could have the face of a monster! I could look like the Wolfman, or Frankenstein, or even Dracula! Why, I ask myself, do they keep showering so much affection on me? I don't really look like a monster, but while I always avoid the subject of what I do look like, let me say this: depending on your own particular tastes, you might or might not take a second look at me if we passed on the street.

Being of Mexican origin, I naturally have a dark complexion. I am most proud of my teeth, they are straight and even and almost snow-white. And that is the only thing about me of which I will brag; my teeth.

Now to my tastes in women: Good figures, pretty faces, of course. I'm like any other man in that respect. But nice figures and pretty faces are not nearly enough to satisfy me—a good mind is even more important. I enjoy girls who can intelligently discuss Mexican-American problems, social conditions, great art, famous men from the dawn of history, and the future

In case you're interested, I don't believe in going out and looking for a wife. That kind of thing happens, quite naturally. You don't plan for it . . .



"I am enjoying every minute of being a professional wrestler. You meet so many different kinds of people—most of them are warm and wonderful . . ."

of mankind.

I realize that many men consider girls nothing more than pieces of flesh, things to be used for their momentary pleasures and then to be cast aside like burned out matches. Nothing makes me angrier than to hear men talk that way. I want to rip their heads off! My mother was a woman, a marvelous woman. My sisters are women, fine women. All women, no matter who they are, should be respected and loved and protected! I think men were created to protect women, not to use them!

As you may have guessed by this time, I have very strong views on the subject of women, and I have to fight to keep myself from being carried away.

If it interests you, I am not married, and I am not committed to any one woman. The thought of marriage and settling down has never entered my mind. Not yet, anyway.

Am I looking for a wife? Not particularly. I don't believe in trying to look for a wife. That kind of thing happens, naturally. You stop into a diner for a cup of coffe and there she is! You haven't planned it, you never even thought of it. But there she is. Your woman! When and if it ever happens to me, I'm confident that's the way it will happen.

I've probably said a lot more than I started out to say in this article, but I let myself get carried away. I hope I don't regret it. □

THE COCO BUTT VS. THE 'SOFT' UNDERBELLY

George (Cry Baby) Cannon has withstood the shattering impacts of Rocca's dropkick, Gagne's flying tackle, Bill Miller's shoulder block and Sammartino's bear hug. The only famous weapon he had not tested was Bobo Brazil's deadly Coco Butt...

GEORGE (CRY BABY) Cannon is an enormous man. He weighs over 400 pounds and, according to one well known wrestler who recently tested his famous drop-kick on Georgie's chest, "The guy is like the rock of Gibraltar! You hit him with everything you've got and he just stands there and laughs in your face!"

Bobo Brazil disagreed. "I can knock him off his flat feet with my *Coco Butt*," bragged Bobo.

"The hell you can!" retorted Cry Baby.

The ingredients of an out-and-out confrontation had been sown. All that remained was for a promoter to make the necessary arrangements.

Los Angeles' energetic Mike LeBelle snapped up the idea. "I will allow Cannon and Brazil to settle their argument on my next show," said Mike. "George and Bobo will have the ring to themselves before the main event."

Bobo's Coco Butt, as every mat fan from Australia to Iceland knows, is a rather simple but deadly maneuver, consisting of Bobo ramming his skull straight into his opponent's soft underbelly. Nine out of ten times, the end result is exactly as Brazil planned; his victim lets out an ear-shattering "Ohoo!" as the wind explodes from his body and he falls to the floor, finished for the night.

Cry Baby Cannon has one of the softest underbellies in wrestling, and he's proud of it. But don't let the word "soft" fool you. The enormous size of his underbelly acts like a shock absorber on an automobile, and in his long career, George Cannon has successfully withstood such shockers as Rocca's booming dropkick, Gagne's flying tackle, Bill Miller's shoulder block and Sammartino's bear hug. All in all, a rather re-

In his first attempt to blast Cannon off his feet with his famed Coco Butt, Brazil's head plowed deep into George's middle. Cannon's great body rocked and swayed, but he remained upright.

markable series of feats.

About the only top star who had not tested Georgie's underbelly was Bobo Brazil, and now that was about to happen. Could Bobo's indestructible head penetrate Cannon's impenetrable belly? The world would soon know...

Cannon stepped into the ring dressed to wrestle. Brazil stepped into the ring dressed for a night on the town; alligator shoes, black suit that sparkled under the bright ring lights, snow-white shirt and a sky-blue tie that must have cost at least $30.

Cannon snickered when he saw Bobo. "What the hell are you so dressed up for?" George grunted as he flicked the end of Brazil's tie.

"This whole thing wouldn't take but a second," Bobo snapped. "So why should I go through all the trouble of getting into my wrestling outfit?" He grinned and added, "All I'll need is the top of my head!"

The ground rules, as laid down by the promoter, were very simple: Bobo would have three cracks at Cannon's belly. If George lost his balance and fell, Brazil would be ruled the winner. If Cannon withstood the shocks, he would have his hand raised. There would be no payment or prize of any kind to the winner, only satisfaction.

"Ready, George?"

"Yep."

"Ready, Bobo?"

"Certainly."

"Go!"

Cannon spread his feet wide apart, sucked in a deep breath and glared at Bobo.

Brazil, standing about ten-feet away from George, peered at Cannon's huge mid-section to get the exact position and range of the target, lowered his head, and charged...

Bobo's head zoomed like a battering ram squarely into Cannon's belly. George quivered as he bounced backward. But he didn't lose his balance.

Brazil's second shot was a duplication of the first, as was Cannon's reaction to it.

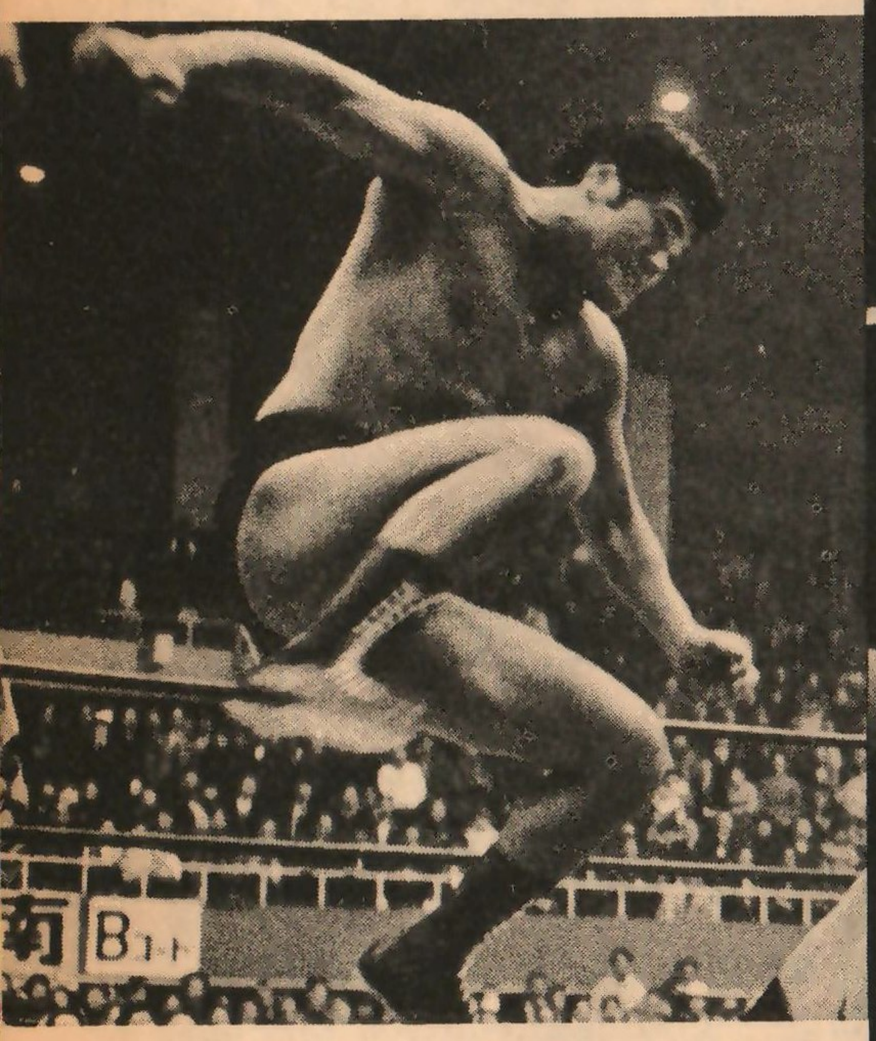
Bobo's third and last try came closest to knocking George's feet out from under him—close, but not quite. George's great body rocked and swayed, as if in convulsions. He bounced back at least six-feet before finally settling down on his feet again.

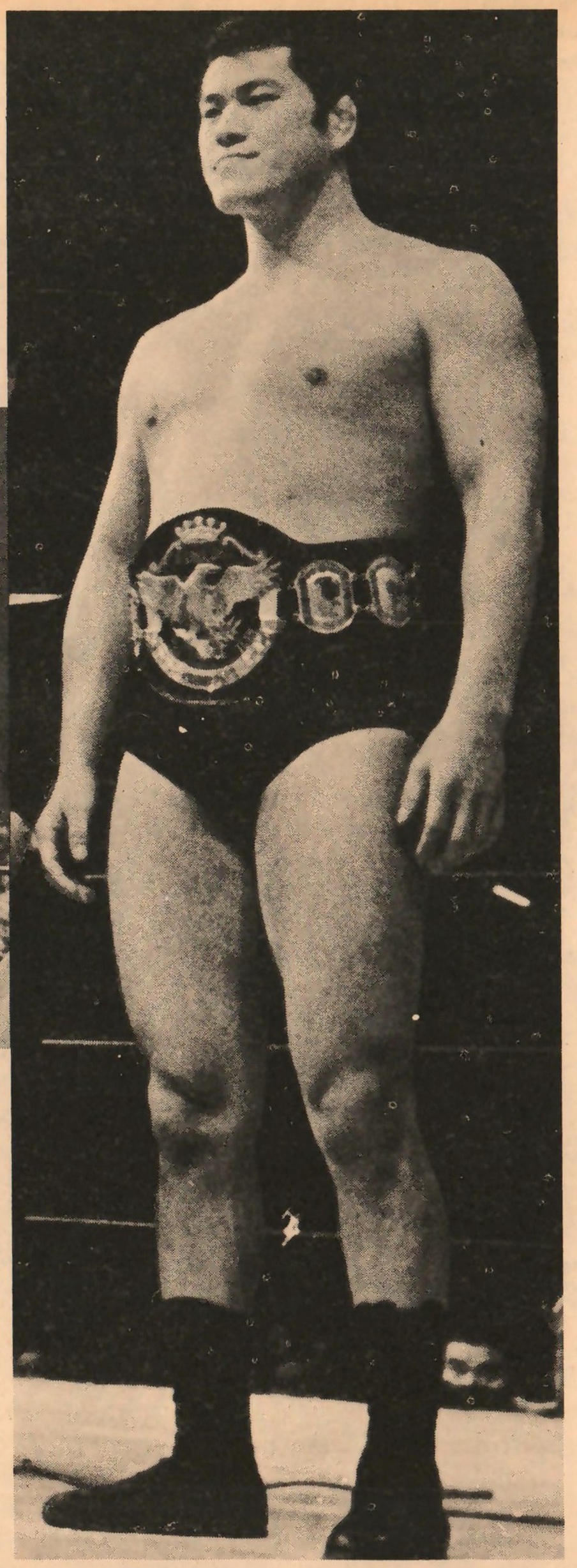
Bobo was disappointed but, as usual, a good sport. He walked over to Cannon, patted him on the shoulder, and said, "I didn't think you could do it. Congratulations." Brazil then turned and left the ring.

Cannon remained, taking bows and pointing to his stomach. "Solid rock," he yelled to ringsiders. "Solid rock!"

Not even Bobo Brazil could argue the point. □

the young lion of Japan





Inoki towers 6-feet 5-inches and weighs 250-pounds. He has beaten many of America's top stars, and held champion Dory Funk Jr. to a sizzling one-hour draw. Now Inoki is determined to get another shot at Funk, and he's chasing the champion all the way to America to prove he's the better man.

By L.W. Ding

IF AMERICAN STYLE wrestling ever replaces traditional Sumo as Japan's national pastime—as it is threatening to do—much of the credit will go to a towering Japanese powerhouse named Antonio Inoki, who is known as *"The Young Lion of Japan."*

Inoki, a giant by even Western standards, towers six-feet five-inches tall and weighs anywhere from 250 to 275 pounds, depending on what he consumed at his last meal. And yet, compared to his tag team partner, a fellow Japanese named Shohei Baba, The Young Lion is a midget! Every American mat fan has heard of Shohei Baba—he's been popping up in U.S. rings for the past several years, and his size: 7-feet, 320 pounds, has never failed to draw oohs and ahs from American audiences. With Baba as his teammate, Inoki rose to unprecedented heights of popularity in his homeland. Together, they defeated such famous American teams as Bruiser and Crusher, and Dory Funk Jr. and Danny Hodge.

As a single, Inoki is rated as good, if not superior to, Baba, whom he defeated in 1969 World League Cup competition. Inoki then went on to win the Cup title by defeating American Chris Markoff in the finals.

It will probably come as a surprise to U.S. fans to learn that Inoki met Dory Funk Jr. in December, 1969, at Osaka, Japan, with Funk's championship at stake. A wildly cheering crowd of over 10,000 watched as their idol held an edge through most of the bout but had to settle for a draw at the end of the one hour bout.

Inoki immediately challenged Funk to a return bout, but Dory caught the next jet back to the States rather than risk his title a second time against the enormously talented Japanese ace.

Inoki was so determined to get another shot at the title that he

followed Funk to America. He racked up three quick victories in Los Angeles, then became discouraged at Funk's stalling and returned to Japan.

"I really like America," Inoki told this correspondent during a recent interview in Yokohama, 'And I would have stayed there no matter how long it took to get Dory Funk back into the ring if it were not for one thing..."

The handsome giant pulled out his wallet and revealed a picture of the most beautiful Japanese woman I've ever seen. "This is Mitsuko Baisho, my fiancee," Inoki said proudly. And who can really blame the man for not wanting to be away from Miss Baisho—who is Japan's top movie queen—even if it does mean forsaking another shot at the world championship?

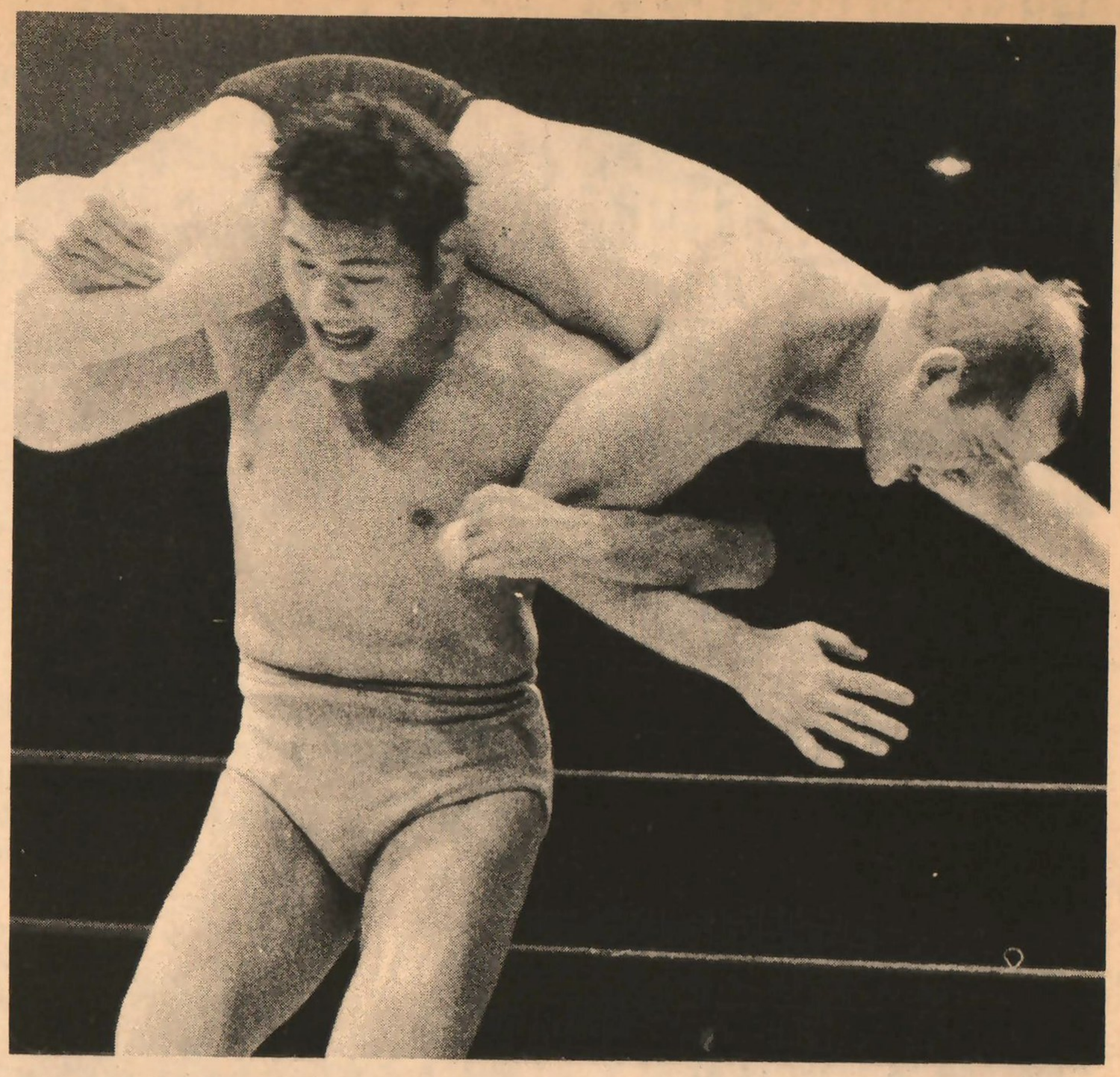
Although he is 27-years-old (he began his professional career at the age of 17), Inoki didn't begin to click until three years ago. Only after spectacular performances against such famous American visitors as Bruno Sammartino, Fred Blassie, Gene Kiniski, Bobo Brazil and Fritz Von Erich did Japanese fans finally realize that in Inoki they had a super star.

"It was as if the dawn had broken for me at last," the likeable ace recalled with a broad grin.

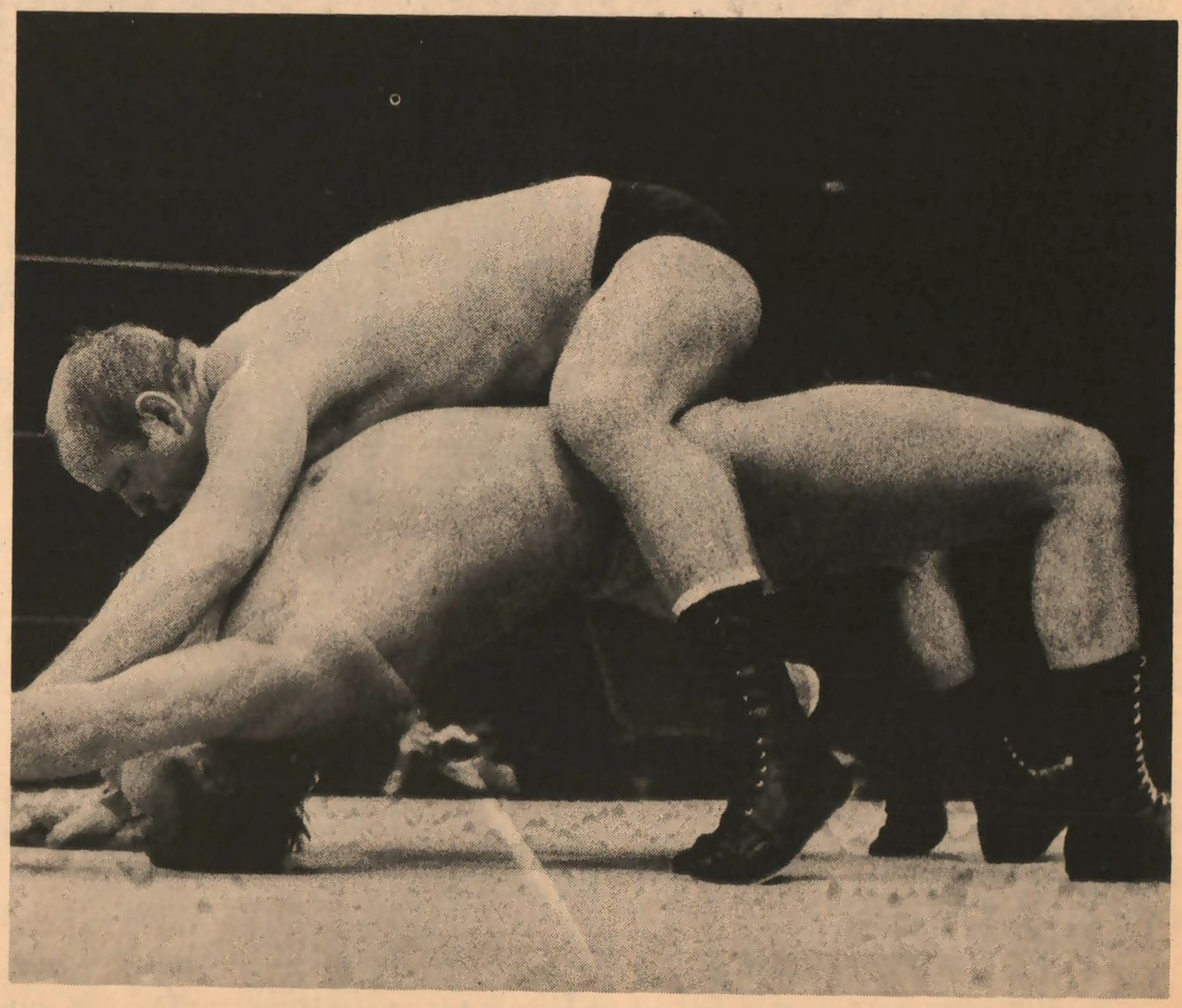
Before he turned to wrestling, things looked so bad to Inoki that he left Japan and emigrated to Brazil. "I don't know why I picked Brazil," he recalled. "It just seemed like an exciting place to go."

Brazil was a good choice—a lucky choice—because it was there that he was "discovered," and in a very unusual way...

He had gone into the wild Mato Grasso jungle to work as a farmhand, but the big, deadly jaguars which infest the Mato Grasso were killing off his employer's livestock so fast it threatened to put him out of business. In desperation, Inoki's employer sent



Champion Dory Funk was whirled round and round by Inoki during their title match in Japan in 1969. This airplane spin was followed with a tremendous body slam that came within a hair of dethroning Dory.



Inoki's matchless bridge withstood Funk's bouncing and pounding for almost two minutes. Then, when he was ready, the giant Japanese ace flipped Dory away as if he were a doll. "He's great," Dory admits.

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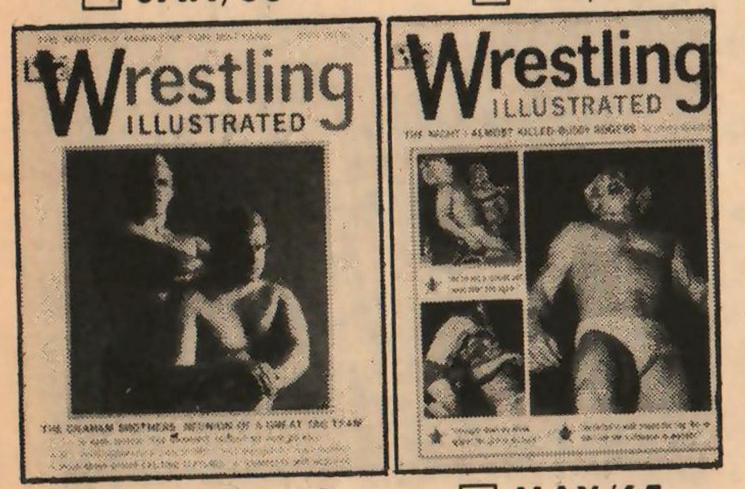

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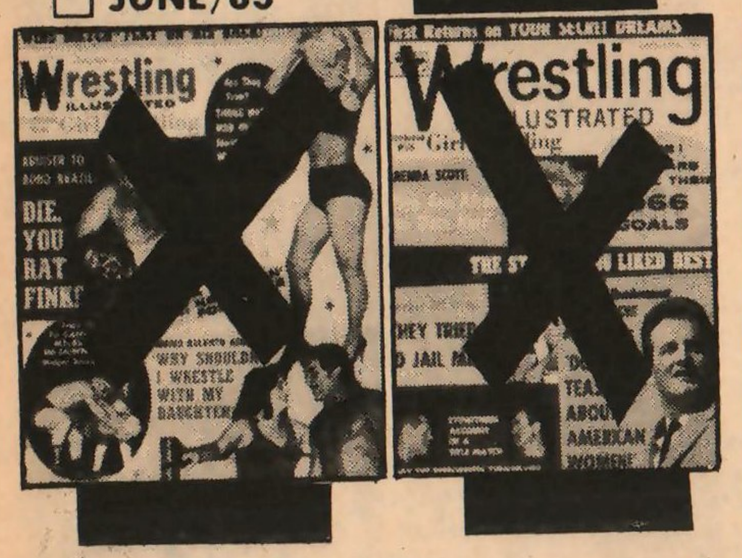

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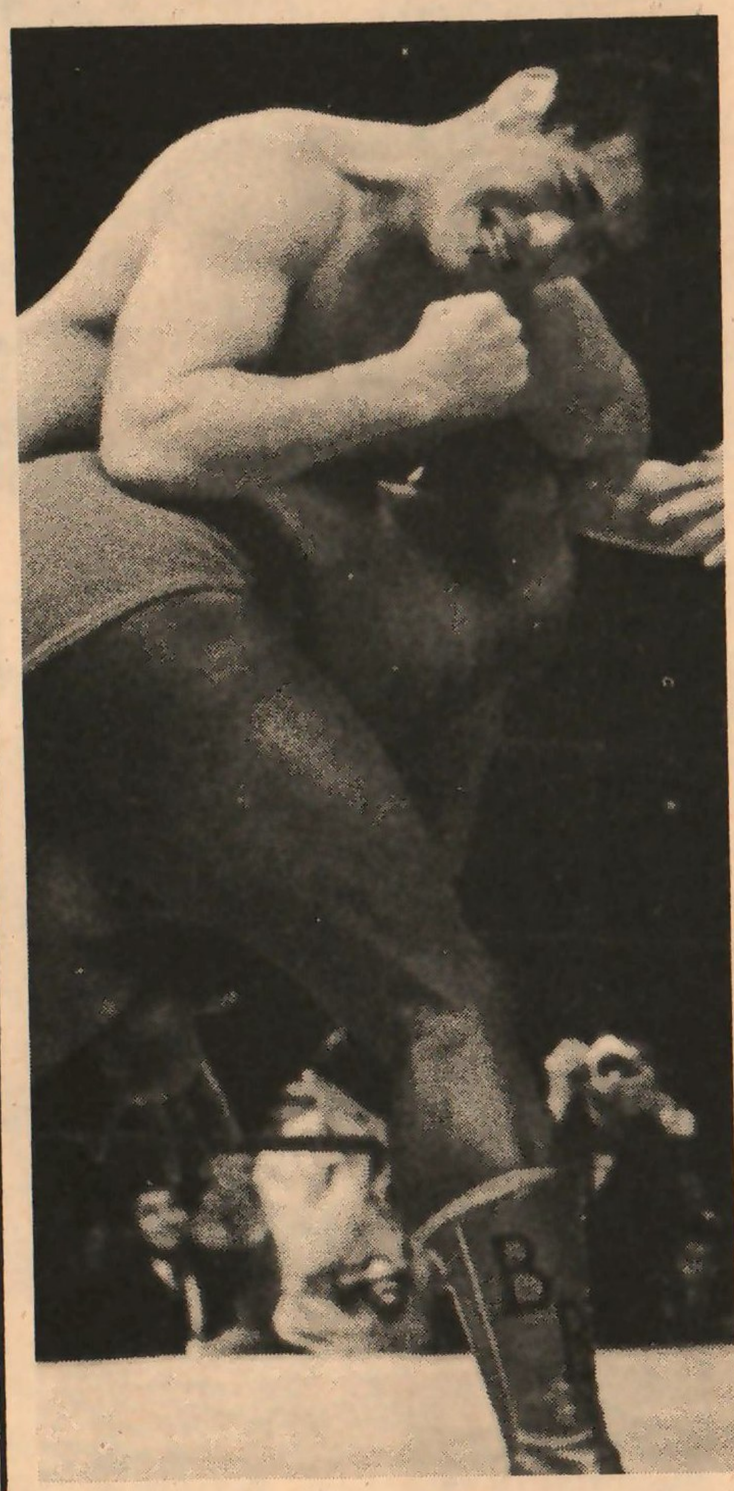
for Sascha Siemel, the world famous hunter who specialized in killing jaguars with spears.

Inoki accompanied Siemel on his hunts and was so impressed with the great hunter's skill and courage that he asked to try his own hand at jaguar spear hunting. At first, Siemel refused, believing the Japanese youth was really asking to commit *hari-kari.* But the youth was so insistent that Siemel finally gave in.

Inoki astonished the famed hunter with his own skill, killing his first jaguar with one enormously powerful, perfectly co-



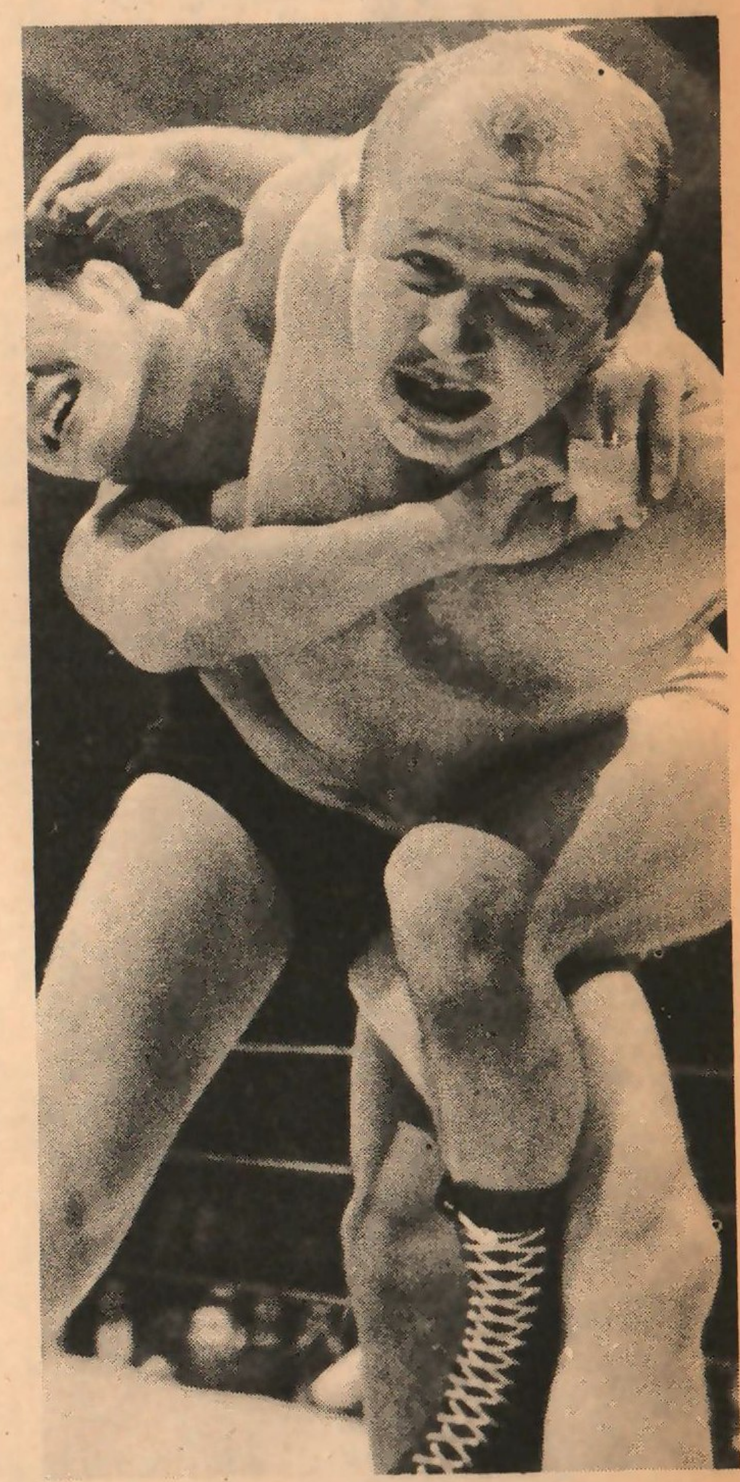
Inoki seems to be getting ready to punch Bobo Brazil's ribs. But he didn't throw it.

ordinated thrust of the spear.

"You're wasting your time working as a farmhand," Siemel told the Japanese giant. "Why don't you go to the city and use that strength and speed of yours to become a boxer or a strongman—or even a wrestler?"

Inoki took his new friend's advice and went to Sao Paulo, Brazil, where he was lucky enough to meet one of his touring countrymen, the late, great Japanese wrestler, Rickidozan.

Rickidozan was even more amazed by Inoki's power and speed than Sascha Siemel. The young giant was rushed into training and taught the art of wrestling. Then it was back to Japan

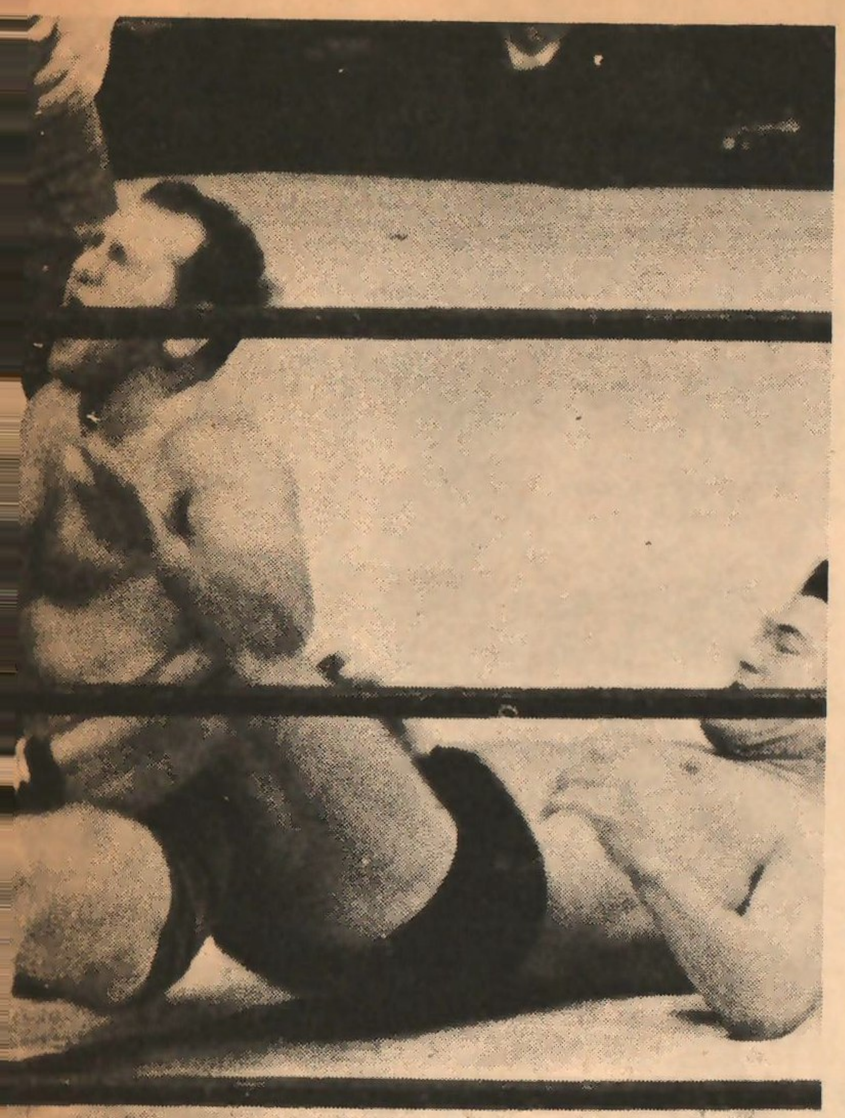


Dory Funk strains to reach the ropes trying to get out of Inoki's "Chinese rack."

where, under Rickidozan's direction, Inoki became a professional wrestler.

"I can't explain why I wasn't successful in my first few years," Inoki reflects. "I certainly trained hard enough. Things didn't start to go right until I met Mitsuko Baisho, my fiancee. She inspired me..."

She certainly did. Today, Inoki has mastery over one of the widest variety of holds in professional wrestling. His pet finisher is the *Cobra hold,* but his most deadly weapon is what he calls, *"The Swastika."*



Danny Hodge is slammed to mat by Inoki's shattering flying scissors hold.

"My Swastika hold is impossible to break," says Inoki rather matter-of-factly. "I twist my opponent's arms and legs into knots and if he doesn't give up, well, I can break every bone in his body as easily as I can snap a matchstick."

He uses these two holds on big opponents, men like Bill Miller, Don Leo Jonathan and Fritz Von Erich because, as Inoki puts it, "it cracks their strength very fast..."

Inoki plans another trip to the U.S. shortly. "I'm after Dory Funk," he says with a determined look on his face. "I think I've earned a second shot at him by holding him to that draw. I didn't beat him, but neither did he beat me!"

American fans will welcome back Japan's Young Lion because he is such an exciting performer and he will be like a breath of fresh air on the American scene. How long he will remain will depend on a combination of two things: champion Dory Funk and fiancee Mitsuko Baisho. We're putting our money on Miss Baisho. □

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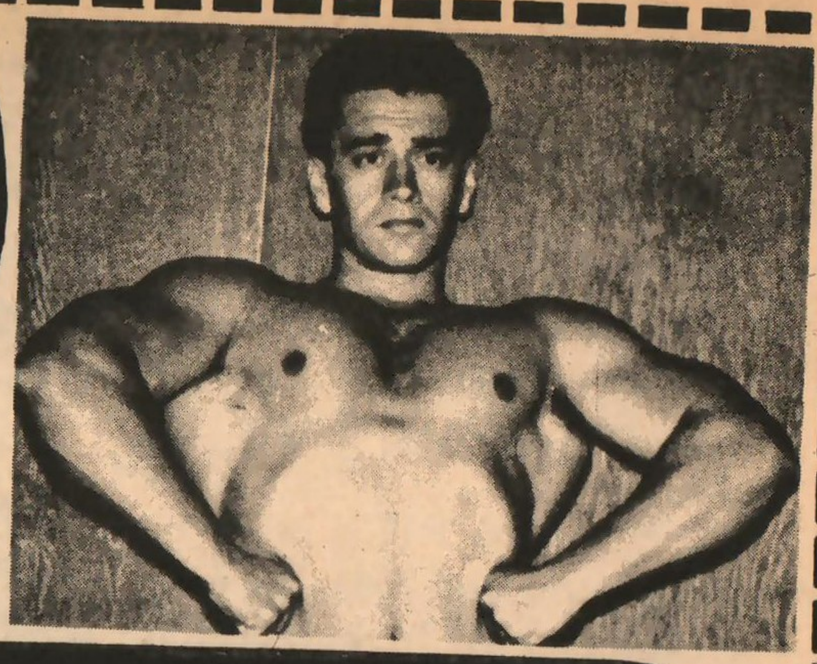

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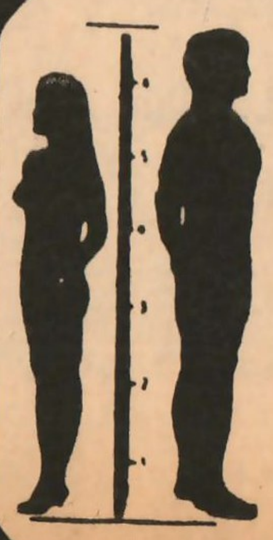

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SANDY PARKER

(Continued from Page 27)

off and ordered her to "Wrestle or be disqualified!" That infuriated Paula and she went berserk, kicking, pulling hair, biting and gouging.

Vickie cooled Paula off a bit with a pair of bone-breaking body slams, then Sandy took over. She set Paula up with a series of karate chops then quickly pinned her with a body press to win the first fall.

Immediately after the bell started the second fall, Sandy and Vickie clamped headlocks on Boucher and Kaye, then rammed their heads together. When Rita and Paula staggered to their feet, Parker catapulted Boucher into a ring post, then body slammed her and knocked her unconscious with a short right to the chin. It was a knockout worthy of Joe Louis or Jack Dempsey, and it took several minutes for them to revive Boucher.

But for some reason, the referee refused to raise Sandy's and Vickie's hands. Instead, and to the astonishment of everybody in the arena, he motioned the action to resume.

So Parker dragged Boucher's listless form over to the ropes and propped it up. Rita looked like a person who had just been shot by a firing squad but who fell with the upper part of their body leaning against the firing wall.

When Paula Kaye climbed into the ring to help her stricken partner, Sandy grabbed her and rammed her, head first, into Boucher's stomach. After that, it took a routine body slam to finish Kaye, thereby giving the second straight fall, and the match, to Sandy and Vickie. It was beautiful, as attested by the great ovation from the crowd.

When they finally recovered, Boucher and Kaye protested bitterly that they had been fouled. But the referee turned a deaf ear and again raised the hands of Sandy and Vickie.

The referee raises hands of Sandy and her partner, Vicki Williams, after they were awarded the victory in thrilling match against Paula Kaye and Rita Boucher at Wash., D.C. Yet Sandy wasn't pleased with her performance.

We asked Sandy if she didn't think she had been unnecessarily rough for a girl who claims to hate injustice and respects the law. She grinned and said, "Not really. There isn't any question that what we did was within the rules. We would not have done it if it weren't. Besides, the referee didn't call a foul against us."

Parker admitted to us that she uses different styles against different opponents. "It's like picking out a dress. You pick the dress you think your date will like. In other words, you tailor your tactics to the objective."

We then revived an old subject by asking Sandy, "Have you forgiven Moolah for what she did to Joyce Grable that night in Vancouver?" And we were quick to add, "Remember, Sandy, if it weren't for Moolah, you probably would not be a wrestler today."

A scowl clouded Sandy Parker's face. Her eyes narrowed and she swallowed hard. "No, I'll never forgive her, no matter how much I may have benefited from what she did. My ambition is still to rip her apart, and someday I'm going to do it!"

When we relayed Sandy's message to Fabulous Moolah, the great star smiled and snickered, "Tell her to go out and get herself a reputation before she shoots off her mouth like that. Talking like that can bring her a lot of grief—and a lot of lumps, too!" Moolah growled.

Sandy Parker didn't freeze when told what Moolah had said. "I already have my reputation. Tell Moolah the time is now close at hand!"

We told Moolah and the great woman didn't say a word. All she did was smile slyly. Champions are usually very coy about things like that. □

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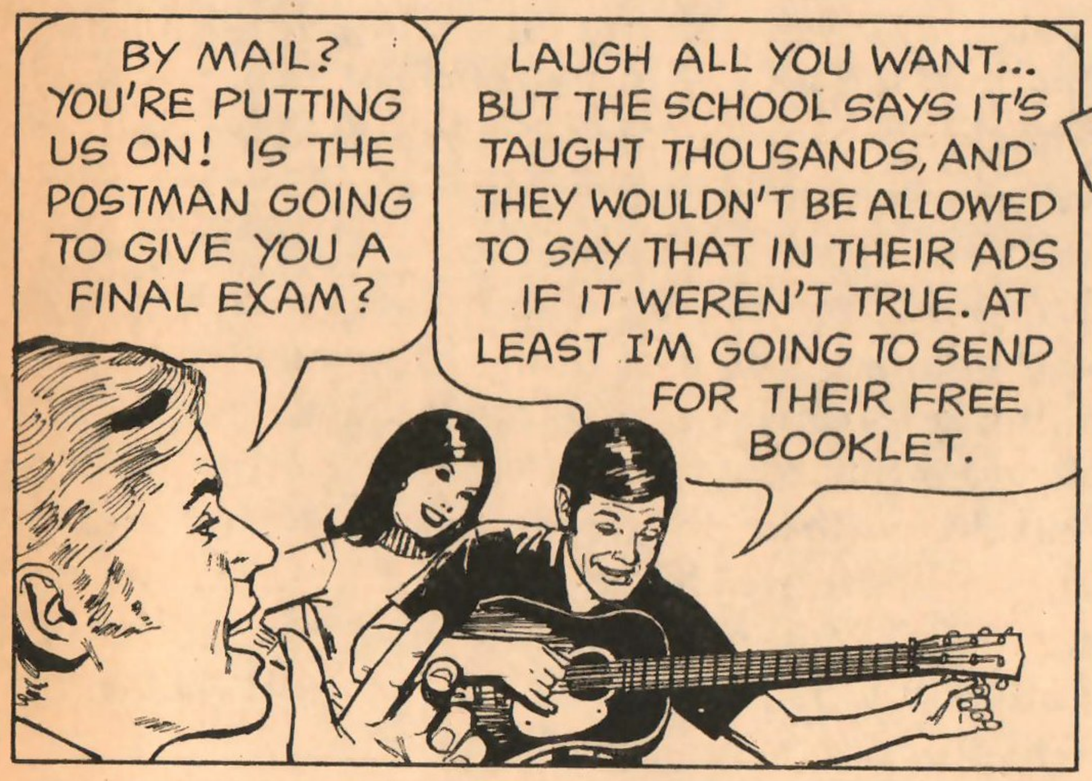
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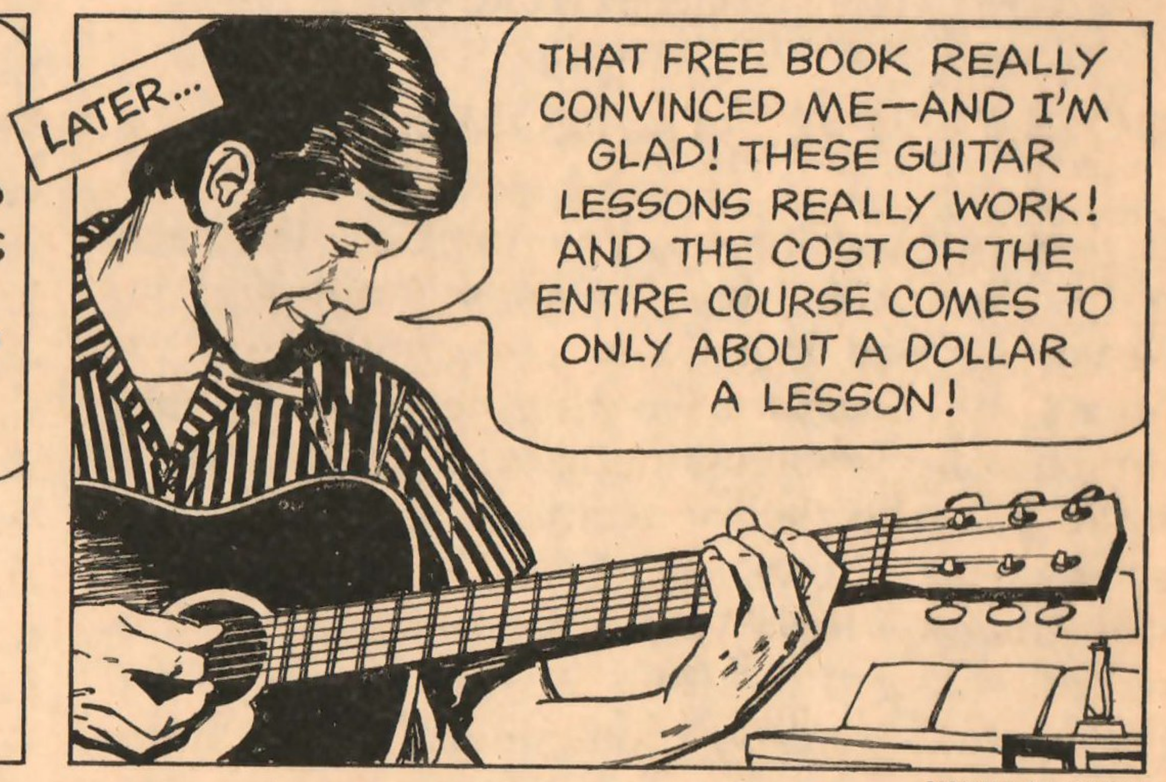
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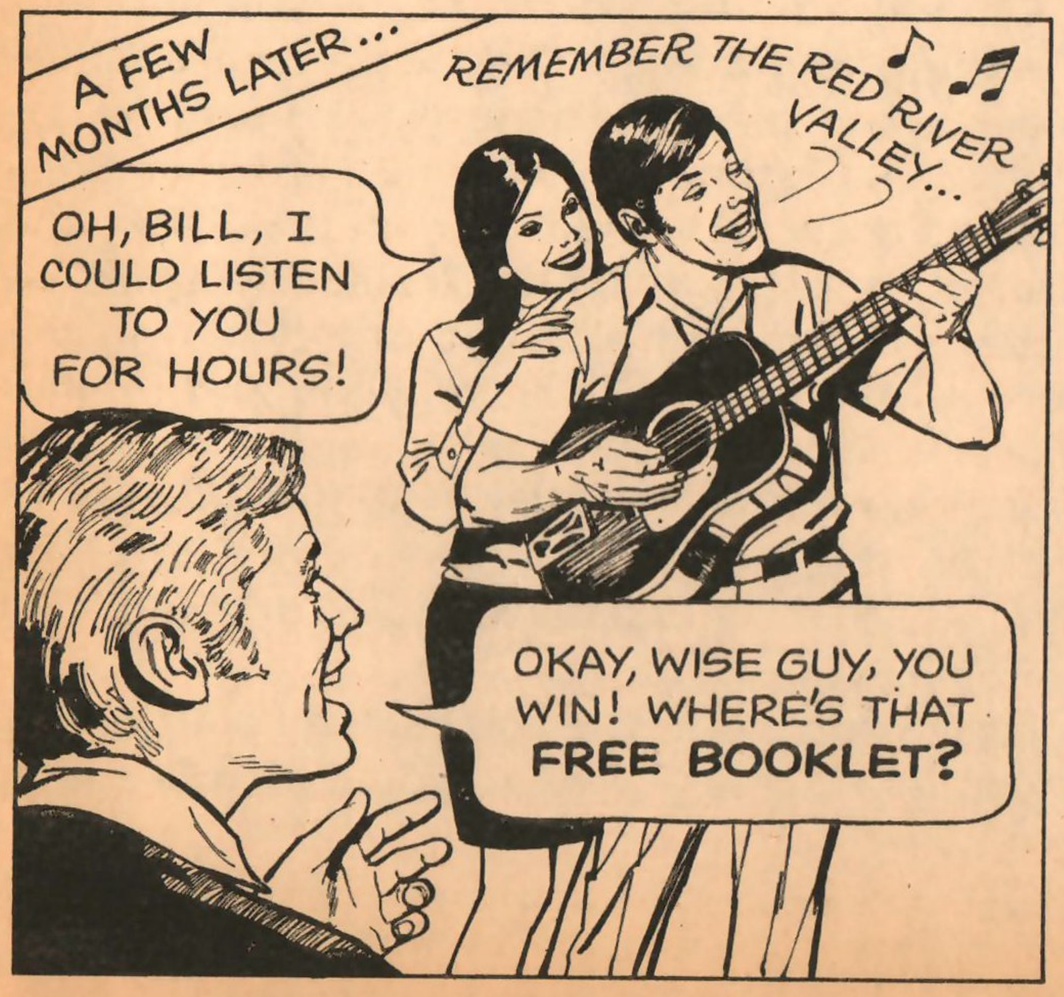
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YOUR LETTERS

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MR. & MRS. KENNETH ORTIZ
Schertz, Texas

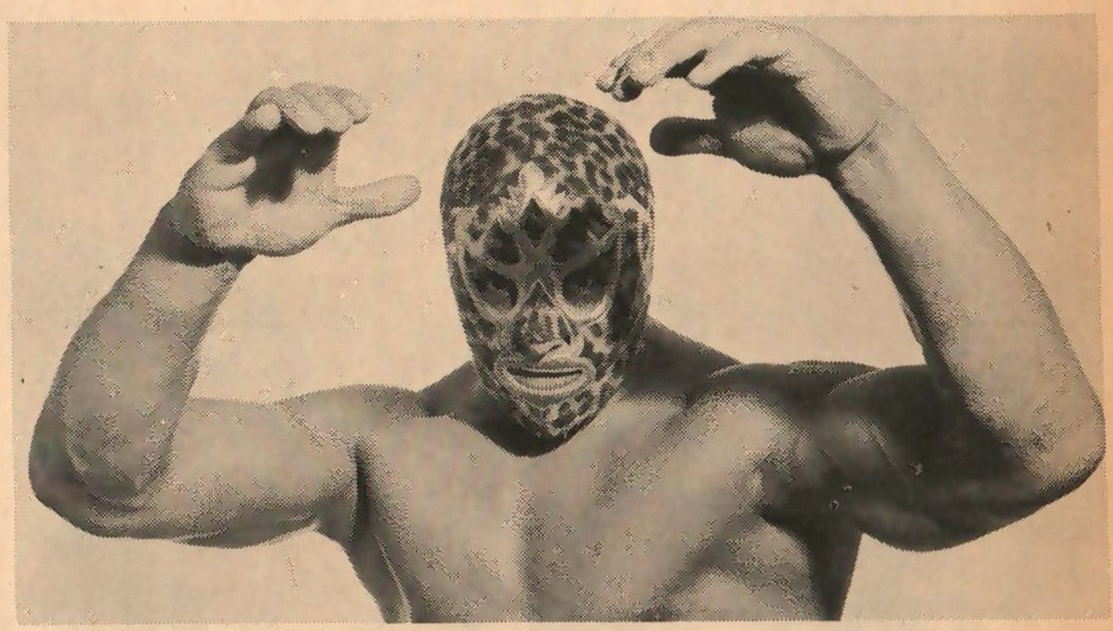
GOULET NEVER LOOKS IN A MIRROR?

I was terribly upset by your article, "The Face in the Mirror Belongs to Rene Goulet" (The Wrestler, May/70). As a personal friend of Rene's, I can assure you that he is not a vain person; one who continually admires himself. While it is true that he wants to look his handsome best on dates (and I have dated him several times), I have yet to see him look into a mirror. As for those little hussies who wait for him at the dressing room door, Rene thinks it's unladylike and cheap. When we have a date after a match, I always meet him someplace away from the arena. I ask you to please publish this letter so that all Rene's fans will know the truth about him.

C.B.J. (A personal friend of Rene's)
Honolulu, Hawaii

VALENTINE NOT SO SWEET?

I noted with interest your "sweet" article on Johnny Valentine, "This is Your Life" (Inside Wrestling, Aug/70). The several times I have seen Valentine in action I can assure you there was nothing sweet about him. For example: The night Jack Brisco wrestled Boris (The Great) Malenko in Tampa, Valentine positioned himself outside the ring as, supposedly, a



Mil Mascaras

spectator. But when Malenko, Johnny's pal, was getting the licking of his life from Brisco, Valentine leaped into the ring and jammed his famous elbow in the back of Brisco's neck, knocking him unconscious! Now you tell me what's sweet about that!

Then there was the night when Valentine knocked out his opponent and was declared the winner. But that didn't stop him from continuing to elbow-smash his unconscious victim. Jose Lothario, who was watching from outside the dressing room door, was so upset that he raced up the aisle, dashed into the ring and smacked Valentine on the jaw. Do you think Lothario was booed? Of course not! Valentine was the one who got all the jeers.

On still another occasion, Valentine was wrestling Red Bastein. Red was awarded the victory, and after his hand was raised, he extended his hand to Valentine. When Johnny refused to shake, Red turned his back and started to leave the ring. Valentine sneaked in behind him and elbow-smashed him in the back of the neck. Then he propped Red up in a corner and hammered and elbowed him until blood poured from Bastein's mouth. Because of that terrible battering, Red was out of wrestling—and thus unable to earn a living—for almost a year.

Now, after all this, if you can still call Johnny Valentine "Sweet," well, it would be more than I can understand.

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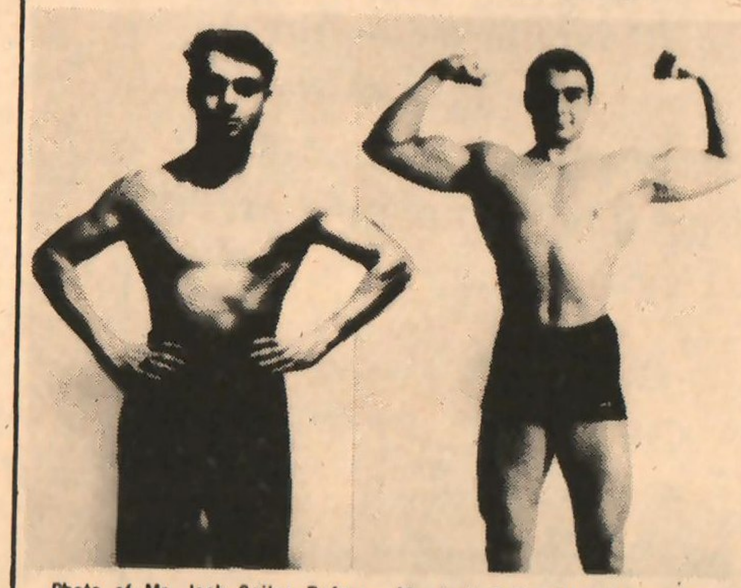

Photo of Mr. Jack Seiler Before Starting Telepander Training Program

Mr. Jack Seiler After Telepander Training Chest: 46" Biceps: 16" Calves: 14" Thighs: 25"

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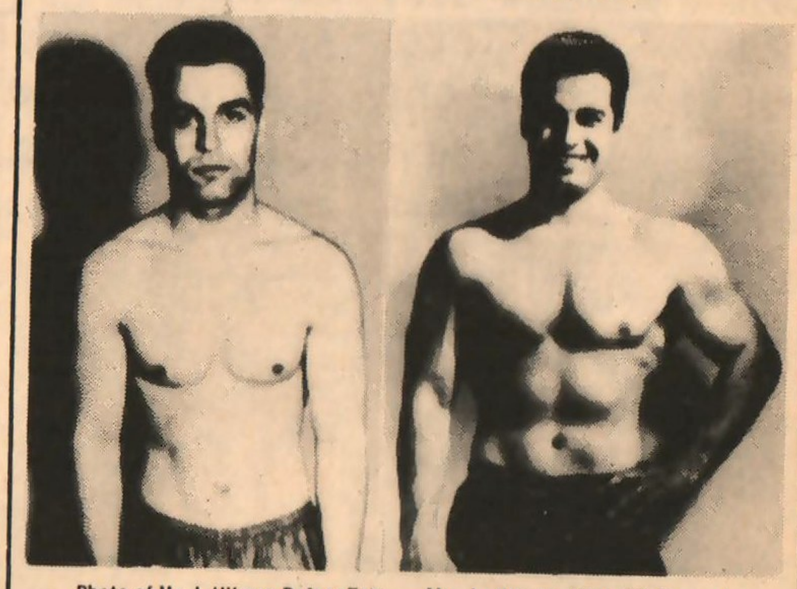

Photo of Mr. J. Ullman Before Telepander Chest: 38½" Biceps: 13" Calves: 13½" Thighs: 20"

Mr. J. Ullman After 35 Days of Telepander Training Chest: 43½" Biceps: 15" Calves: 14½" Thighs: 23"

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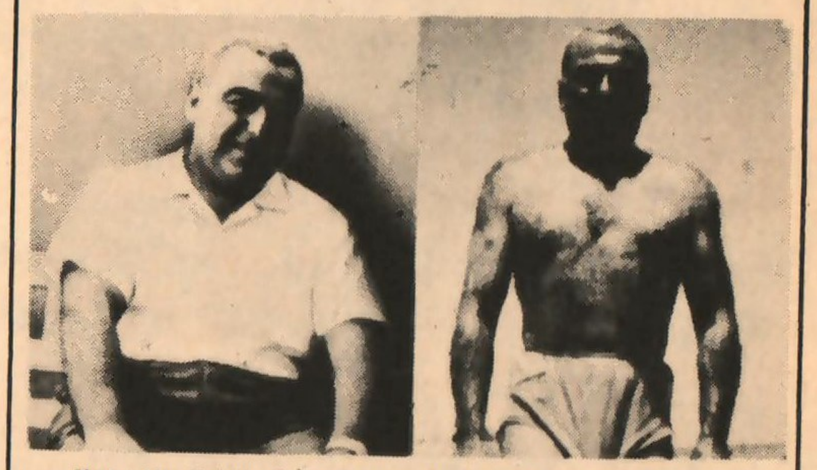

Photo of Mr. M Addas Before Starting the Telepander Training Program

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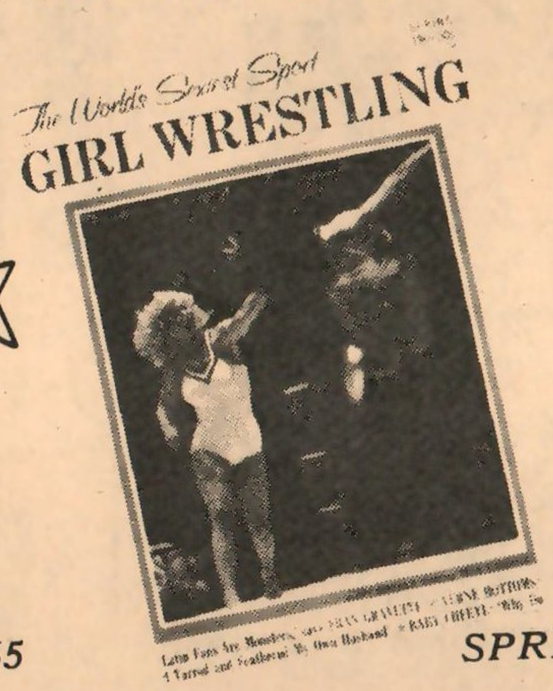

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TEXAS RASSLIN' ROUNDUP

(Continued from Page 10)

smash. Actually, it was *six* elbow smashes that felled the mighty Bull. Curry barely managed to stagger out for the fourth round, but he recovered quickly and sprang to life with a remarkable burst of power and fury. He hit the stunned Valentine with everything—including four chairs and the judge's table! There were wood splinters all over the place as Bull raged and raged and Valentine spewed blood. The fall went to Curry.

Then it happened! During the rest period, Valentine's manager sneaked a metal bar under the bandages on Johnny's big right fist. You can probably guess what happened next. As soon as the bell rang, Valentine caught Curry in a headlock, forced Bull's head down low and rammed his face with the metal. A follow-up thrust of the object into Curry's throat sent Bull to the floor in agony, finished for the night.

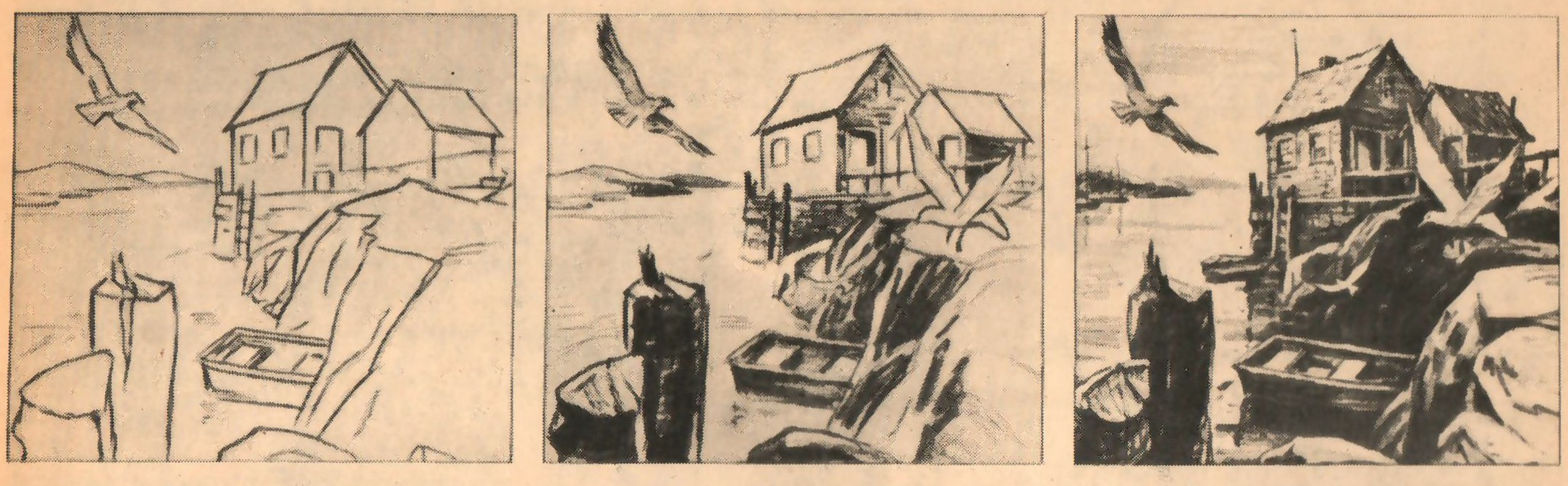
The crowd exploded with rage. Five men tried to storm the ring to attack Valentine, but were turned back by police just in time. As a matter of fact, excellent police work prevented a full-scale riot that night.

Mr. Wrestling is very popular with Texas fans. They like his fast, clean style. We'll be seeing lot more of him, from the way things look... Mike (The Alaskan) York has also caught on in the Lone Star State... Mil Mascaras is fully recovered from injuries sustained in a bout with John Valentine. That's the best news of all.

By the way, even your reporter has a feud going with Killer Kowalski. The last time I tried to talk to him, he grabbed a program out of my hand, ripped it to shreds and heaved the pieces into the air. Then Killer made a grab for my camera! I pulled it away just in time to miss the sweep of his big mitt.

Curses on you, Kowalski! ☐

Have you ever wished you could draw this well?



How do you know you couldn't?

If you like to draw, you've probably tried your hand more than once at sketching scenes like the one above. But, chances are, you've run into problems—like getting buildings to "recede" into the background, for example. Or making water glisten the way it should. And after trying unsuccessfully a number of times, you may have decided that you just "haven't got it"...that you'd never make it as an artist.

That decision could be a serious mistake. For all you may need to get on the right track is some expert help...a few pencil touches, a few words of advice from a skilled art instructor who can tell you exactly what you're doing wrong, and show you exactly what you should do to correct it.

Famous artists want to help you

Now a group of famous artists want to bring you this kind of help, no matter where you live or what your schedule. They've developed a way to teach you right at home the secrets of drawing and painting with real professional skill.

Among the famous artists are Norman Rockwell, Dong Kingman, Bob Peak, Fred Ludekens and a number of others. They've long known that there are talented people everywhere who could become, and should become, artists—but who don't do so because they can't overcome the drawing "roadblocks" in their path. Some of these people think it's a lack of talent that's holding them back. Others realize they have talent, but can't leave their homes or jobs to get the training they need to develop it.

A practical answer to this problem

To help such people, the famous artists formed the Famous Artists School. Taking time off from their own careers, they poured everything they knew about drawing and painting into a priceless series of home-study lessons. They illustrated the lessons with over 5,000 drawings. And they devised a method of constructive criticism that is almost as personal as private tutoring.

Each assignment you send to the Famous Artists School receives the individual attention of an instructor who is himself a working professional artist. He actually draws or paints his suggestions for improvement, and then writes you a friendly letter of specific advice and encouragement.

This method of personalized training has helped hundreds of people who were once awkward amateurs to become polished professional full-time and part-time artists.

They went from "dabblers" to successful professionals

Take Mrs. Nancy K. Houston, of Manchester, Ga., for example. A few years ago, she had "absolutely no knowledge of how to develop my small latent talent." Today Mrs. Houston sells portraits to people as far away as New York, Texas and California. Anthony Fotia, of New York City, was a mail clerk, "stuck" in a low-pay routine job. Today, he's an artist for an important printing firm doing exciting creative work. And Mrs. R. G. Des Ermia, of Escondido, Calif., changed from a "nameless, faceless dabbler in art to a recognized professional." Now she averages $1,500 a year from all the part-time art work she has time for.

Find out if you, too, have art talent. Send for our free test

To help you find out whether you, too, have the talent to develop professional skill in art, the famous artists have created the fascinating Art Talent Test shown at right. It is offered free, and will be graded without charge by a member of the School's staff. If you do well, or can offer other evidence of art talent, you may enroll for training. But there is no obligation to do so. For a free copy of the test, and a brochure describing the School, just fill out the coupon and mail it in an envelope today.

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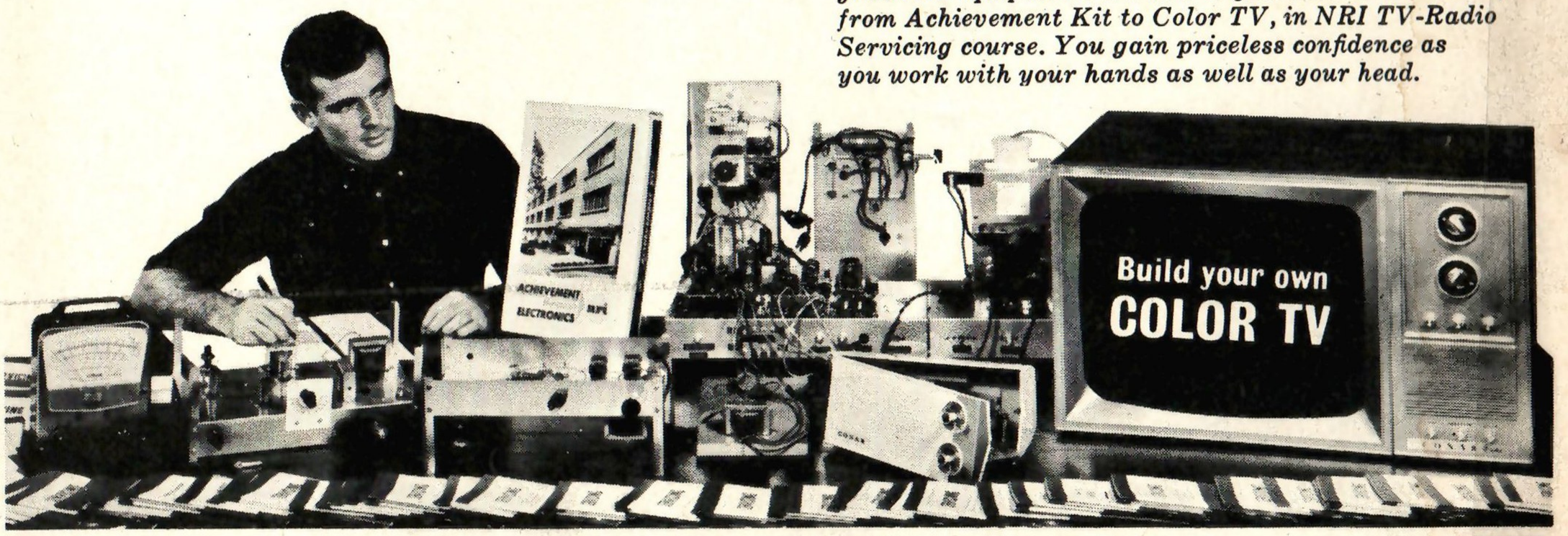

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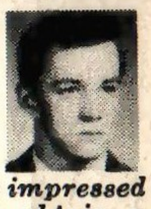

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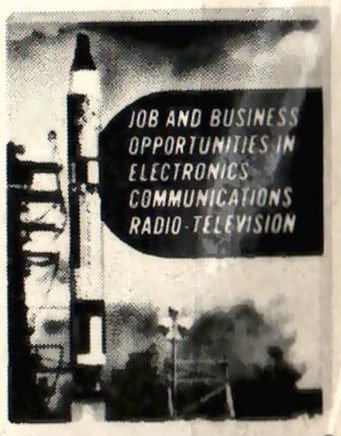

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